

Douglas Barbour / EARTH SONG / BODY SONG

ii

By stress and syllable
thru take heart &
haul haul it forth

that first you listen
then begin to speak

love & touch are
speaking here language
will languish
lost to yr coming
if you refuse it recognition

to say I
love you &
know the real

consequences are
never easy
 the words
only work if
you name them whole

every stress of every syllable
felt

iii

For "wing of the bird" read
"desire's rising desire"

where into what air
will desire fly
 & what landscape
seek far below

it is language desire enters
language it flies to
 soars over

sinewy sinuous
the body of language
 lies

floats sexual angel
wings beating slowly
awaiting over & over
desire's approach

your approach

do you love language enough

oh then "wing
of the bird" fly

fly oh speak

vi

Go fool, and hatch of the air

some new desire as
empty as the air

foolish

& undirected

the air is clear over the lake
the lake is still
clean enough to swim in

but desire sometimes
“muddies the waters”
invites clichés
& may be empty a balloon
easily prickt

but we are all fools
sometimes breathe
too fully the heady air

the warning was for me
(me also)

vii

With a dry eye, she
turn'd to another sheet

another lover language
and another lover

is it pain to see beauty everywhere?
or simply worth the pain

some fragments remain
to tell us
everything she knew
then she knew
then she knew

& now we do
too some
times we do

viii

whatever you have to say, leave
me something to wonder at
something unsaid

it shouldn't be too hard
we both have so much to say
these days

but everything! no
that leaves no room
for intercourse
letting our talk match our bodies
sometimes

so tell me whatever
you have to say
& don't leave
yet don't
leave