

Excerpts from: Odes to the Secret Canons

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5: Fire of Fire

There is nobody from where I am going (or time has gone, not like a river but like ash spit up time has burned away since anyone last came from where I go) I lit no torch to navigate that land of ashes;

I sought no keys to open up the desolated quadrants even dust spat out

that had swallowed up roads, (not as a scar might itch away) even as a stomach digests itself, in time even as blood fills arteries with its' own cement: even as the wasteland closes roads to pollinated corrosions

I made no map to differentiate: stumps of markers

pools of poisoned rain

I did not conspire with the wasteland to open up the opportunity of shattering any means ahead:

I bear what has passed to fragmentation,

what cannot be patched to its' lost end from what might be swept up, mingled in mud patched to what handle or nose we have:

I bear what has snapped off to remainder in my mouth like a bone: thereby I made no map to smooth off raw edges putty prosthetically flakes from:

and I cannot advance but that my last known mark is snapped

like desiccated trees behind me

and I cannot begin my work where any tool I held is whole I cannot begin until I must melt most exacting ores from shattered stones, uncertain if the marrow of what solidity I burn away



will be my nourishment or even working massiveness or more flowing-hard endurant than what I burn away—
(and no-one comes from were I am going and I must go beyond the last wrecked cellar I meet—
the only mark that can start my map is where I must begin again) where my hand must shape the last ore all prior expertise exhausted; where my tongue must learn the words I speak in ashen air where I must find what my tongue and thumb makes to turn: where I was hollowed out where I was filled with liquid solid molten ways I must learn how I burn where none have come from since it burned away: I must bear back to the wet live lands:
What my shaped and shaping hands will shape where clay is lost and shapers fled.

* * *

20: Earth of Earth

By this circle I contradict the outlands the crooked flats that are alike the center and the boundary surveyed:

by the fact of wind I declare a hinged rooted in the bedrock abides
by the fact of dew I declare a wet voice ripples of kept time
thus might I collect myself within the map I draw,
a compass within the compass the flat grinds into the bottom of the sky:

by the fact of the hinge that fire keeps to meet hard purity with new moltenness:

Thus I cast of the seal of secret canons whereby I see the vector to pierce the horizon

whereby my camp is the map of departure whereby I know my origin is made strange and summoning

whereby I have not spilled myself out in vain

whereby I have not collected my self from dust and dew for only ballast

whereby I may pull up from shattered bedrock the hollow I may carry home

whereby I may doctor hollows and foundational cracks

whereby I entered unmapped vanishment:

By what healing leaks into the wounds of final trees soil itself drinks hope from abiding roots where thirst is made the thinnest lining of open secret channel sky and the underground contrive need itself consumes in right due measure; my very finger-tips, my sore and skillful knuckles now weave their cracks even the circle I cast across the horizon seals the seem of ground to sky, seals the secret vessels whereby dust and rain converge with returning ancient breaths

and their old stinks and woven naming

I may thus begin again, collected.

There is nobody from where I have been

among the ashes that hovered along my tunnelway,

where the dust sinks in

to thereby keep the history

of my passing shape

by its very spilling in;

I have made my thirst

even as I collected what I could

of what can never join again

amidst itself.

I bear what has passed to fragmentation

by my very power of bearing up

my own surface like some more primal blanket,

even as I did not steal the power inhering

invasive edging

to keep my own intertegritwisting even as I did not trade upon but only applied the contrast to learn the means whereby to read passing powers in the rise and sink of entropic final dust.

I did not strain nor presume to be the flow

I kept but was not

thereby did I keep the means

to grind and to joint

what I must thus work,

thus I did not lose hearing of the secret gap

between where dust is dust and pathways

yet harder

than longest feet.

thus I kept a tongue hinged to speak alike for thirst

and slake and breath and hollow

and the naming of incomplete these cannot meet and the naming of discontent that even completion cannot fulfill and the naming of the breath of me that fills and empties aright above each inner desert: Thereby what I drank had in it a power past the ancient marrowbones

the flowing hid.

I trusted to my secret hinge

that parts the tongue and thumb at their each most fleet

thereby was breath and muscle never less than one to me whatever names I named when I heard no name I needed in the wind I opened my mouth

> to test the whistle for an echo or a song or sought to see a law to twist the wind

away from these;

When the spreading way ahead

bound each law

to flat conveyance

I knew that I could breath;

that I could shrink into the hard of me

and did and thereby undid.

