D.J. / TWO POEMS SEDNA'S WORLD

As the dead prey upon us, they are the dead in ourselves . . . - CHARLES OLSON

Ι

Dead horsefly floats on a skin of water with eyes,

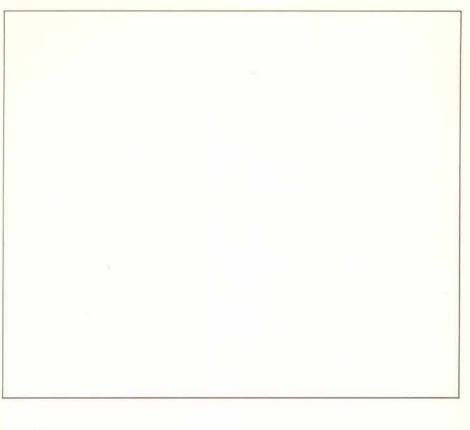
fading

Night a hopeless current. Fingers leave grooves in soft banks. They are mine & no human answers.

Slip into the deep where Sedna waits. Her fingers sliced — (especially that one fourth from the left, connector to the heart.

Now she rules, highly feared one eyed and fingerless.

Her house is full
of bodies
who are also animals, returning
to be slain
on the beaches,
or hauled to the surface with hooks.



ΙI

I return to name these impious hunters of the heart. The ones who rescue fishes — slip hooks into hidden pockets.

You think I don't see your eyes search over my shoulder for targets, or imaginary whales as they roll off a belly of sky.

This is a world where wounding takes place, where suffering is the master carver of totems.

EXPOSED NEGATIVES

Where fear lives the words grow in broken light. The match flame gives back the hands wrung in your lap

where the sentence begins,

in the heat of it, in the register

dry hawk voice wall photos curl in the atmosphere frame estuaries of grief, escarpments I found you crying under the Great Bear's shadow.

Here are the blind. The air is filled with their wailings offered up to what dark god?

Only the wind answers
as it hunts through branches
grown of my own heart.
I have shaped its tones into animals,

coyote owl wolf (damp tracks across my face — affirmations to hunt me down leave my bones scattered on a hillside.

Who has written this, these words? I would have given them shiny teeth. I would have given them pads, muffled feathers,

cunning disguises to hide their treachery.

The question is how shall I free them? Shall I stuff light in their eyes/ not recognize them in the next easy field?

This map is not to be got out of but into

climb

up yr own shadow noisily

a sunrise

east
over the crags
paints the walls yellow,
the trees with their own sap
gives
green back to the grass & leaves,
the rabbits
their bands of light,
the shadow/their hunters,

cougar and lynx their panting

as the sun slips

between the rock

blue pools

the moon floats in fish skin snags.

Hyda writhes

in its own astonishment.

I drew back the curtain where the snow was piled on fence posts loosely

whirled from the ash.

Edward Curtis

you stand

back to the sun.

Shadowmaker,

what's captured in your lens/

whose face

whose nation?