

George J. Farrah

After Duncan

absolute

we name them

his 'cruelty' gave me

a local sea to name

(all this desire to name)

the other shoots me full

of green

no accidental

imperative

a form that forms me again

from the ground

lifting in the air

thin or thick

on a Dusk

day to Noah

needing no more

and a promise

a near hand

labors of importance

in increments

held rings

of thought to warmth

rings of the earth

committed void

music as a trial of

the eternal asking

& the answer

the

continuity then

earth worms

floating bears and

a clock brown field

lyric wind

a great subjectivity

boxed

melodies

of black crows

a pole star

which defines

the world

do you contain honey

powers of youth the storm?

do you open

into a dooryard?

a spinning fate of

love only

a field

of transcendent
breathing

burning to death

yielded to

and walking

away

they all obey

perhaps

we all obey

a song

somewhere

out of tune

out of focus

white noise off the car radio

Ocean Path

(

You with the paintings

the roots of your teeth required of you

the museums of parks stars and night lights

mirrors of the sky open readings

of your face in love

changing the material of your arms

torso legs your whole body

here and there the earth is breaking

everywhere is green or brown

rivers are full of moons

cats full of hills

an afternoon is a bird

of shaky blue green

sweets

deep in a glass of beer

hurry be done with it

squeeze what's left into

the days

the path of thorough branches

armor for

oceans hiding

inside a tea bag

an empty great

beautiful tree

two suns tilt faces

crystal tempests of knowing

taking up a residence

as the night crashes on down

and water runs clear

in a wonderful empty place

down the street

Dopple

As if there were no one alive here

I have dug out my memory as earth

home missed

boat error of rain

my hearts are stacked like chairs

and we are always walking

my eyes have become lights

dusted outside in August

this unfinished

you

Sleepless

Reason mesa and the opposite

a people's calendar of their own beauty

she is a whispered clearing

Although rain water
is a face
and you gather under trees

our belief in spoons and time

the bride of desire's lonely lesson

the sacred lake again

spars goat bones
old rivets

like the spread of her skin

flat stones
fire
on the cold night beach

and then she put on mud frogs

to win him over

the lover mother or sister

the collective myths of the night

husband and wife
injured by violence
and the forest

soul syllable o willow

vision speaks an order

powders of leaves
flaps fruit
the traffic below

a numbered beauty?

glorious unfaithfulness

of words

in private complex
machinery

he sees for a moment the sleepless thought

lodged in the sea

and then breathes deep.