

## D.J. / TWO POEMS

### SEDNA'S WORLD

*As the dead prey upon us,  
they are the dead in ourselves . . .*

— CHARLES OLSON

#### I

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.

## II

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?