# Equinox 1

the edge of an eyelid half-closed –

a futile attempt to divide now from then

it is foolish:

a house of cards in a cool wind

for between my eyes

is carved the sign of signs:

the withering stare of

a discrete logic binding

two absolutes:

do our brains ever condescend to stillness?

can our tongues ever taste the tang of the Other?

do not our fingers long for the caress of

of a cold god, older than the impossible?

i can smell you inside me,

sand in an hourglass,

living in an eternal hypothesis –

by what right do we unbind these two?

well, then, now I have asked you

and you must answer

will you say what you believe

or what you wish to be true?

that we can hold water in our hands

or breath in our lungs

or dirt on our skin?

these things are as nothing, for we are

powered and empowered

by the combustion of opposites

and new growth is the crossroads

at the axis of the sacred;

the hub that turns the wheel

and here I will find you

touch you with pollen

and lay you down