

Linda King

in this tumble-down season

things keep falling from grace
they end up tangled
in the fringe of your blue shawl
the one meant to comfort you
in the move from earth to answers

to the meaning at the edge of knowledge
extending beyond the present
beyond the silent disinterest
of this world

you are forever in a room
where the clocks on the wall
have no hands where it will
never be midnight the hour
when you need to believe
in the otherness of things

metaphor is all we have

if you cross examine
the philosophers
keep your questions short
they believe that everything
exceeds what can be said about it

metaphor is all we have
in endless loops of translation
what takes place is always otherwise

this room is not the meaning of a room
this night is not the meaning of darkness
and when you turn to the light
it may not be the sun

at night all language lies sleeping

in dreams such as this
you take what remains of the day
with you into the darkness

the only sound the wind
along the tops of the cedars
whispering all the ancient stories

into the forest that casts its spell
of meaning along that well worn path
to an indigo sea

at night all language lies sleeping
while the ocean is preoccupied
with ebb and flow