* * *

21: Introadversion

Our very fingers were the poking-forth of some abstract solidified:

the splinters and cracks they bore

like the resins baked upon those, our poking fingers

like parcels duly to confer

(upon touching bona fides hiding

like covert Braille

in older scars

(and by circumcision of any upstart regrowth)

embedded)

these deep-in protrusions less foreign to us than our fingers,

poking up from hands that had circumspectly finely finally

so-dryly washed themselves:

every breach in our digital skin was distance reclaimed

every item, be it mineral

no blood had ever drank

no breath yet expanded in

be it some fragment

that had died off some other life

that poked into us was distinctions-between reclaimed

as if our fingers too, might be shown to be some deviance

some poking-out accomplished through us, protesting:

not so offending in that protested violation than that we must reclaim

what we had lately used of ourselves

to touch again just that which, all that which, was shoving off from us

that which was pushed to sinking faster

by our frantic pilgrimage of last contact

our last contact upon what was more to us

than these foreign fingers that bear our last report to us

up our long and alien arms.

* * *

22: Viafract

I planted my door at the top of my foundation;

a buried fixity foots a waiting vacancy:

my every house must be founded upon the pathways pulled distantly to it

my every house must mend some fissure in the roads' continuity;

this is what I have demanded of my vagabond body

this is what my breath seeks where my skull is a moist dark curve this is what my vagabond body demands of my breath-of-ghost that stretches it this is what my vagabond bones demand of their secret erosion by blood and breath this is what my skin demands of the fact of my secret occupation

this is what my lips demand of eyelids and brow that display the teeth's bitten secrets this is the door that holds my foundation below it square and still and covertly spread this is the cementing of a solid face from reconnoitered ways beneath, manifold gliffs this is why every house of me must match the eaten marrow

of my bones' own deepest occupant

this is why every skin and bone and face of me must bear my doors' founded vacancy: this is why my doorway must pull stretching land from other origins than my own this is why my skin is stretched by the fact of a distance it ends to mend me this is why my doorway must patch the roads it breaks to be.

* * *

24: Recidicividermalist

I hide my best claims to land in towns that my skin reweaves like a coded diagnosis whereby each scar records the composition of the violating agent whereby each fresh skin weaves accountancy of what rude minerals I drank to weave it

whereby blood flows in fugitive account of my own hard escape from a wet broad world whereby breath escapes filled with what I could not dryly plunder to my bones whereby my totality of skin does not emancipate or rejoin me whereby what dropped off from me some river or wind or clay took in whereby the light of day itself is pilfered to my own inner fire and I return thin heat what I claim of hard of bones and flex of skin casts ancient craft against primeval rupture my hidden claims upon the lots of towns casts the fact of skin upon the need of bricks what I bear in my driest hollows I powdered down from sand and clay and sky and air for the teeth of first minerals to break our dust and drink our moisture down into dry old iron for what I bear of my fleet breath and secret blood teaches each new strange town my craft of skin.

* * *

25: Atlas

Nothing turns but that it spirals in

To that fixity that roots each mainspring to fist-cherished force

Or: to that land of snapped stems no alloy can mend

Or: to that density that sucks in anything that might reflect upon it

Or: to that fundamental rust where no exposure can be afforded

nor any accreted surface competent to the lack

Or: to that covert pivot where no swivel of license has found the ecstasy of vector:

Nothing bears an axis save that every cycle craves a central fixity

Nothing spirals in but that it also turns, by inward pivots keeping the shell a-turn to match the world, keeping thereby a still face to the marketing traded turning swerving whose fleet rebounded meeting we mistake for being yoked only for that there was some clap of contact: whose collision we attributed to systems of pivot and call that an engine for the world— Or whose lapse of surface, whose fusion of failed cohesion we name merger unto oneness:

but what spirals in turns a shell that might be taken for one flat face presented to all that spins around as if at the last of some resolved pilgrimage

of essence itself and not the feet

thrust up through the surface to the world meeting sought reflection

in something it did or could not shape:

in a stream more clear for its fleet thrust in where the ground long dissolved than clear for any reverently curatorial denizen:

like some culminate pilgrimage of still self-hooking just where the river washes its very name away: but for this one crack in all of it,

that no polishing fills

the still face locks itself.

