

## Speak

to something true                    in the silence  
If heedless (perhaps I shall hold steady this time)  
The poem you formed            on the page                    so alive

(I loose courage                    fearful)  
Can you give me                    a verdant word?  
Sounds of children playing                    Paradise

Quick                    quilted                    commotions  
show shadows            (too many                    in my mind)  
(even if I can barely stand)                    Perpendicular

One after the other    can you guide my words?  
Where a human word ends                    trust begins  
Can I let the journey    joust me from stupor    from waiting

In the face of    the experience    within  
Speak                    for you are near    crucial—  
gesture toward the window    (can I sit still long enough?)

What can be seen, known—                    a sparrow?  
Our earthly residence                    lends force  
to this sphere                    inscribed                    imparted

Thirst                    is deep-seated                    striated  
Support me                    with little                    word wings  
(Am I missing something?)    Free me                    into my limits

An impulse of the page transports words  
(why do I seek you?) All things green remind me  
to return home to our body to others

Speak now and let me hear your cries  
Do I see the bit of thyme and basil on the windowsill?  
My eyes turn the page cross it turn toward

what is hidden hidden in tangled thought  
Alleviate this misguided mind (I keep running  
for justice which only leads to a hall of mirrors)

You poet "tell me if you know"  
The arrow can strike different points of view  
The contingent in a canto Clouds pass, sounds

Great fire light my small sparks  
make chambers vessels containers  
where breath changes as it washes the surface

*(On the 700th anniversary of Dante's death\*)*