

Michele Leggott / FORTUNES

beatrix.song

I am a dream best left to the ache  
and space of letters virtual  
upon a screen Look where I stand  
in the heart's domain demesne *demain*  
*à joul* we'll spin together on the thermals  
given out across the breathing of that season  
made sheer by the body's load Who lives  
does loves writes I have your promise  
beating residues and tricks of light Look  
where I stood against the grey morning  
and watched you sleep Now wake  
be about the spirals you describe for me  
the letter never better left than to the ache  
and treacheries of dream Yes wake

thoroughfares await them

between city and heaven dear bird a coin  
for eyes for the animal thrown onto the road  
tattered drum dazzled cones that we may abolish  
disaster the stars lean down in violet aspects  
and touch the world at twenty four points  
to read its upturned face    *Heal with a star*  
*her eyes* it said and loss spread out  
a dozen blankets against the purple wind  
but still we couldn't shake malfeasance    O bird  
happy in fluent grass how will you make  
the starry marches and silk of the sky  
tumble yard by yard  
into the lap of a woman spinning  
thin dreams from perfect other places

crying

*his hall's flown into his bird* heavy weather  
on the information highway but  
we know what he means he means anima  
heaven's daughter in the rafters panicking  
and incommensurate I didn't see it  
nor wings nor crown but heard the stony spaces ring  
one winter morning walking by and that was not  
divagation but all instances of bird and ceilings  
rolled to one particular to me to you two dollar song  
what can I hope for to break us out of error  
so that the words fly up and the walls do not fall  
a bird in the cloisters the sudden downpour  
drench of memory warmly losing and abusing  
confusing sense and *Benedict's neighbour* alike

## winter's dream

she was playing in a meadow I could not see  
and fell miraculously past jeopardy and speech  
everything was lost we stepped off the railway  
into an extension of the Great Landscape preparing  
to forget our existence the world was nothing  
but planes and mirrors that link and space  
the sugars of its invention of meat and drink  
at that dark table she took not and like the rose  
dances now with all her body because the little seeds  
have not been found destructive dove or  
fearful one walking in the gardens of the dead  
when you pick the red fruit breathless risk  
darts in at the gate again swallow swallow  
the stories black about you in the rainy air

## limen amabile

it is the hurt place *lapis by jade*  
to which none returns unharmed *vermeil*  
*by turquoise bit* beloved pitiless city of light  
I have come asking the price of the heart broken  
will you restore her into my arms *lost contours*  
*round-expressed* feast of trumpets feast of lights  
festivals of lucid vigil a feather's weight collapses  
for love clair-audient on the doorstep *Lords*  
*of the whole mosaic* fervent industrials *how you fit*  
*gem into gem* but cannot find the breather who is  
everywhere and gone I see *what's strange to you*  
transformation's gift taking place before my eyes  
she holds a snake a white stick she gives  
into my hand and I go tapping into the world