our fate in the form
a fete prolonged

* 

anachronism newly wrought
anchored anciently
dawns after bright moon
repeating darkling moose

*  

these many wreaths of earth-prints
relieve the antelope fawns
zero respect for their sentence
so fele thought, unfailing
*
zero respect for borders, disperse
gather enough trust
allowed to enter but not to speak, I
gather myself and go

fear says the archer
is he who speaks as if he knows
moss grown over grasped at mistaken gods
gathers on the broken limbs and sways in wind
*

as menorah roots into rock

resembles
wind on water reflects
an air of change, an air of loving consciousness

return to prooftexts for what you missed in excess
born with the excessive remnant, which is yours
a remnant dignity, sing it again
dignify the line with primordial wholeness
*
talk on mountaintop paused for thought
beheld the remnant sky
when I shot I knew the arrow in flight
a doe's all ears, safely lingers

when in the motion picture the hand that lit the light grew still
moved the arrow's flightline tore history open
through tense I prepare for the hour

let was go now in nght

*

our tense prayer taut string

responds to intentional albeit gentle pressure