

## Water Perimeter

Water perimeter. And only there  
the world immured. River in wind,  
all flint and ruin washing within,  
I have been waiting.

Water running in sun, bright and loose  
outside the populace, a nameless weight  
descends in your bed. I give you  
everything not in my possession:  
birds, a light unto a world,  
an undistorted, ancient ornament—  
a next, true way out of the earth  
where the stones are laid  
where we are laid.

## A Profile

A profile in which we are removed  
completely, O cemetery. I would forget  
all things – unless the past lock itself  
in my ruinous hands. To bear  
the constant panic of a future of dulled limbs,  
to hold inside that ache of heat and not to *say*  
– is unbearable. Here, the graves,  
and above them sparrows arriving and departing,  
and the words that bring with them a life –  
*incident*, a wind darting within each  
nerve of light – bright sound  
rushing through a numbness  
that shall not demean us.