The Mirror of a Day Chiming Marigolds

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THE MIRROR OF A DAY CHIMING MARIGOLDS

astronomer,
I strike my gong for you,
it is gold/
    ancient/
    engraved with a calendar
    of my heart
and I strike it
it rings
loud and melodious
the sound of seashells, the shouting of marigolds,
the angry boom of dragonflies,
thunder, an erupting volcano,
my heart pounding in exhaustion.

I strike it
and it sounds for you,
as all of us are instruments
recording the heart,
playing its jealous and beautiful sounds
the mirror breaking and shattering
past our tongues
when the fire burns our skins

The astronomer looks at the sky and sees
all the phenomena of light.
This one gives himself a solor corona
while I stand in the shade of the moon

There is
an ancient priestess
whose tears make the spiderlilies grow.
She knows my name in darkness.
We are sisters
as my tears are the blueilizes of the nile themselves,
my tongue, a stamen, waiting to be touched by the breath
of insects
my life, a rock: I look for a poet,
an astronomer/
    one who studies
    my moon.

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Moth
it was brown and dusty
with peacock eyes,
marbled black tracings,
wings
as wide as my hand across,
trapped behind blinds
as they say the poet is the blind man
emphasizing the fact
that what he sees
is in the mind
not part of the world
and the moth was trapped
and had broken
enough of his wing
for me to understand death,
and I thought of you
who are so much in my mind
who have never been trapped
never had to beat your wings against a blinding force,
ever had to be the scraping at a woman's window
which made her fear
and you die,
The beauty of this simple white room
with its dark wood beams
tile floors
in a place where a butterfly the size of my hand
could fly in from the corridors
during the day
only to beat itself to death at night,
this beauty
is only one part of a world
that has many parts

for those parts I
I long
do not have
as we all love
what is the part of the world we cannot be

You don't understand
what it is
I love about you
and if I told you
you still would not understand.
And I am trapped
by my own words always,
the words which explain
and in explaining
must lose.
I told a man once
that his freedom would also be his death
but he thought
I was cursing him,
not saying the truth.
The truth has always trapped me
it is brown and dusty
with peacock eyes,
marbled black tracings,
its wings
as wide as my hands...
you are in my mind now
and I do not think of that as a trap;
in the corner of my window,
the butterfly still moves
the so much of his wing
has been torn away

yrs,
Moth
it was brown and dusty
with peacock eyes,
mARBled black trACIngs,
wIngs
as wide as my hand across,
trApped behind blinds
as they say the poet is the blind man
emphasizing the fact
that what he sees
is in the mind
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