

Hilary Clark / FOLDING (1)

the moon is almost full, drinking
light laughing belly, buddha
of clarities

in the articulate heart, forms
fan open

sickle wind,
a flame's tusk flaying

just this folding, shapely, this
interlacing, breath by trembling
breath my words
rapt in the scent, skin
of what you are

wind in its syllables words,
cloud-tressed, blow silvered
or dim

in the fissured heart, forms
leaf into being, no release
from this rending

a ghost is caught in the fold-
ing, this weft and tearing,
love

its *continuous song*
is our song, erring,

lost in *the unfolded of what we are*

FOLDING (2)

*And I will come to you, and make
my dwelling with you*

In May evenings, when new leaves
are polished gold, clouds
take the colour of imperfection—
purple, a dusky ink
signed with a flourish,
splendid

Words stream on the wind, quick
and dying

Hers was the first garden:
rain, always rain, pink
dogwood by the eastern window,
forsythia in yellow sprays.
Her hands wet
among stars, her face
erased by light

*Where words foment
a largeness, where the warmth
of spring, supple skin
of this moment—dispersed,
gathered again, love's elegaic
slow unfurling*

A life unfolds, refolds, between us.
The dying sun is grafted
in the heart, just a slip,
tissue of blessings

INTERVALS

1

to sink into sleep, tracing the vein
on your wrist, stripped
moonlight

intimacy of hollows, dark rose-prints
in the skin

a life, a signature creased
and folded

 licks of thunder,
dusky intervals between leaves

moths swoon in the shadows
and other guests,
flickering

2

lachrymae christi, purple
sails in the heavens

what would it be to write light,
streaked

 tulips weeping
in their stems?

stress of love or air
about us, skin bereft,
recollecting
 such tongues,
as if the very stones would shiver,
split

death slips among the leaves, brief
wings and nocturnes,
ghostly

If light had a shape, it would be
that young fern curled
in your palm, that lily
figuring sleep

Sun and shadow enfold us,
this nimbus, brief
entangling

the Beloved
is the murmur at the edge,
birds startle at her touch, just a kiss
fleeing

3

a strong wine of spit
and tears
 believe me,
we are robed in reflection, flesh
stricken in every glass

42

impelled in our syllables, wind's
reminiscence

discerning that trace or musk
in the next garden
feather and sinew, tongues racked
and singing

twilight scales, arpeggios
of the darkening heart, such messengers