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CONJUNCTION (VERSION 4)
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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, intimation.
Perhaps a visit that starts a high-road journey.

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

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. Then a burst of light:
Grandpa's face, as he lay wrapped, final and full of love.
This time its memory finds the door and turns the key.

At others,
Surely that eternal Thought which made the universe,
Takes you into a world of dew, or a shooting star's
Brief statement; or the moon sipping golden evenings
Before rising. For others, a grammar, words meditating
Upon us, make the leap, unlocking, steady as they go,
Sweeping up a small infinity, that tells us that Words alone
are certain good; Even the world is but a flaming word.

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

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