CONTENTS

3	Come Take These Words from Me
4	A Sigh for Avila
5	What Indices Have Blurred Me
6	Showings
ΙΙ	We Pass and They Pass and Slow the World Abides
[2	August Singularity
13	Looking for My Father: Christopher Smart, John Clare
٢4	Recovery
1 5	Out of Brightness Hailstones, Coals of Fire
16	Thus I Am Called, Thresher to the Fields
r 8	Touching Home
19	Remembering the Family Homestead, Which Is Now an Industrial Park
20	How the Soil Dampens for the Loss of Thee
2 I	Untitled
22	She Called Your Name Over and Over Then Died They Said
23	In the Lexicon of Rain
24	Soft, as When a Body Struck
2 5	As I Set Merton Back into the Fire

26	Sacerdotes Domini
27	A Man Enters the Room He Has Forgotten
28	Album
36	Untitled
37	Summer's Ornament
38	September
39	Patience
40	Visitation at the Ashford Motel
41	Untitled
42	Trying to Remember
43	The Flame-Front I Maintain for This Tinder Only
44	Do My Bells Ring Hourly in the White Air That Surrounds You?
45	Untitled
46	Something Is Always Saying Hello
47	Now
48	Last Moth before Winter
49	Listening to Arvo Pärt's Für Alina
50	Acknowledgments

COME TAKE THESE WORDS FROM ME

Once, through my town, there were rivers. Thin trees rippled along the spillways. Morning pierced our breath. Two doves On the rail bobbing their heads. I am, My ghost, alone. I stand where there is No water, thinking water. The laws of nature Determine all the grief one eye can hold. Thistles were his winding sheet, my father. Did he go smooth and gentle? You bum, What cruder diction than loss? Though the great pine shove Taproots down and call the black dirt Home, though rivers still run, Though sickly, though this town is not my town, I wander. Our saws are sharp and never idle long And through the day we feed the fires And transform the field-jumble into lines. Far faces bleared by fire, who are you That the bright mares of language stride forth Their flames? I am never more than this. A green mind in a green world, And yet the kingdoms that come to my ear. I look out and know my place. I. because of love. In this, there is no recourse. In this I am humble. If seeds be language, let them gather. Let them take these words.

A SIGH FOR AVILA

Soft thump of chickadees against the pane Brings me round. Come water, Surge water, pour back down, making the mind Dampen with the past. Grackle will grackle, no matter, the sun And weeds, our lovely strangers Will come to us with love. All hours and all ripeness Go fallow when you speak. The world turns upon your cog For we are twigs Of another weather And when morning comes back round To dank and feral moors, Seed grass will settle bright Across loam. Pale beeches clatter, I'm left alone. Old pines swoon— That is the wind. The far wall Is spackled with the ruin of a prior home. Someday, in a dream of cattails I'll return. No castles, No maiden flaming through the night— The final days are tempting. There was a beginning, but where? I write letters to the unseen— Let me shut mine eyes. Come water And peal our blood from my hands. I am walking. I am roaming. I fling the dead before me. Do you mean, little sister, That we are abandoned, And one?