

Poems by Dah

We Turn Into Earth

I will pass. We will.
The world will pass
and the gray line continues
like an eternal suture left beneath the soul

Flesh is sky, ocean.
Breakers carry clouds.
Language is glued to the wind
and swept forward.
Bones: in the image of stars

We walk barefoot over sand
while wearing fog's drab robe
Her black hair lifts, feathers

Naked in the dunes
on a bed of shells,
severed pelican wings, sea grass
we turn into earth
sand-tapestry
tribal rhythms

Her tropical tasting mouth,
fruit, fertility, Eden
Her legs around my waist,
waves of thighs

Everything Is Skin

Under this moon
the forest, filled with daylight
Meadows, lush, dappled
I imagine lust
between puma and deer
Though this may be a typo

My eyes are small, too small
to see differences between
dark and darker
animate and inanimate
I run my mind over this
rearranging my senses

The symmetry between sky and sky
between branches and arms
a duck's webbed feet and a spider's web
Everything is skin shedding
trees are lungs
I make this mistake often

All night hot and cold evaporate
until something opens
a geology of rocks, of soil
of leaves shape shifting into spring
like sheer green plastic
over the landscape

I step into my moon shadow
thinking of Cat's voice
how my shadow leads
then follows
the air slipping, wavering
falling like ice

A puma's hunger shakes the forest
smell of deer's blood in my nose
something opens
something leaks
the bloating of a belly
Last patch of snow is red

Images Of Purity

We are near
to that which returns
to wind
like ash resting
beneath fire
like feathers dropping
from birds
we are near

To become water
one must drown

To become earth
one must rot

Moonstone Earring Triangle

To the wide sky of the south
above winter's rip,
fiberglass clouds
hardened with ice

Chimney smoke,
lighter than December gray,
Moonstone Beach,
waves peeling like wallpaper

Assuring myself
it's not thundering,
I look for lightning,
only to hear the sea's timpani

I see sunrise setting fire
to foggy scenes,
wet sand sucks my feet.
A lone earring, buried
under the breakers

A woman, yogi, forms Triangle.
Covered in mist, she blends
human with ocean with shells.
Straight up, her left arm
gathers moisture

The woman moves into Mountain
fingers plugged into blue
her eyes, fixed with solar beams,
remembering

Water

She believes she is born of water
a deep voice full of current
an extract of sand and salt

A ripple of seagulls in the wind
white deflection perfectly timed
untouchable mist in her hands

When you hold me, she says
I feel a loon's wild eternity
in your heart

a beating of thunder and wings
driftwood pulled under
the strength of each wave

Hold me, she says,
until I no longer wash to shore
until our bodies become the depth

I am here, I answer, just above you
a floating lotus
a gentle sway of ebb and flow

Mother, Mother

I propose
returning to the nipple
to sucking, sleeping
coddling, cuddling
two bodies
two needs

Above all bliss
nipple sucking
is a Saint Bernard
we crawl towards
the pulse of one
seeking the another

Nipples are security
like park benches
on warm days
something we claim ownership
or a peace pipe
we keep for ourselves

Returning to the nipple
may be the cure
it could be
what the world wants
soft skin, warm milk,
another heartbeat