and jowls more truly stricted than the brow, the sodden. streaming drawn yet baggy brow)

what can that grey lapidarian face seek in any water that it does not knowand does it seek at all saving camouflage of a down-dipped brow to conceal the vice of teeth that have twisted all resolution in behind them—

yet all that spirals in also pivots outwardly, even downward where cleanest water wipes away reflection of what never radiated out onto any waiting pane;

yet all that spirals in also outwardly turns at least a single twist like an obligated curtsy and a limber politic jig or: like a snapping jaw that does not grip the targeted upper hand turning away from the odor there before the teeth could lock

or: like a jerk to the same last twist of indecision

even as some lock snapped or hinge gave way ahead or: like the testing of waking muscle beneath where limbs poke out or: like that glinting extra moment pocketed where business must be done

and nothing pivots but that the surface sought the core or suspected one beneath the ache of long-since-snapped inner pinioning the ache only metal knows where there is no rust at all but only the snapping only hardness ever undergoes the splinter-thunder-sundering only perfect polish shows:

an inwardness but yet hypothesized

by an sharp-thrust brow-benighted jaw from some obdurate surface seeking something more than glint of its' tin-and-muscle chest

that has never known if it is egg to dark or light or just some grey miasma that no clarity of sneer or rubbering of eyes express; or some colorless pulpiness no spasmodic heart leaks knowledge of to the hunching chest or any mirror-wiped armor servicing distinction

and nothing pivots between what spirals in and what turns the outward onwardly but what turns among the provinces the very turning parsed in fee of right to facing the wage of bearing axis the heritage of a single planting turns upon more certain standing nothing twists a face but to twist away from where the hidden axis fixed nothing twists from fixity but to wonder at every place no axis took nothing twists up an axis but to seek what spreads the ground nothing spreads the ground or travels there but that every point is pivoting: nothing turns but that it spirals inward nothing spirals inward but that the face of it would be planted where it turns.

* * *

28: Signicarcerifex

where my rathering bends to bind my feet, twisting as some funerary tree about its' very roots, which have tasted of late only generic soil, not the savor of some one exact mortal sample

where my rathering in its very abundance of swivel binds my feet,
I do not know the imperative of what marks I must carve where my feet are fixed;
I do not know in what hour I chose to thus be bound in subsequent time,
I do not know where my feet are made a prosthesis of appetite and roots
I do not know by what strategy of adamant cornering and lush curves I signify

I know only that each mark I place where I am fixed always reads, acrostic: here lies shattered all lineage

all underpinned convergent boundary

as only stone shatters;

here flows out locus from a taken stand,

here region rushes into locality, the high-tide of solute hegemonifluct, here totality hunkers down upon the possibility of transit,

of one received velocity:

each mark I have placed always read: here every warden is banished here there be ways hammered out of their surety into broader places than the ways to them;

here be shatterpiled hints of any exit where distance bends return from the casting out of vision

severs retreat from reconnaissance

severs any discovery from further advancement beyond:

each mark whereby I have sharpened vinisinuing curves hooped innocent angles back against their lateral sources lacked all reconnaissance, bereft of back-cast sight of any nomenfactic transit to their currently-thus-wound condition

each differing mark I carved saw my snap-branched determinings leave my feet my outfingering possibility remembering seeds and sun and sky; remembering how every root bears the craft of violation within the task of fundament: as unfisted fingers remember flex my feet remember craft and task of every root in new mobility as untwisted fingers unwrap themselves from the craft of each last mark that maps and breaks the claim of ground to each cemented fundament I last approachingly rathered on.

* * *

30: Dextifactufatuary

I have made my tongue as thick as pounded clay to thus describe its' own moist fixity I have made my thumb eloquent in the failure of my tongue: (I have breathed the open wordless air with a throat as dry as clay)

this is the hinge wherein I fix my liberal intent;

I have made my thumb to bend to dumb intent
I have made intent to thick itself where ancient shape goes soft;
to spread thin as spit where empty space is fixed:
I have made my tongue to bend intent to the hinging of my thumb
(I have known in my joints and in the turning of my works the grit of prior ways)

this is the pinion whereby I stake my claim to prerogative pivoting;

I have made my tongue as I made anything I made at all
I have made moisture the pinion
as all that I did not make makes of every hand a hinge:
I have made my thumb the tongue of doing;
I have made doing my clever clicking tongue
(and I have groaned in a dry, dry breath from an aching back that bears my bearing on).

