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Whoever like You and All Doves

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JOANNA KLINK

Whoever Like You and All Doves

Whoever like you and all doves
drains day from darkness loves

darkness and what grow there.
Only now and then

there appears an opalescence
in the sunken night, the back

of a thieving animal or a man
come to stand at a door-sill,

as if a candle held up to
a river might create a quiet

so constant there would be
no need for touch. A man

comes to lean on a door-sill
so late at night that his scarab form

absorbs the windless patter of
trees and leaves a splash of black

where his hand, resting against
the wooden frame, just was.

Whoever like you
drains evening from

darkness are my sole accompaniment
in early maps of dusk across

the scrubbed slight-rising field.
What simple use my feet are

put to, dissolving for an hour
along the bleached grasses

whose feathered stems begin
to burn in weird yellow-greens

and reds that obscure whole
bolts of low pocked stone.

Nothing I have seen on earth
is so lost as this expanse made

precise in the receding light,
a thousand thousand brittle

stems brushed in audible
reverence to air in whose

surround I am imprinted,
wandering blank spot with limbs,

scarring into limestone beds
below thresholds of sense

or clear estrangement, as when,
in the next day's ravaged noon,

sunlight sweeps the prairie
never touching the ground.

Whoever like you blues
weeds at the edge of

this forked street and leaves
skirts of birds in the skeletal

trees, a season's salinity.
Hour within autumn hour-in-

vanishing, the yellow leaves
draw, through dry quiet,

close to the ground.
Below the cool spindrift beds

of seeds lies a subterranean
braille of what will perish

and what grow, an unlivable
meaning beyond measures

of meanings filling with dark
nutrient and root wherein glint

the pressures of everydayness
and harrowed calendar matter,

into whose reaches even
the moon and its opal material

cannot burrow, whose where-
abouts are manifest in the depths

of faces of strangers when they
seem to see through you.