

1992

# Journey Three

Radcliffe Squires

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## JOURNEY TWO

As we walk forth can we know if the world is its beholders  
Or are we what we behold?  
Perhaps the world is nothing  
And perhaps we are nothing.  
That must be it, for I think our nothings  
Break breath together and like ghosts  
Pass through the other's membrane.  
We pass, mordant playmate, like pink ghosts  
Through the pink ghost of a desert  
Where our footprints await us.  
And the face of our first love  
Is the face of our last love.

## JOURNEY THREE

I journeyed to journey and so came,  
Of course, oh diamond-back rattler,  
To where you reposed sigmoidal in  
The combed sequoia shade.  
Your tongue tasted  
The air stressed by  
My heart beat, and then  
You glided back and forth  
Over the invisible alphabet  
Of Jehovah's sexuality.

I raised my stick to kill you  
For the sake of blond picnickers in California.  
But when I heard you hiss, "Yes, yes," I knew  
You were my lost love come back to give me the gift  
You had neglected to give when you fled  
From me long long before  
Either of us was born.