* * *

33: Magisteriasters

We stamp the mark of craft to claim the ores unique to our estate to secure raw claims we seek in our maps

telltrace of overpainted or underchipped

deeptwist genealogies;

we seek splinters of lost lineage from common ancient mud in angular, chipped and biting frontier stones We wrench deepest graving to our coins, uplifting

the faces we doubt walked before their naming

we augur the certificate of mastery by the gleaning up of ikonic gazes

of needful smoothing rounding

from where material is roughest and dumb,

bearing adverse and obdurate oracles upon the first striate crossing up of faces:

we rate the credentials of all raw material

that every crack upon the surface constitutes an abdication of the core

of any weaving subtlety

our forges must homogenize

that the thumbing of our most crafted joints must ignore

that our most right scripts must press down upon what must still worry up;

cracking from within the very ikonic aspect that thumbing smoothes away

yet for this rebellion of dumb matter against what we press into its sleeping thick

we must rebel in kind and impose a shape

and impress a face

and rectify a marbled name:

Thus we must tax the lands beyond our reach,

the seals upon our best estates foretell unknown lands that turn our ikons back the guarantee upon our lodes vouches how the surface has already closed its fist our maps fail to turn their corners to some sure exit

thus is effaced our compasses and our grids:

thus is effaced the nomenclature of what our boundaries have sealed

thus is effaced the homogeneity whereby we effaced the striations cracking primal ore:

thus must we credentialize and canonize the marks we must affix again anew

thus must we canonize marks we make of fragments last surviving a universal smoothing

thus must we make secret the craft that most openly marks the most known surfaces

thus must we make secret the means by which the oldest marks are contrived to rise again

thus must we mark upon cloth and bone and metal and stone

that we do not know the bones or the secret flow of them that pull our currency that upwalls our deepest roots of estate:

we seek to make the rounding of our currency our surest open border we seek to make our boundary the lens of our projects and our currency beyond them we seek to make our projects and our currency the most familiar meet on secret roads: we seek to seal in what is thickest to our flow the secret of what we can fix we seek to seal in what flows from our tightest palms some means to freely follow on.

* * *

37: Catagyre

Thus we turn and we turn, casting sight at every gap or open flat that best displays where our seeing must curve away: and thus we turn

and turn and thus we say that

this is why

we are thus circumstrict around:

Thus we filter down into the drains we named a marketplace thus we trample down the earth we packed upon the most fermented waters thus we seek to slake the heat we gather with us the heat we make to sink even as the bundle of our breathing sinks: thus we named these places the hard plateau that seats our concourse:

Thus we hold this in faith, that in the center of all is found a map of all around it and we hold this to be condign truth: that every map can enter its' topic that every map can face its orient that more than scale makes a map of worth at the center of the place denoted: the territory spread upon the map within the belly of the turf thus we hold in faith that where there is an axis a map is cast as its' shadow that where there is no axis a map may yet be centered therein:

Thus we may cast an oracle of the ash our hearth must leave of the smoke our chimneys lose of the very dust that clots our latest rains: thus we hold in faith that the smoke of other lands we drink entitle us thus we hold that the abandonment of our own best soil

down the thicking stream

advances us

Thus we hold this in faith:

if each axis fails of itself to pierce the center, if each axis in itself pulls upon the orient of every other axis if each axis is snapped by the counter-twist

of foundation upon constituent fiber

if no axis indicates any center of things in the artifact of its' intended vector yet where the axis of axes must have rested

in mere intent

there is a map of all around it

Thus the sun sets upon the marble, illuminating cracks the Noon mistakes for gleam thus the wind rattles the axis, thus the night conveys the snapping of the axis thus the pipes

and the echo caught bouncing on the stream and the oracular voice hidden in the wells

upspeak

the echo of the rumble of the tremble of the axis throughout the marketplace:

Thus there is a voice that did not emerge from common mouths thus there is a voice that even the open throat

of the wandering wizard does not breathe

thus even in the lips of marble is the contrivance of the tools outspat

by another tongue

thus is the joint of the axis

ground by another set of thumbs

Thus is the slather of matter over the uplifted glyphs resifted thus are the glyphs sundered from the highest stones thus does the axis rock in sympathy with the resundering of the oldest glyphs

