

Rae Diamond

the borrowed ~~returned~~

~~the~~ breath of
~~like~~ the wake
into the still
its passing presence
~~of~~ its mass ~~and~~
released as ripples
reflection of ceaselessly
~~now stars in~~ darkness
now sun in blueness
windwhispering rain
now darkening of dipping
reach ~~or~~ view
of the ~~last~~
followed ~~not~~
the return of all

one dying slows
of a ~~boat~~ smoothing
liquid ~~surface that~~ preceded
the influence
~~motion~~ received and
lessening into a fluid
shifting sky revealing
~~now~~ pinkmisted ~~dawn~~
~~now~~ density of cloud
without ~~letting~~ it fall
~~sun~~ sinking beyond
the suspense of the hover
inhalation interminable
by exhalation ~~but by~~
~~that~~ cannot be kept

the mathematics of farewell

instead ~~of a guru~~
a moth it is
~~me to~~ light the way
quick switchbacks
to every gleam we envision
~~away~~ some irrational
forming a sacred
~~of our~~ trajectories
i will fall
of the radiant geometry
lightlessness where no
all paths are potential
the time allotted
is brief when
its almost weightless
with the spark of
the shapes we ~~once~~ traced
of light ~~now~~ around
furred body featherlike
erow snatches it in
wings it
sky i will ~~pin~~
speck until it vanishes

i will follow
sure ~~to take~~
there will be all
in air we will pilgrimage
approach ~~and back~~
number of times
shape with the sum
~~until we are~~ weary
asleep dream
of star axes in endless
lines are drawn ~~but~~
though enlightened
to ~~my moth~~ tutor
i wake i will find
body no longer lit
life i will map
in circumference
its papery wings
antennae until a canny
its black arced beak
into the cloudless
my gaze ~~on that~~ dark
into the scalar blue

wending chords

~~in~~ the looming vaults
invokes ~~the tempo~~
inwards ever curving
shifting at the pace
of a glacier of
~~the stone form of~~
~~mountain~~ into the rolling
~~the~~ velocity of
zero return
by memory place
~~time~~ is colored by
absent
weather of circumstance
~~and~~ receptivity of ~~the one~~

~~of~~ a cathedral an organist
~~of~~ a nautilus of stars turning
towards ~~return~~ notes
of ~~the~~ recession
the erosion of
a lone lofty
green of a hill
~~return is necessarily~~
is a myth fabricated
~~includes~~ exists within
those present
~~expected~~ by the protean
by ~~the~~ bent blood
~~who~~ aims to ~~return~~

to ~~sound and~~ hale

with ~~silent~~ feathers
endowed here ~~where~~
~~of people~~ ~~of buildings~~
trees ~~pull~~
lifeforce ~~from skin~~
wings ~~we would~~
sweep ~~we would~~
mount ~~we would~~
dive catch ~~rise~~
which could ~~not get~~
~~hale~~ to ride the rogue
hills to ~~some~~ hushed

~~of~~ owls ~~we would be~~ well
gusts pummel faces
pull branches from
warmth pull
but ~~with furred~~
not be swept ~~we would~~
~~not be pushed~~ ~~we would~~
~~not be blasted~~ ~~we would~~
fill ourselves with ~~that~~
away until we are ~~enough~~
~~windtides~~ of these ~~battered~~
dark ~~wood~~ beyond