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Whoever like You and All Doves

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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.