Thus do we grind the glyphs anew

to the slant the axis had

when we entered the morning market:

Thus do we grind the glyphs anew to the rounding that broke of the prior angles to the new corners carved where old grounding snapped down

to the dust our feet better know:

Thus the innovative obedience of new chisels to meet the ancient weave of bone thus the opening in the marketplace

for the wandering wizard bearing bursting vines and tangled hair thus the preparation of waiting fresh marble for the staid recharting of the ground:

thus we take in faith as we take in air new dust demands a portion in:

thus the function of the screws complicit in the jamb

thus the function of the lock that nestles the key

thus the function of the hinge

thus the function of the bending knee

thus the function of confession

thus the function of catharsis

thus the function of opening-in

thus the function of the flow

thus the flowing of the functions

thus the flowing of the functions

thus the flowing of the functions

hence the occupation of the offices

hence the terminal vacancy and primordial emptiness of every office

hence the function of the gap

hence the function of the void

hence the function of the flickering and the function of the candle

hence and thus the execution of the functions

Thus we may cast an oracle of the ash our hearth must leave illuminating cracks the Noon mistakes for gleam

Thus the sun sets upon the marble, thus we hold in faith that the smoke enters the pipes of other lands thus we drink down of our own best soil. Thus the wind rattles the axis and the market-wells prophecy thus the wind rattles the axis and the stream enters red thus the wind rattles the axis and we gather in the marketplace to hum.

* * *

39: Omnilytic

We seek a craft of knots

whereby we tug an end to an infinite tension

wherein all is drawn to a default center wherein all is each is all apart to itself

whereby we tug an end by afterthought and all returning exits

and all binding terminates

to keep our axioms of sorts and separation of condign allotment

we seek a craft of knots;

Whereby we seek a craft of cryptolytic fixation of our estates and our leases (with the drying tar of our last occultured marsh

beneath our feet

above our designated cobblestones)

whereby a cultured tint of missing light

preserves the hues of our trail from primal exile

whereby the binding of our sandals carries a code

against softening contact with wilder rooting

Whereby we seek a craft of inner contact with our fingerbones; whereby we seek a craft of sight that our fingerbones guide (with the forgotten quarters rubbing up through our late-effaced coins

and maps and statuary

wherein we suspected that illicit origins preside where our most secret voice and sight had fled us wherein we suspect the last of us will be swallowed when the last ground shares our thirst)

> along the secret surface all stone and clay keep towards the revelation of the fists and the chisel

whereby the secret science of our bottom feet

can match the rupture all cement must gestate throughout its secret weave;

Wherefore we seek a craft of seals and glyphs that the absent ore reveals (with our latest axis in our secret midst

or at our backs

or casting insufficient, eroded and eroding shade where its precedent ordinants had shattered down)

in the persistence of the excavated dross

flowing in only where and when the ore is gone

thereby to keep the secret that unbinds

those stiff tethers from our axis that were in founding times clean outward

flowing

from where the axis pierced the surest ground more surely;

We seek a craft of knots

whereby we tug an end to an infinite tension

wherein all surface stretches to destroy the weave of all magnetic hegemony

all polar excision

of woven delineation

the inward twists to all it does not

include to it

wherein all navels reopen

as flat universal skin

whereby we tug with an afterthought and all returning exits

and all return is granted

and regains

and regrains again

to keep our axioms of the folding up of all boxes of construct aligned conligaments

we seek a craft of woven opening sealing

Whereby we seek a craft of sharp recall

(in the time when our thumb had featly silenced our songs and the ululation of reckoned laws and in the time when our tongue had twisted our thumb to the twisting out of songs it had stolen as the only craft it yet could bend up from any matter minded)

whereby to test the knots for the evidence

of secret severance

whereby to test the knives to learn their known ore of origin

to learn if they shatter the same buried place that gave them up

to learn if they are bound by secret magnetism

to the axis they express;

whereby to learn if the twist from the axis that turns the inward outward in

has lost the means of inner ordination

has lost the means of boundary

has lost the twist that pulls the outland in;

