

Casimir Wojciech

OFFERING
for Philip Lamantia

There's nothing for the dying to eat
straying in the reliquary
hidden seeds of voices
charged in the air
teething coming dawn,
red dirt deserted eschaton
illuminated by blood of the stars.
Waves of wind flash but once
against penumbras
etching bitten grooves into bone—
a prayer, an emptying;
soft by soft incense dissolves
enough distance in the right eye
to lay down lash first,
then ash.

QUESTION

for Jim Carroll

Determined to rule
the land/a man passes
from himself
from the final moment
which is every moment
across rivers of music
stilled in the air
across streets with no names
across deserts
into clefts of
monolithic wind pipes
turbines in the Mojave
green houses on the Ritas
poppy flickers
leads to a fear of dreaming—
what if it is all
going to the same place
a prayer in my cheeks
clawing
I don't know
I'm not in my right
mind—drop
a match in the well.
Question: is the demise
of mankind the fact
that we're killing our
planet, ourselves, each other
or is it just
symptom?
of something far
more sinister

THE WAY MY STRAYING SPEAKS

It's useless to ask what's within
these deserts
desolation
sets in like light behind rain,
or tame these oscillating worlds—
I'm thinking of a word that doesn't exist
an uncontrollable urge
to believe
every strand of mesquite smoke
is a voice lifted
is a memory unravelling
and wind thrown at the flame
is born without us
blossoming
endlessly
from the womb of
the unseen