

PALINODE

i.

In the weeding eye, it can  
rain. Sleep.

Yes, comes a measure marked  
Spring, between river

& Sound, in the speed-up

to spare the number of lakes  
in Wisconsin: mallards

flying in the expansion of a singular

disturbance flying nowhere.

Our words stuttering down a ball-  
point pen where it snows

& no one can see how  
at home I am with my white shoulders.

I built my house to my desire

shaving the outer surface of its urge to wince,  
kissing the ache from my lips

that were before winging my hands

tick-tack little wind  
strips, without reading, without  
speaking.

ii.

Here's the underwater sneak rout I found through Bull sluice,  
my heart of whip-stitch & trest,

muddy runnels.

Fire on the other side.

The eye-white, sky  
of river kissed.

Maybe another way of saying,  
I built my house to my desire.

Pines above the shingles.

Star-like, flame,  
my hands & the river sluice hinging

an open door or bed.

Simply the river quicker than rock, a house &  
the old cracked boat

-hulk, trees where I pass till a star  
shows its gone when it snows.

Eye & knocking heart can bless  
the hulk dragging estuary.

The tree-line giving way

to only motion, only speech.