

## I Write To Write You

*It is time the stone made an effort to flower.  
Time unrest had a beating heart.  
It is time it were time.  
It is time.  
— Paul Celan*

I write to write you I'm writing  
again. Scanning words whose wedged meanings  
only make sense in the presence  
of other words, other wedges.  
I'm pressing the soft underbellies of clouds  
into abysses where words can't go—

As if anything ever made sense  
without physical equivalents.  
But sense flies out!  
A red-winged eagle from terracotta dust,  
and Oh, those fathoms of pregnant canyons—  
Then it vanishes in the heavens

like the promise of us  
which comprises nothing at all  
but its ribboned letters,  
its lipsticked oils staining a canvas  
of hieroglyphics— *our idea of ourselves*

giving breath and image to thought,  
a mantra, recessed, to be lulled  
and pampered with the bedrest of something  
dreamed, hinted at in the kitchen, early  
before birds or the lure of coffee.

It's the memory or memory, fantasy  
in the salt-laden hallways of time.  
As if the mind were the ocean  
that called down the tides  
with its one sunset swallow—

When the song that arises  
is because of the sky's broad, vermilion  
arms and the opaque yawn of the morning  
that insists while I'm lifting the shades,

it is, indeed, beginning again— still inchoate  
but coughing and clearing its throat.