

Lost in the understory we lay down
And dreamed a migrating canopy
Of monarchs in the green crown
Rustling overhead. *Once upon a time*
They all lived happily ever after.
The trees turned into tin soldiers
And then into numbers frozen within
Reason's martial design: charting logic's
Temporal zone, the realm of aversion
Where what fuse in the number remains
Remains heliotropic, turns toward sun
And the images the sun promises are true,
And melts the moon down to a pool
Of blackened tin in the basin of the eye.

Dig up the moon. Burn a hole in the sun.
Bid farewell to consolations of farewell.
There is a hole in the acorn and a cosmos
In the worm dreaming itself a mask afloat
Over the woods. The war lighter than air.
The king forgives his madness. Those raving
Words transforming rain into molten pellets
In the wandering storm spoken backwards
Dispel the leaden clouds. A sun is a circle
Worn on a head. A crown is a golden tree
Rooted in the sky. On the graven stone
Thing is all that remains of *nothing* (gray
Arrow points up) following a century of rain.
May crows nest in our dark columbarium.

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Startle the doves and they fly out the dark
Nests carved by a century's driven rain,
Little arrows pelting into that nothing
In which one lives, the home the sky forms,
Tree-shaped cloud golden with dying light,
Roots the wisps the sun wears as a crown
As it sets—watch the leaden clouds blush
As anger weakens, thunder's echo hisps
Into syllables breath alone can speak silence.
Take it. Take the war the king wore as crown.
Take off the mask. A worm will inch a silken
Band, encircle the cosmos behind the eye,
Bind the expanding instant where we live
Within ourselves, within moon, in sun's cocoon.

The battered tin basin she held out in the end
Held only moonlight brimming over the rim.
The arrows form a triangle. Moon, socket, star.
A field of sunflowers turns its collective head
Above unnumbered remains. Here was a mine field
Once, during the antic war, then a DMZ
Grid of cattle wire with labyrinth of trenches,
And then the soldiers frozen inside that maze
Were amazed. The twigs wreathing their helmets
(*And if they have not died, people say*)
In that country, they are still alive today)
Burst into leaf overhead. Then butterflies lit
On the rifles now fused to their hands in a dream.
Lay down your arms. Lay down, lay down . . .