

Cradle

*Love in absurdity rocks even just men down
And doom is luminous today.*

Margaret Avison, "Apocalyptic?"

O mary, o mary
weep not for me.

The rooks cry
at dawn, the soot-colored

in their cradle,
cold wind.

Luminous
fate.

Tonight
fox-colored trees glow with first frost.

Now we are most lost.
Drive us back in.

Come crow
come snow.

Sky was the color of new butter.
Then, of dark bruised plums.

But now, nails nail the cradle,
the thin head in.

Nails stud the sky
and the piñon.

No boys are out in the courtyard.
Sun burns down, a ball of copper, ball-bearing melting in a pool.

Sun burns
the heart of God behind quilted satin, with a torn lining.

Time of sod
of hod carriers, come.

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The child, balancing his ring of blood, like an unsteady hoop
sees it hit the dust.

Sitting abed, reading tables of troy weights, circular measures
he feels the heart knock the ribs.

The wood chopper cuts raw wood, then no sound.
We sit at a round

table
at last eat the heart of God, then draw black blinds down.