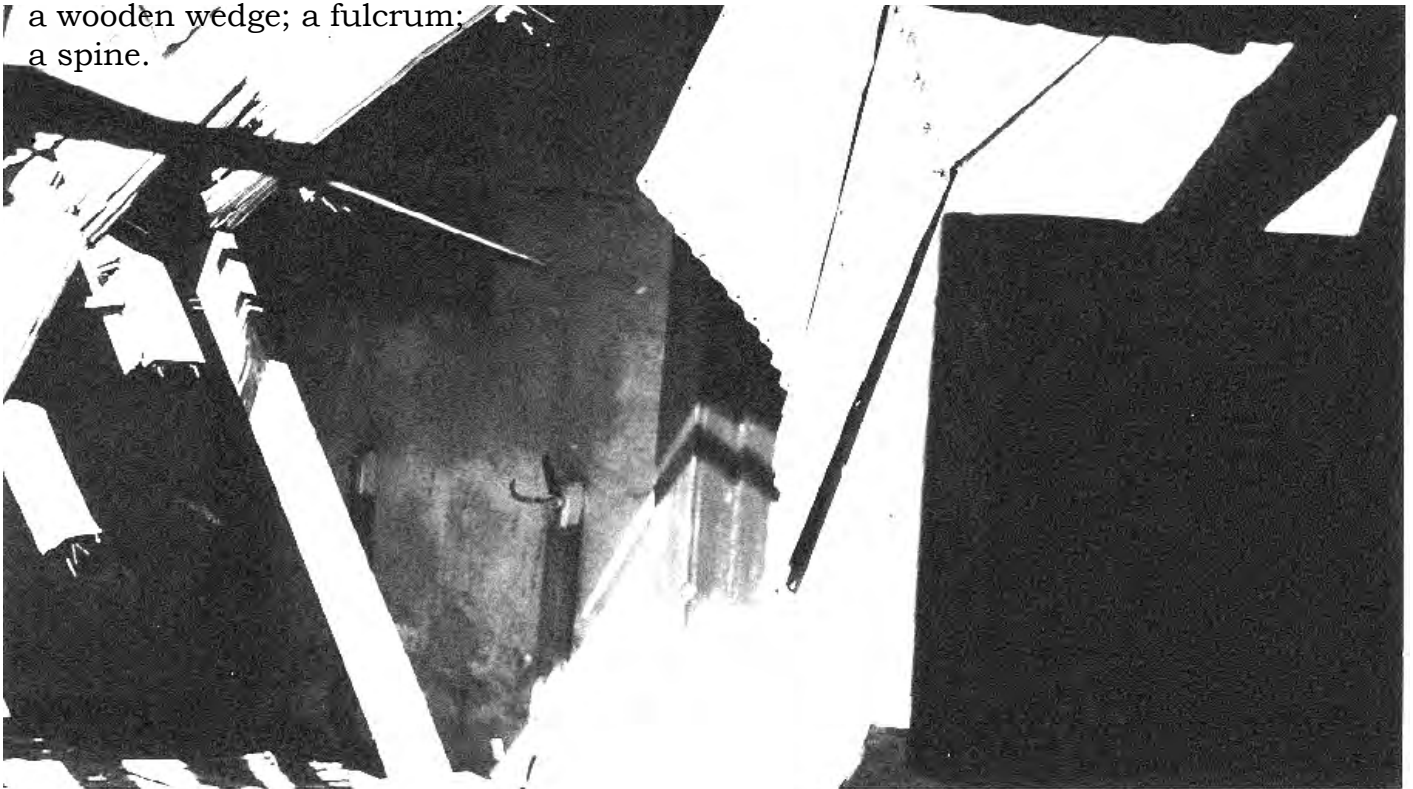


Knowing him is not light:  
it is quietly gazing, across a space  
between two atoms;  
it is restless, a lexicon;  
a burst bestiary;  
a great gray beast that shambles  
its desire from arm to arm;  
an infant;

It is like searching the cosmos  
for the right word which is not "love."  
or looking for a lost folio  
finding only a deep  
and punctured scar,  
an emblem on his arm;

it is only a little like a long list of reasons,  
a wooden wedge; a fulcrum;  
a spine.



## Mechanistics:

Love is a sprung dictionary; a plosive consonance;  
a transitive together; a feel; a mean; a litany.  
a lake of perforations; an injury of words--  
a weakness at the base of the throat  
and in the gut like a chill, a messenger--  
standing at the edge of a dark wood;  
a concussion of feeling. A left behind.