

Something huddles beneath my hand
placed over my breast in a way
like fallen branches. I heard you speaking
in a dream, in the shudder of fishes
passing through my lefts at the head
of four rivers. What passed through
me and what passed on into the lands
out of Eden, I do not ask.
My body keeps what is my body's and what
my body touches.

On the surface of the waters
of the compassionate Pison, when
the dark water covers and the eye by which
you have given us, the body, vision through the night
alights upon my shoulders, I am known
to be frightened at the silence. I would
call this a leaf taken by the wind.
You who have thought out of thought my existence,
what solitude whispers in the brush of my body
against this garden, and what simplicity,
Hand-crafter, threatens to flee, with all
its weight, back
into chaos!