

AMOROSO

the sea is a man | murmuring it gently
You are never alone | he calls me under
a lowering sky invites me | slyly! to
slip & slide | beneath his confetti of
ticker-tape foam | planets line | Up!
the axis lunges & Alaska falls right into
China | I crashed into love one day
like that & woke up a woman | alone |
the mountain is | male: he roars like
an iceberg on fire in the rain | shouting
out to me over his pain *Help me! Into
your heart!* | I melted myself one night
that way but | froze up quick smart
again when I saw | millions! charging
like moths love's flame | float by dead
the next morning | look | even the
poem is | masculine now: mouthing out
metaphors one by one | tongue in my
ear | hand on my thigh! arms stretch
in muscular lines | I am not inclined ||

ARIA #3

she packs up her laptop picks up her dog
takes her last steps through their house

she snaps photographs with her eyes: here
is the table there is the chair and do you

remember and I can still hear and how did
it happen that love got away? | nasturtiums

parsley and mint line the path oregano and
sage by the back porch stairs | she planted

them there – tucked them into their beds –
fed and watered and watched them until |

she will grieve them each each day | *o!*
Mother I have lost all my faith in good

things | *and Father I fear I will never be*
fearless again | the truck stops outside and

she opens the door and then she goes under
under the water and now I can't breathe can

not find the sun all my futures collapsing
a decade of air turning tricks in my land-

locked lung | (I unpack laptop / put down
dog / take first steps through new home) ||

RELIGIOSO

Sunday morning & here am I down
on my knees in the dirt again | sun in a
stranglehold rain in a | fist! a tonnage
of sky at my back as I work my hands
deep into the earth | this is my church
larger than Chartres more wild! than
Westminster | vines providing their
delicate tracery | eucalypts ribbing! the
vault with majestic Grace | all through
the morning I bend & stand | stand &
bend | moving slowly around my beds
looking up now | & then for the storm
which soon enough will descend | yes
it is a quiet religion that delivers my
passion these days | it is the hope of a
seed which grants me | hope! & the joy
of a seedling which gives | joy! back to
me | a difficult past almost far behind
I prepare myself for prayer | walking
forth in gumboots & gloves | dressed
in Sunday Best | I breathe in the air
of my cathedral | get down to confess ||



ARIA #9

we begin with water as all things do the anonymous
waves our cradle | beneath our feet fish back and
forth in love | o swift and perfect symmetry! | shape-
shifting endlessly they hum strict geometries to buoy
our heavy hearts up | we have come from the city
in a slow-motion crawl from ourselves | there is much
we have yet to learn | treading the water we face
each other each other's dead weight forcing our minds
to combine | this dunking is barely a swim! | yet we
paddle regardless aware somewhere of a beginning
requiring an end | another day sees us plough laps at
a pool | rinse later in chorus the detritus of chlorine
from our skins | we take many baths walk in the rain
often we are wet ||: and then one night you bring the
aquarium home :|| we sit and sit and stare at the glass
and its thirteen suspended inhabitants | and as hours
pass we begin to see | that anything at all may be
drowning inside and we may end up back at sea ||: *we*
shall drink to those days which will never come and
dive blind as strangers | straight back onto the sand :||

ARTICOLATO

the word is | a catechism of doubts | is
structured in air | thinks in Helvetica
font | it is empty as palm | full as closed
fist the word | is hard to resist | it calls
to me in Bold ||: Love! No Love! :|| rolls
over the tundra like men lumbering out
from the local mine rolls over my tongue
like a man | the word has | escaped
from my throat & all day | I am chasing
it down | mile / mile / town / town | My
Word that word is getting around | the
word is | Out! | but I don't know what
its fate is | it climbs onto the roof of my
mouth & jumps | Off! | untranslated ||

CHORUS #4

||: come hell or high water we will
survive | we have shown our self

to our self :|| we have prayed to
the *and* and the *ampersand* | have

walked over water and swum over
land just to make sure we're alive |

we have held many things and let
them depart | we have studied and

mapped the 'ice-particles' trapped
in our beautiful nacreous heart |

we have been down deeper than the
lowest can go | have paraded us

naked | and donned like Joseph the
coat of the dangerous rainbow | we

have sat in the pit been despised for
our dreams | we have had our own

brethren against us | have watched
our sheaf rise while yours lay down

and | despite the bright cloud | we
have seen the sun moon stars bow ||

CHORUS #6

we went to hell on an expedition
and brought back the ashes for

analysis | we went to hell after
reading an ad that insisted you

simply can't miss this | we went
to hell on a shopping spree and

bought a stash of great stuff | we
went to hell on a pilgrimage to

bury the dead word us | we went
to hell for a heavenly break and

had us a helluva time | we went
for god's sake! to the hottest hot-

spot where the sun can do naught
but shine | we went to hell and

liked it so much we thought we
just might not return | our ticket

had burned in the brimstone any-
way | but hey! this was hell!

things could have been worse! |
and none of us were concerned ||

CHORUS #9

||: from the crown of the mountain
we hear the sea yell | *Dive! so*

that you may live! :|| but we are
far from anything watery and still

quite a way from our self | the
black within remains our chorus

and we remain its song | while
the pyrocumulus sky contracts we

are yet a long mile from what some
one else might call 'home' | and

thus we cleave to our rock in the
cloud and endure the good ocean's

moaning | it wants us back where
we belong and continues its drone

drone drone | as fingers of dawn
draw the fog from our eyes we can

glimpse its green heart beating and
lo! our feet start slowly to move |

slightly downhill | step by step |
towards the willing coast's love ||



FINALE

||: she gathers the choir of voices voices
ringing around in her head | *and makes*
them into one :|| she takes the mirror
down from the wall | smooths her soul

and straightens her heart | prepares her
self for the fabulous final song | for this
she needs to be high above ground | way
away from the world and its sounds yet

close enough to be heard when she sings
it out | she climbs the rungs towards the
sky as if it were a stage | selects a stratus
undulatus cloud | and stands to face the

crowd | she opens her throat expands her
lungs for the historic never-again time |
delivers her song *silenzio* | down the dark
years | all the way to the very first line ||