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CONJUNCTION (VERSION 3)
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Sometimes, when the sun is twice itself
With light that quietly breaches certainty,
You feel the distaff side grow warm and glow.
Pores of light open: something is to happen;
Without a chart, free of context; intimationless.
Perhaps a visit that starts a high-road journey.

Not into the desert, but that sudden squall within.
One partly familiar, but whose eye is hidden.
A secrecy, a preached word; wrapped in turmoil;
Kept unreleased, unknowing all these years,
Leaving language lame, with neither fret nor fever.
Perhaps a downward curve whose end will rise.

Words begin to feel a somehow finger touch their
Shoulders. Then move down the spine, stopping
At conjunctions; laying energy behind eyes, ears;
The tongue's tip tasting darkness. A burst of light:
I see Grandpa's face as he lay wrapped and final.
This time its memory finds a door and turns the key.

What you didn't know of deeper things, of harmonies
In a world of dew or a shooting star's brief statement;
How the power of thought released a universe
Or the moon sipping a few stars before rising.

They start to feel a special spine of feeling, of things
Long there, unsaid, waiting for conjunctions,

Perhaps an ancient thought that made a universe,

gave it planets and moons
Had suddenly awake again.

Those are the big ones

A discourse whose power is

The uncertainty principle becomes certain –
For a moment; long enough to do its work.
We go back to the ordinary; to what we know.

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The day will not alarm; a return to familiar times.
All is usual. Once more the world has four corners.
At least till when the sun is twice itself again.

20 October 2004

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