

for nothing here knows me

but

the fog along the ridge of pines

the crow's song - a tunnel I pass through

sweet other wilderness,

you have formed in me

a marriage bond of blue-depth waters

dreaming,

the wolf is

illuminated

her prints like arrows

through fields of fern and mortal dusk

destroyed by the impossible,

I live the impossible

walk with me

through the leafless arms

of twisting hawthorn

the blood of a birth

saying,

let no one *make a fool of my heart*

and keep what is yours

mask of the animal

I am

sharp as the black, wounded

hearts of brush and black thistle

forgiving my old life,

those past tongues and lands

I walked

and wasted

my words demand the silence of

this moorland

where crossroads vanish into

moon's silver brume and lapping edges

a thousand tender leaves swaying

night's likeness

no name, no body,
my becoming speaks
through the pursuance of nowhere

forget the voice of distance,
those that would take your spirit
for ransom

the irremediable, the unredeemed
hums that which you must leave

as we go through the ruin becoming
sublime