Whereby we seek a canon of exact estates

(with our resolve to recall

our latest revisions to our latest correction

of primary canons)

and a heritage of sound hypothesis in our song

we seek to design a glyph of certificate craft

that must rub to the top of every better ore

we seek thereby a means to adjust our faces to last seasons' festival masks

to adjust our official marble to the current decree of our fleetest coins we seek thereby to adjust our finer bones

to these stronger inner streams of other things

we seek by open decree of a guilded test

a secret means of exacting notice

upon the seems and ligatures

we can commonly re-negotiate according to the time inherent

in drying lime and setting tar a common means of secreting first and final items whereby they take the longest route back up to all eroded surfaces;

wherefore we seek a craft twisting up first and final fibers from the needs' undoing;

Whereby we seek

a craft

of clocks and candles

ignited in a perfect moment,

(with the secret strategy whereby our axis first aligned the horizon by which its' ground was chartered and extended now spoken forth from our most jaunty market chatter down to where our breath dropped from words but could not drop to or warp to the empty of) mistook the trapping of the day between our teeth for our best or only last tomorrow. whereby we kindle the fear of prior hours

we piled to arrive at a more auspicious time to more featly fall from our combustive heritage of official clutter;

We seek a craft of knots, of lineage,

of liberty

of lease and release

of law and light

Thus do we seek to return to the rote pull of our winding axis

upon our oldest lines of estate,

to the tug of our recent scar of new boundary

upon the scar wherein

our secret center lies buried

Thus do we seek a return of our choral thrum to an axis we know the wobble of.

* * *

41: Anapalingyric

To Walt Whitman, here and there, to Mar Thomas, who greets upon arrival, to Magister Abathur, who traversed, and to William Behun, who maintains the waysigns

I never returned from where the furthest fringes unraveled at my passing

like fingers divorced

among lacing tips by the turn of different wrists;

save that my new songs sounded back

cast past where my voice died thin past the dropdeath of all echoes, past where the roads all bit off and in;

spat out echoing resonant

from homeland walls left long past my own done completing absence:

resonant in the tremble every scar bears in its' thickest

in the grinding twisting-up of an excess of axial assertion in the wet clutter of tongue where all that is spoken crushes in in the secret harmony of rhythm only the feet know as the land spreads out

to raise the latest heights piled on fundamental basements:

each of these tremors rang forth with new words
I had sung from where my chest is hardest hollow
in the place beyond where the thinnest dust of our own laws ways dropped back:

(or when I and all about me had come to know a secret tar poured over each and all of us or where I had been fixed in common tug and was now unraveled or where I had been mummified in common with all in fractifect wrap of lost contact, or where I let myself desiccate in every place I could be touched by other fingers or where the fingers I could pull back pulled me back from all I could drop in dust therein I left what I could leave to the inflow of the secret tar

each secret mouth pours on all

thereby where I had been not gone alone

but filled in upon could I presume return)

I never claimed arrival but that I found the winds leavened with lost and fractured song; I learned where names we had lost had scattered to, where laws and ways had gone when even the dust had dropped them down;

Thereby do I claim the quotidity of my feet as crossroads of tongue thumb the haeccaeity of the tar that poured from and pours pout onto all that sinks must descend to kneaded kneading merger

> (all that merges must poke out some last morsel or shrapnel of essential bone)

the quiddity which upthrusts in the manner of every finger that points back out

of every word which shatters current currency where the song bends winds

thereby it is my function to return

thereby is the absence of my function the space I cross thereby is the function of my remnant swivel,

my defiant frangistance

the absence whereby I cross

thereby is the joint my function fits;

(thereby did the rasping of magisterial fingers amidst clay-flaking knuckles, the dry-spoke settling of stones upon oldest boundaries

call back to me)

thereby is the turning of my function;

(thereby did bones sing

from mended cracks for me;

thereby did the rending of axial roots

the shattering walls speak new words

I coughed back up from dust)

I never departed but that I already bore in skin

the cracks that spoke

between and over us

(and from every crack pours out the tar

and in every patch of long-kept sameness in every where each skin seems whole

the tar pours in);

I never traveled but that I walked an ancient fracture

that bore empty equal to any space save that it lacked the possibility of swivel

save that it was bore no opening out save that it bore every opening in

(whereby tar pours into every joint of change

every twist whereby each center

of each bone

in health becomes a perfect fulcrum);

