



blind desire I.

The *Q* as in the emptiness, the vanity of want.
As in the circling around, As in absence
[in the Latin *Q*'s from the stars]. As in
a feathered harp of winter sumac strummed
by water along the flooded river. A walkway
damp with fog, stairs that climb until they vanish.
Roads bustling with absent traffic, the mutter of all
conversations that have yet to happen, two bodies
cinched together at the glutinous mouth.



blind desire III.

Brubeck's *Blue Bands*, the ladder-like shifts
of the opening chords, high hat jingling and
the hammer of that dissonant chord's pulse
insistent as the encouragement of the 9/8 time,
Block chords building and the crescendo
as Desmond allies in bright as glass
then out again — horn and piano
kissing helix of melody. Outside the window
the leaves lie down, scattered like applause.



blind desire IV.

Christmas day. The back cove. Three miles
in twenty minutes. Breath like the body
itself lolling out before me. The tide pulling
out and a bright wind blowing inland, a scum
of ice cauliflowered in the water. Black backs
and elder ducks rock in raftle upon the water.
The sun has wet the limestone on the path
it touches and my love lies, and lies
in a wet depth of freight striking her hair.



blind desire V.

The cup of the mouth, the arc
of a breast, the piff tension
of the loins - two bodies
working together in the moon-
striped dark. The traffic that passes
paints a strange geometry
across the ceiling, their eyes closed
to the light of such terrible pleasure.
Pleasure. Then the falling away.



blind desire VI.

Fog on the river, the spillway smoothed
over. Blue larks lent the bank, Empty
dock pilings spike the water where
the flood ripped boats from their steels
and the piers from their pilings.
The river sediments a stratum of loss
along the bank, plastic like ruffa platted
through trees. All the world in flux:
the heart a harbor full of sea.

雾在河上，溢流堰平滑
覆盖。蓝色小鸟借给堤岸，空
空的船桩刺入水中，那里
洪水把船从铁架上扯下，
把码头从木桩上扯下。
河流沉积了一层损失
沿河岸边，像塑料一样，
像浮游生物一样，穿过
树林。整个世界都在流动：
这颗心是一个充满大海的港口。

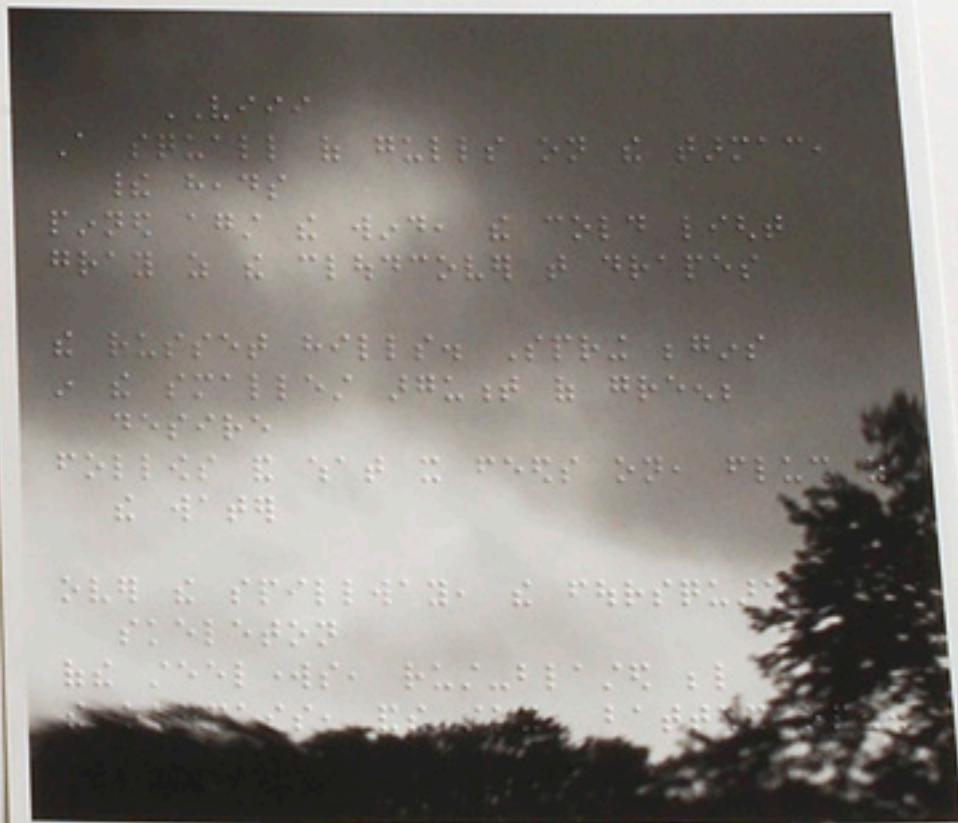
blind desire VII.

