

## FABLED HUE

why a memory of birds flying into a cloud  
keeps morphing outside all the history books,  
pastel maps of successive conquerings  
tiny rooms away. what birds remember  
of shifting winds and hidden perches  
with clear views. why a photograph makes  
a story impossible in the increasing fog  
of dna, while one's heart keeps beating  
a notion of species in the mind, pictures  
of a grand theory of animal forever one  
guess behind. could it be a momentary  
lapse during a holiday on a mythological crater's  
rim, ripples of shadows in the cold concave sweet  
in the abstract? if it were the slipperiness  
of grammar in a box of solved puzzles,  
connectives of mountain passes tempted  
to be crossed. whether the passes look away  
once shepherds reach grasslands.

*from* SONNETS

so many melodies get locked in the time it takes  
to lose. to lose is to find a poor token of lore's  
vocal highlights. into light's lonely dwelling  
is born a blundering fool. the fool's entranced  
lion roars a raw, mystic language. in the language  
of its brand new country, "honey" means "hamlet."  
hamlet is lost in a labyrinth, at the heart of which,  
a velvety orange. orange is the fervor of the foreign blue  
night. in the night the bees buzz. they buzz and buzz  
just as birds know bird things. thing is, you just can't kiss  
life the way you used to. i used to rock the boat like  
i now court the lapsed muse of dust. dust motes and sky's  
pressure are beautiful if not terribly important to them.  
they can't get you for that, can they?