

say star and say sun // say angel frost and feather // say branch
or bend basalt bite and schist // say taut and say tongue // say

tooth or tree birch or beech // say mound or mons or moans
beneath a standing moon // say drift and do the cold sliding off

// say hips and say belly and say thigh // say bright the new heart

the dark and the dark the dowsing dream of song // say water
flight or flaw // say a broken wing bound by windless wires or say

faith in the form of fire // say the last wending signal bent by noise
through the closing transom // say warp or say weft wand or wet

this wettest light // say horse and the heaving shadow beneath //

say grief and the last grievesome river the ungathered ghost
of rain // say your name and sharpen the sigh on your brightest
lips // say your name and the name of each still hidden place
in your Atlas of Hidden Places or the unwritten moment lost

from your mother's History of Loss archived in the Library

of Lost and Imaginary Books // say the book is on fire and breath
is the spark // say spark and bless the resting angels of panic //
say grace and the gnawing bone of practice // say prayer or say
step the long and shoeless walk through every last desert

// say sand or the silent offering crave and shine // say shine

or clavictherium and the shattered lioin lumen the lefthanded
heart of tungsten // say *contempus* and say whatever *mundi*
and else the false and only testament of your nearest self //
say a darking room with your heart now at rest // say what stutter

// say grace and say it true // say grace and full hope to mean it