

11-4-08  
VR Bodner

dark clouds  
in & out among  
the stars

pitch black - even dreams  
drained down to silence

the serpent horizon light-scaled

crack! dawnsnake lifts  
the jagged edge  
of night

under black cloud a pool of light

liquid chatter birds & river

a thousand blackbirds sing up the day!

at the end of each needle  
a frozen drop reflects  
the whole sun

numbers on a page

X's & circles

darkened-in squares

cryptic abbreviations: ANX

BIZ ASP CYN... patterns of asterisks

linked somehow to my brain

circuits run in & out through holes

in my eyes & ears & fingertips

waves & particles — how

does memory taste?

FRS is low HEA is high

am I good? am I bad?

which way am I going? & how fast?

photographs of faces one by one each

taken from someone with FRS & ASP

& CYN in his or her own momentary

pattern, each blending into the next —

one family my family myself

I cannot tell us apart

these are not drawings

where are they now, these people, &

what are we doing?

a star waits  
at the top  
of the ladder

when my fingers balk at the climb  
& my pencil drags across the page  
unwilling, determined dark  
(cell memories heavy-limbed  
quicksand chairs the open arc  
of a body falling unchallenged  
as if someone else's...)

I urge them on promising  
grace in chaos

chunks of clean-lined red & white  
- push, circle, slide - click.  
the perfect crystal

a quick spark  
of delight

letters on a page... my friend says  
"yes! you are a new person!"

I laugh & laugh - lizard clown  
rose-in-a-bag my own wings lift  
us all

dark, muddy road  
- a gate at each end -

cold cabin

still laughing  
I turn the heater on  
this night is mine!  
this day is mine!  
I will eat & sleep  
& write poems  
for myself  
& my friends

I will follow the beaver tracks  
breathe in the sweet  
wild air  
& the blackbirds' liquid chatter  
& the river's song

I talk to my new person:  
the time of our life  
is an open mouth  
in a rainstorm - the tongue  
will tell us where to go  
dawn is a sharp-toothed snake  
that cracks open  
the night  
& we must bite it  
while we can

for Shirley  
Love & thanks  
Virginia