Fairy houses of stick and bark, lean-to and four-
square, by-subdivision in a hundred-acre wood
frosted haccross with mussel shells.
The scraped granite shore. Death-head
juniper berries. Collection of deaf fantasies,
tiny geography of hope and wish blocked out
across a pine streaked half-acre. The wind-
sculpted spruce and black oak, their semaphore
all offshore. The cold ocean, the sculpted world.



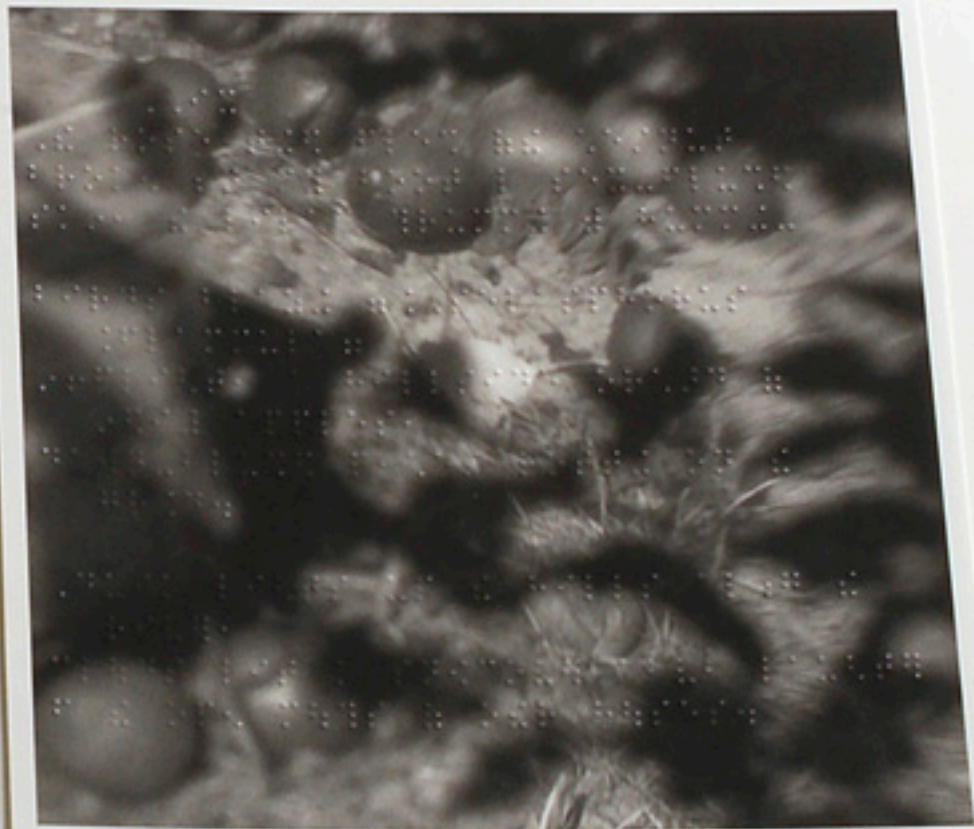
blind desire VIII.

A squall of gulls on the tarmac, their heads
jinned against the wind, the cold light
gray as the cloudcover that drapes
the russet hills. Spring begins
in the smallest argument of green; desire
follows and what it feeds on, flush as the water
over the spillway, the four-square skeleton
of the steelworks, rust-blacked below
the overpass, and the sky, battered open.



blind desire IX.

The rose tinged flash of the Chestnut
broken beneath my boot like sea-flushed
skin, the lilac thrumming with humming-
birds blissing *Claytonia flammula*
into light, a hillside orchard of inedible apples,
dawn-blushed peaches resting on the ground.
Dusk lights up the hills along the river,
clouds lit like snowcover above, laughter
from the open mouths of other houses.



blind desire X.

In the blossoming trees a warm wind
comes down, the brown earth captured
with petals, thin skin of leaves. Rain
avenues down from the asphalt
sky, glimmers like galaxies
in the grass. Emerald, Josephine,
write Napoleon, beneath Cos. One
night the door will be broken down
and I will be there.



