

10 Poems by Dah

Inheritance

Adjusting to the darkness
my eyes dilate. Stars cast faraway
doubt. I'm beginning to see.

Against my face, a wind-slap
rattles my teeth. On the ground,
like musty breath, moldy apples
splayed open in crates
I pocket the seeds and head west

The expanse of Death Valley
is like an exhausting sandbox
filled with ghost rivers,
sacred sage, wild mules.
A dirty moon staggers

and stars are agitated sparklers
held by troubled angels.
I hear flapping, swishing,
a red tail hawk.

Seeking Rain

I've spent a lifetime
seeking evidence
of you

only to find
the wicked temple of space
of storms and destruction

The ominous sky flutters
lightning burns the sky
thunder throws its voice

If I could find a rainstorm
parading its power then
these apple seeds could be fruitful

There's something sad
about seeds
lacking conditions for growth

Knowing the North Star
I follow the darkness
continuing west

I've spent a lifetime seeking

Inheritance #2

Life's beam of light
a million metaphors of paradise
of chance encounters
twisted into passions
of spells and trivial deities

Each salvation is our inheritance
the seeds of everlasting
of solar beams
of new directions
A swallow's tiny kingdom

I am overcome by thirst
my jug is empty
my seeds are dry
Like a siphon, I kneel before the mud
sucking moisture from earth

Water pools before me:
I feel my seeds vibrating

Filled With Emptiness

This morning, a different sun
settles in, like a yellow blossom
in a blue garden.
Hot and tacky air sticks to everything

This desert is my empire, a quiet giant
filled with emptiness,
like a magnificent mind
with so much to say

In my eyes, an intense light
pierces like trauma.
I'm buried in memory, as if
a foreign language clinking
against my brain.
If only I could understand.

There's nothing lonelier
than the oppression of memory

My strength is, I exist without hope,
without questioning,
without needing to find
the combination to Eternity

Sadness comes from expecting
but never receiving
what one hopes for

With water pooling in the mud hole
and dried snake and figs for nutrition
I load a water jug and food sack
and head into Golden Canyon.
The gray mule follows.

Book One: Epilogue

Looking at the eyes of the city
nothing is the same
the air is phlegm
and pigeons are soot

A grimy wind
spitting at a weathervane
is more of an open mouth
than a storm

Many people traded their lives
for Ascension
In haste their dreams dehydrated
like prayers falling from mouths

It's a mistake to believe otherwise
or to believe that
park statues are the paragons
they used to be

There's a balance in thinking this way
in thinking that
bodies are disassembled
so God can realize his imperfection

That Which Remains

The way to Eternity: escape
life
before entering.

Rejoice in the light
—ness of nonbeing:
drain all colors, turn pale
become empty.

There is no be
—gining, only to start
at the unknown:

Abyss. Reflection. Sadness.
Afterlife. Hopeful. Yearning.
Illusion life death life death ...

Whether good or evil,
each day is hypnotic

By Eternity, we mean
that which remains.

Forevermore Is Timeless

Buddha
Figs
Winged migrations
Apple seeds
Flies
Borax

All is earth
water
all is fire
air
all is wood
metal

Before I've noticed
I've stepped into this dream
of high-minded
illumination:

Buddha's eating figs
beneath a winged migration
spreading apple seeds.
The flies are as bleached as borax.

This ethereal load, this dream-load
slips
from my mind
I step back into my body

Keeper Of Dust

Time, hours, minutes, as thin
as sheets of breath
as frail as thread
flowing between cloth
restless
and indifferent

Years, months, days, come
as dizzy labyrinths
heavy and trampled
with blistered minds
and weakness
bleeding like candles

Coming from all directions
mortality is a pauper
laughing as we live it up
like dumb stones
tossed into swamps
sinking

It is the death of all
that will be the greatest
slaughterhouse
where the keeper of dust
calls on the wind
to do its job

Circumstances

Pulmonary motion
exhaling
time's eroding effects

Rising unsettled
from troubled sleep
gods formed out of human fear

Above the crumbled cities
like flames flying,
a thousand nervous birds

Inheritance #3

To defend itself the Apple says
I am not the spirit of temptation

I am neither predator
nor seducer

We ate her anyway,
and juice ran down our skin
staining our bodies: impermanence
ripped through our bones

Something fell, caving in on itself,
and every meridian of the body
was filled with salt, vinegar,
death

We stood naked and rejected
measuring our failure by this