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CONJUNCTION (VERSION 8)
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Conjunction

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 erupt: something is to happen,
Unalerted, free of context, beyond intimation.
Perhaps a visit that starts a high-road journey.

Not into the desert, but a sudden squall within;
That familiar thing. But now its eye moves hidden,
Perhaps inspecting secrecies, a preached word,
Kept unreleased, unleavened, all these years, thus
Leaving language lame, with neither fret nor fever.
Perhaps now a downward curve whose end will rise,
 May take us up.

Words begin to feel a somehow finger touch their
Shoulders. Then congenial down the spine, stopping
At conjunctions; laying energy behind eye and ear; then
The tongue's tip tasting darkness. Then a burst of light:
Grandpa's final face, as he lay wrapped, full of love.
This time it is memory finds the door and turns the key.

 At another,
Surely that eternal Thought which made the universe,
Takes you into a world of dew, or a shooting star's
Brief statement; the moon gathering golden evenings
Before rising. For some, a grammar of words meditating
Steady upon us, makes the leap, unlocking as she goes,
Disclosing small infinities. One who knew meaning
In light and darkness, and the shades between, said
 Words alone are certain good...
 The wandering earth herself may be
 Only a sudden flaming word....

 So, at times
The uncertainty principle settles clear and certain –
Stabilised into moments just long enough to do its work.
Thereafter, we return to what we know, the ordinary;
Breathe familiar harmonies. For the day has no alarms;
All is usual. Once more the world has four safe corners.
At least till when the sun descends in double-self.

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