

**Keith Moul**

**OUT OF THE VACUUM**

Of course language fails us  
when our loins engorge;  
unformed sounds burst out;  
gutturals, too long restrained, mutter.

My mind defies all tangents,  
focuses only on your living center,  
fires fewer and fewer synapses,  
goes rigid in my expanding space.

Best in reflection or fiercest action,  
language builds like the phoenix  
as word by word by word coheres,  
finally forms itself to escape the vacuum.

## DEEP STONES

To build, we cleared two acres.  
This space skirts edges of our reality  
while defining a clear border to threat.

Planted trees permit shady places.  
Shrubs now dot contoured ground.  
Flowering hues emerge amid evergreen.

I have collected stones, some from deep,  
and piled them along fences, under trees.  
Their reappearance places us in fuller time.

Sylvia cultivates and plants, creates soil  
from aged clays and compost piles, with  
nutrients added, liberally. I channel drains  
between and around the many beds.  
We collect in enormous piles the weedings;  
we could name them after local mountains.

We change the terrain to suit our idea of home.  
Rabbits, squirrels, and little birds easily adapt:  
feed them sunflower seeds and suet  
and enjoy the chorus on a sunny day.

From beyond, deer approach but cannot jump  
our eight-foot fence. They must  
grasp the change, its speed,  
that forces altering their customary trails,  
their always ancient, always tentative lives.

Often I stop by the deep stones.  
They contain me uneasy within them.  
I burn the annual refuse that has fallen.  
As seasons pass, they settle in again.