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Will

no longer
the same
as the still memory

neither the mismemory

the place is no longer
the memory of
it the mismemory

after dissolution something may
beckon &

(apocalypse only happens
once)

a growth may
will emerge

faith only in the word
“will”

faith only

The Moon Exists for Poetry

The moon exists for poetry.

As the grass is green for poetry
and the ocean, of course,
pure blue.

You know.

And the mountains are high
and the cold air sharp
and the suffering at a perfect pitch,
for poetry.

For poetry earth is clay

and loam and grey granite,
the clouds are white puffs
against pure azure

for poetry. For poetry

the light is my mind
is the dawn is the very
cusp of dawn when sun

spears between tree trunks across

the meadow. All for poetry.

All.

We never named a world into being.

We cannot talk or write
categories equal to the sublimity—
we sing

wordlessly
a world
into being.

You hear most honestly not
in your second or third
language but one as foreign
as a flat white earth.

In its bursts and shards
of melody
its easy awkward crawls into waves and reverberations,
its lack of a clear
beat

but a discernible one nonetheless,
you finally hear as you always have but didn't know.

Poetry can be this song,
too
if you'd only shut up
and listen to what
you don't
and can't ever know.
This language exists for poetry
and up my hand
goes to my mouth
when your falsely
wizened words catch at all
I thought I must
have
for now.
And this wasn't language but poetry
embodied in a gesture
learned in some forgotten cave
that is buried in the banks of an old
slow river,
today less current than infinite eddies easing away in a general direction.
I am mostly my forgettings
which slowly elongate
from misremembered ceilings
and drip
to a gathering,
that then elongates up, toward
that ceiling. I claim
to know in
my not remembering
of a process
in a time
almost closed. The little
opening is all that matters
for this practicality,
this getting a hand
to a mouth
in time
not of my making.
And that is a poetry,
the forgotten and misremembered,
the embodied way we
etch our path into air

or wind

or breeze.

The purest poetry has no words

is a singer throating forth

for the sake of

the ecstasy

of throating itself.

Poetry never shuts up because it can't get where it's going

can't go back to where

it never was.

We forget our greatest intimacies

into the very possibility

of response,

one that depends and holds

only for those forgettings,

this poetry,

emerging from silent forgettings,

filaments flung across the

ether of what could have

been, working only for

the spaces,

the emptiness.

A Freedom

The brain is mostly water.
The skin, the liver, the heart
mostly water.
Our tide turns with the moon.
We turn with laws more
fundamental
than any clock —
eroding the under layer of skin.
Eroding the outer layer of liver.
Pushing and pulling the inside of heart.
We drip
our way — away.
This is not water torture.
This is how we see the impossible
yet possible yellow of a goldfinch
in the distance
behind bare twigs.
This is how we notice
a car coming
too fast to allow us
to cross the street.
Knowledge emerges from the wash.
The wash erodes and chisels knowledge.
We drip without
knowing
and that is a kind of knowledge,
hiding enough
to drip into the light.
All light must falter.
We falter into the drip.
We falter into knowing —
the deepest knowing
is accidental
and fated, a law that pulls us
where we have
to go.
A regret is simply wishing
the water went
in a different direction..

In this there is no room for freedom
as usually understood.

There is only room
for letting go,
for allowing the water its rapids
its stills,
its eddies
and currents.

Even fetid stagnation has its possibilities,
no matter how distasteful.

The clouds hang low in the sky
this rainy day.

My internal feels on its own
the low barometric.

A bird calls, another answers
in and against this heavy
day.

We are so much less than we suppose.

Another species starts another call.