

white winter sitting white on its haunches. in the cold silence. rigid.
waves whose form is motion.

the ribs of night torn and ripped back its dark chest opened
by
the scarring fists of stars splashed against that which is forgotten.

there is nothing here for us... unless

we say that the heart has a destination... and each time we move to the bed
why play with meaning
when we reach into one and another with nothing else holding us.

we throw the only bones we have clattering to the floor and have no
need for their magic and readings...
the moment for prayer already passed.

let us use up these hearts of ours while the spirit is crossing.

clattering to the floor..
wf.h.
1986