

The Abandoned Citadel

1.)

We have these lives and then we try to speak them. Identity, a deity apart. I was praying in an un-dark grove. The alphabet approached me

2.)

It was, if I recall, a Sunday. The wind was like a white man blinking. Was there a river? There was a river.

Let me
be imaginary

3.)

Bestial in the vowel-ed ground of mourning, I chose the closest noise and troubled sound upon the water

4.)

The noise was all around me, the weather changing voices in the trees, their branches wound as one and reaching, a web of interwoven wood

through which appeared a world of apparitions. Thinking of my father, his name, his metal cane and hook, I took my ear

and placed it in my mouth. The sound I heard unfurled
a new geography. It was not

unusual. The landscape hardened
like a scar

5.)

The landscape hardened like a scar, an interstice of syllables
in which I sung my seeing,

saying. A new wind bellowed through me
like a century

6.)

Weary of the west, its want and weaponry, I trembled inward,
wandered in another name and knelt before a granite altar laced
with strips of purple silk and anise, the brittle stars of last Sep-
tember shining in the barren dark above. I remember very little,
only that when the wind relented, I placed my hands within a
silver bowl of flesh

and offered up a new material. The pearls
that were my eyes

7.)

Like tenses turned to years, I turned around and wrapped around
my neck a string of numbers naming me exactly, the uneven dis-
tribution of my history. There, I rested

in the violence of a form I pushed a sentence in
and wept. My weeping blurred

within me. A figure in the distance, rising,
a forest filled with years

8.)

Are you my master?

9.)

You are my master

10.)