I never travelled but that many separations

the perfection of my skin as a single seam the lost smooth of oldest hooks in older names the prosthesis of repair

upon all the turning of the world must break:

the amputation of horizon from our charters had sealed away all I walked among

I never travelled but that crossing bore no loss

I never travelled but for the search I could not make where I knew each name and home;

I never settled but that I had borne a smooth underfoot when I was long agone

I never presumed return but that I had heard all I knew snap shut

with the audibility of teeth

tight as newer skin over the gap of me;

where there had been a parting behind me had grown a seam where a seam had grown another voice ingestated

like some angled twin of ready ways,

sore of splitting:

yet also like ground lay broadly down to be walked upon by me:

and by me insofar as the new voice my absence opened

still sang out to me:

thereby was my way across the tar that flows back into all that meets

the fractured knowledge of fingertips

(for all that we break is the skin of the tar

for all that we break down in our teeth

for all that our feet chew most commonly upon the marketfloor

for all that we chop to finest commonality to thick our songs to a samer tone

for all that we smash down into the fewer words we keep between us

for all that we break down to commonality we commonly walk is the bones of the tar and all drops down into the tar our own feet grind out from what drops from us and each

and every foot pulls up with dilated strain from where each pull up

from where all is pressed back down together in stuck dark commonality

to thick and liquid joinder

wherein song and law

and skin and seed

and center and every scar stretched out alike are ground

between strained and sinking feet and the way we cut between us

between the ground we set aside to raise our heights and walls

the ground we reamed down in for ores and hideyholes and official crypts

from which belch forth new words

into the gap of old laws not now allowed a naming

and all these rest upon the secret tar each wall and each turn soaks up where old bending inwardly locks

where old closure now yawns to secret fissure

the tar conceals in prosthetic

thicking-in)

From the only mouth I ever opened without parting

I spoke the only voice of me that was ever new:

thereby I claim to lay a web by each straightest path I managed

where the land was broken;

each way forward woven into the shattering of bedrock beneath;

Thereby I received in me the subtle tar that spills in secret over everything;

I drank down in

what thicks the road

which bends the skin

which turns the joints

which chews the oldest names in raw angry teeth

whereby the hum of song sinks too thick to speak for law

which turns the thumb from the sense of joint

which turns the tongue from rivaling cleverest fingers

thereby in my opening I drained away the secret weight

that drags down all that moves,

that levels all that stands

unstuck the

rising of resurrected breath

the singing out of laws

the escape of axis from the rooting-in

of skin from the core form the skin

of horizon from the brief reweaving

of the raveling frontiers;

from the elastic connection of each to each whereby the roads are turned to need

whereby each one thing can take a stand

without being a center in prerequisite

I freed within from the anchoring-down

each connection undersigns to each horizon

For my return is by the invasive pliancy my feet share whereupon they go:

this is the gain I made that I smuggle in my tread;

this is the gain I kneaded back up to my ready fingertips

this is the gain I stored and kneaded in the secret joint that gears tongue to thumb

this is the means whereby I presume that travel whereby arrival might be named return:

(this is what I spill back into the tar that bunches yet in me as a fist punched in

like a splay fist spread out with a finger for every place in me I cannot find or go to)

thereby might I presume to drink up from the land I walk:

thereby might I take some part of the road up into those bones

whereby my exit is uprightly made

thereby might I claim some persistence of a local wind inside me;

thereby might I declare what I dropped away

is left

to some unminded mulching:

For I sang my sharpest song when every crack I cultured in me each had a single voice for I found tender skin that had never stretched upon me

that no crack that sang out from me

had ever rent in opening

in the inmost skin I found the weave within had been present at my outermost

In the outermost secret weave that held me up

In the inmost skin of me I opened up the only mouth I ever had

that was more than wounded:

I took up from my feet the hidden bones,

every skin is an horizon and every horizon is a skin:

(each new joint

forgotten fissure

each pinched discomfort I host will cure some later malady, perhaps in me; by this oath spills out the tar by this intent flows the tar from the strong new skin it lately greased)

Thereby I poked my fingers through to touch the world again;

therefore let this be my sign: a departure and a return

an absence and a presence in the absence

therefore let this be my sign: an echo

and a song sung back to an echo and a silence opening as a mouth wherein echoes devour echoes and songs are later sung through the din that spills everywhere

from secret breaches)

therefore let this be my sign: a closing

and an opening

and a closing.