

ROBIN BLASER / Suddenly,

for Ellen Tallman

I live in a room named East
on the map of the West at the edge

near the door cedars and alders
mix and tower,
full of ravens first thing each morning,
whose song is
 a sharpness

we quarrelled so
 over the genius
of the heart
 whose voice is capable

they come on horseback
in the middle of the night,
two of them, with a horse for me,
and we ride, bareback
clinging to the white manes
at the edge of the sea-splash,

burst open,
 to divine
the hidden and forgotten source,
who is transparent
where the moon drops out of the fog
to bathe,
but not to us

the retied heart
 where the wind glitters