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From "Three, Breathing"

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from “Three, Breathing” · S. A. Stephens

I am ashamed before speech
writing *lux in tenebris lucet et*
tenebrae eam non comprehenderunt.

I am ashamed before the Great between
becomings, holy palms of mirrors, holy
water harbors.

I am ashamed before the Great nonexit
stone which has flown from the palm now
crossing this river.

I am ashamed before the Great substantial
chair, my
love.

I am ashamed before the Great
unsubstantial chair larger than
visible light.

I am ashamed before the Great intrinsic,
sacred
sounds, three.

I am ashamed before the Great extrinsic
folding over burlap
as if for the first time.

I am ashamed before the Great state
calling my name.

I am ashamed before the Great circumstance
 falling from trees and roots
and falling from trees and roots.

I am ashamed before the Great relation
 speaking
a blank stone, as if.

I am ashamed before the Great
unrelatedness, the center of trees and
 cascading caves.

I am ashamed before the Great relation in
 blood calling
morning by morning.

I am ashamed before the Great relation
 marrying before,
thrice, before me.

I am ashamed before the Great correlation
 of fathers on floors:
for this I must know he lives.

I am ashamed before the Great identity
 of the forgiven garage
where we first found the father.

I am ashamed before the
 Great contrariety
with which I am clothed.

I am ashamed before the Great
 difference of small
fish.

I am ashamed before the Great uniformity
of our mended
clothes.

I am ashamed before the Great
nonuniformity of
ours.

I am ashamed before the Great multiformity
of our
necessary forgetfulness.

I am ashamed before the Great similarity
of gray lines between lines and taking
this forgiveness.

I am ashamed before the Great
dissimilarity of rock and flesh.

I am ashamed before the Great imitation of
retuning.

I am ashamed before the Great nonimitation
of mind waking up and mind waking up.

I am ashamed before the Great copy of
turning the mirror in a turn in the mirror
of a self above and a self.

I am ashamed before the Great
model of her pacing
as she erased clouds, I forgive her.

I am ashamed before the Great agreement of
clouds erasing themselves
because they are clothed.

I am ashamed before the Great disagreement
of hands from above
because I hear the breath above wires.

I am ashamed before the Great quantity of
his glyph of nothing,
mountains upon great mountains, mountains.

I am ashamed before the Great degree of
his shape and stillness.

I am ashamed before the Great equality of
his seed spilled around him,
for this we have all been forgiven.

I am ashamed before the Great mean between
what we call color
and the great white rope hauling us in.

I am ashamed before the Great compensation
following bloodstones following suns on
the grass and the coin of its wearing.

I am ashamed before the Great greatness
the signs are spreading, for
this I am wholly.

I am ashamed before the Great smallness of
the fertilizing machine
and willows to be pruned.

I am ashamed before the Great superiority
before I slept
past first effects, past that.

I am ashamed before the Great inferiority
of the call for the call, when the
notes slow and you hear them.

I am ashamed before the Great increase of
small seeds in beds
and bosom-bedding mountains.

I am ashamed before the Great
decrease of wondering and waiting
before being clothed from outside.

I am ashamed before the Great addition,
because we saw the right from the left
as the notes taught us to walk.

I am ashamed before the Great
adjunct and am cold and am gladly
as I am gladly heard, coming back.

I am ashamed before the Great subtraction
and sit in a red chair.

I am ashamed before the Great remainder in
the bell and the cup and
the one candle's highest harmonies.

I am ashamed before the Great mixture,
her reading the place of the clouds
she once saw on the garage floor.

I am ashamed before the Great simplicity
between the kitchen and garage.

I am ashamed before the Great complexity
as I run
through doors and past newspapers.

I am ashamed before the Great joining the
need for the turn and the knowing of
the need.

I am ashamed before the Great analysis of
the garden bed.

I am ashamed before the Great separation
of sheets and books
having left the house entitled here.

I am ashamed before the Great cohesion
passing things as we leave them
as spring unmoors us tomorrow.

I am ashamed before the Great noncohesion
between how kisses
from a little sister must bow before the
(we must continue to seek the General).

I am ashamed before the Great combination
he rewrites on the floor,
third loveletters, first hands we are.

I am ashamed before the Great
disintegration rewritten under trees
for ours is her port.

I am ashamed before the Great whole I
called.

I am ashamed before the Great
part
of the night lamp.

I am ashamed before the Great completeness
engraved there
on the delta where morning extinguishes.

I am ashamed before the Great incomplete
of my small bed
and your vast pastures, lay me down, O.

I am ashamed before the Great composition
of maps matching exactly.

I am ashamed before the Great order I lie
about.

I am ashamed before the Great disorder of
earth over we were a small bed of us
between ourselves.

I am ashamed before the Great
disarrangement of four balls in a box and
a back in a pew and the time returning.

I am ashamed before the Great precedence:
because of small notations
we slip off the edge, and are—

I am ashamed before the Great sequence of
shame which makes the tea
and strokes the face.

I am ashamed before the Great precursor as
the keys reversed
are and will be, and were to come.

I am ashamed before the Great sequel to
the left and right halves of me, he
enclosed me above and before, amen.

I am ashamed before the
Great beginning, his right hand lays hold.

I am ashamed before the Great middle when
39 seconds scatter from the garage to the
kitchen to the garage to the kitchen.

I am ashamed before the Great end dividing
between from before from between from be-

I am ashamed before the Great continuity:
the grass efforts to flower,
the grass' great worlds before the world—

I am ashamed before the Great
discontinuity edging the cedars
before the world was.

I am ashamed before the Great
accompaniment of cracks falling in air
toward Chebar.

I am ashamed before the Great
assemblage love which assembles my
arms as rivers: I lay them down and I in
them.

I am ashamed before the Great dispersion
sitting in pews
and coming toward my burlap and I am with
them.

I am ashamed before the Great inclusion
which rests as he sleeps, this heart
heading west and east, running, re-
turning.

I am ashamed before the Great exclusion of
small animals, small
fish, smaller fish just arriving.

I am ashamed before the Great extraneous
way
between states, keeping us in cars.

I am ashamed before the Great generality
after this.

I am ashamed before the Great
particularity of the door and the wind as
I see him.

I am ashamed before the Great speciality
becoming heard,
despite itself.

I am ashamed before the Great conformity
larger than visible speech
and the eyes which have eyes to see.

I am ashamed before the Great
nonconformity on the floor above him above
which I say nevermore and invite myself.

I am ashamed before the Great normality as
one speaks to stone.

I am ashamed before the Great abnormality
higher than tree-thoughts
and needing no music to climb.

I am ashamed before the Great number
of you, sideways,
sunning themselves in your snow mountain.

I am ashamed before the Great numeration
not according to what we know
which calls those things which be not.