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# Crystallography

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## CRYSTALLOGRAPHY

I

sight strikes the mote,  
language climbs down the cornice,  
vowels of fog  
and sharp consonants,

clear hours partitioning the night,  
everyone—like an ice-floe flushed out  
by voices, but silver nets  
catch them too,

the cloth is quartered  
and numb fingers grope  
for a loose thread,  
farther and farther,

where only destination is left  
but not death, where the cloth  
of stars is too bright  
for an open wound,

the square piazza taps  
out steps all night,  
ever clearer the winter,  
every higher the white chiton of noah

II

shadows shattered  
into sharp flashes catch in cloth,  
only the blade of frost  
strips the aura: the target of the sky

the trajectory of language  
stretches over the longest nights—  
myth  
of ourselves falling to earth

III

by lips of frost  
I create your image:  
in the hollow of vowels  
air trembles,

limitless  
blue january,  
starless moonlit night  
but feeling in the light

like burnished copper,  
along the outline of the body  
the clock's hand  
stencils

the monogram of being

### DIALOGUE IN A CELLAR

the river's mouth swells and floods cellars,  
gravel, herbs smelling of iodine—  
the bed of the sleeping traveler  
wrapped in his sunny dream,

who cares about him, who cares about an amphora  
recovered from the holds of a foundered ship  
near dardanelle's straits,  
a closed form in itself, not taking root  
in the squares of rooms and the frames  
of pictures? there are many aesthetics,  
says the professor, and the strangest one  
is under care of powers  
that abhor us