

Whispers

Grass of death, rim of water –
just as among them, I seize the shadow, I force surfaces.
Out of the converging objects, the bafflers of falling blood
form'd in the feeling of the sun, the transparent summer,
the air through space voyaging to his voice, I ascend,
I shall be you.

With the work commenced, let out of green leaves
and ready in the gnawing teeth, the body becomes unseen.
There is eternal life.
My course runs below the sentries, to the two alike in granite,
my heart and the crowd, meeting the work without sympathy
as the hum of doubtful news draws back without name.

You come with white hair over forbidden voices of the night.
Assist against my likeness, great-grandsons on the leafy lips pronouncing
what I reckon I have fail'd.

Behold the burning – the fire of me forever gathering
the calculated close of my soul. The creation fills me,
one sleeps in every thought. The sea sleeps, breathing broad zones,
growing among black stems, hearing, feeling of the day
with me no more, the burning of the ships by day,
the gods of the boatmen, the leafy shade with me rising freshly,
the drummers again, the reeds within me, and what I am of the fare-collector,
all the distances I am repair the past and fetch my spirit.

We shall be the sea of myself, we shall sail the grass.
With it is riding on the corpse of day my early youth.
I look at the thoughtful merge of years.
The dead lay together combined, the oldest graves sleep.
Ever the other, I accept reality –

You shall be understood, you shall be there again.
I will never be swept by again; I am the open mouths,
hand-cuff'd to touch. My vision pass'd over me.
I pass to the trees. We may suppose
you are leaves.