

Derek Henderson

Coal Pile Photograph

1.
Fog trilling off the tree, I botch you as I should
fig of mine (men would bite you);
cut and oozing, nothing proves you (it being night).
Rather put you to my lips rob you

Caught unclad in a rocky time
pry me open and gamely pose me shy
before a mountain of coal.
(dear clear eye in a field of goldenrod)
I make the same chase never
so wild where you do your hunting—
it seems night in the photo,
the sun as such in its haze
is divested to moon—it rests on my chest
a happy suture. Nothing quieter than this
our shade, such an even mountain of black
verging over me, solid and sinuous,
a same spirit, a Saturnine.

Gushing, purveyed, notorious
poke of your camera
mops me and lavishes glints to provoke me.
A voice rose up in you
denies your photo its crags, waits
for November.

2. *to you an instant, to you an instant*
Tearily, the sun shall come to light
shall eat me & thee alike,
fleetly; the sun behind us the sun
a pushing mirror shutting short
the space we pass through—(I am
not just a motor of God) all caught
in cobalt and coal—we see it
and stop, standing
placed—you & I bite, chomp and splay
me right, cut off my plodding
to vacuum—nothing here has me so naked
as the lens that shutters me.
(You don't see cocks sway the way she does,
You don't see cocks crow you say).

3.
A gull, a ball, a gun, a gold.
Little skulls. Busy door. Little ball. It is done.

Living, living barbarously already.
Globe. Bites. Rain, rivulets. Not yet.
She does not choose, she chooses not to step or fly.

I owe you a stick fetched off the moss from
(yes, you do mean it) a bulrush copse;
we rest in boles, in branches, in sappy stems.

Dial your camera already—folks are come to check
around us dial already devote a glance
to your own nakedness—
 I don't know straw sticks
 to irritate the back, I radiate
 allow provoke
 over & back again.

4.

The black on me, on my feet, on my ass, my scrotum—
when it does not rain on me:
here you have little gales over little lakes.

When it rains:
rivulets through cracks in cement,
coal dust in the water,
frank rain
of my distant heart...

(I will love that we use
all the known that we know our
different routes to the sea-green coast
just as plain as rushing wind at the end of June).

5.
Verge—the grandmastery of absence—
a master of parting (too-much arrived & too-much gone)
together, I have cleansed through
smeared coal on my chest
the beautiful skin below.

A large share of light

Above the large building
we find someone and
given the camera
picture with a
footstep's pattern and
someone seated behind
festival of light
enter the camera
from our days again
seen already
festival spilling of light
from the rigid
walls
utter inability

Puddle

bear out

to a place to sound

sucking mud

lost shoe, baked mud

together