

## Hymns from Purgatory

no. 5

1.

The boat we tell to the distance,  
a weather heaved up like slop to the moon,  
must take its chances  
in this village of paper houses and suicides.

2.

Whether we tell it right or not won't bilge its marble keel,  
our warning faint—  
the sheep few in the hold, so many leaves  
a solemn leaden sponge.

Submit or adjust, *still*  
its ribs will clot to bursting.

3.

Fixed, defunct, *untroubled*—  
an impasse of air,  
a twice-sexed traffic of snow.

## Hymns from Purgatory

no. 6

*Look on the hoisted blaze*

1.

A wound            hulled out  
by                            fever  
  
the ever-sharpening  
of                            crown  
                          Babeled  
                          thorns

*on the floor where children gather*

2.

The realization of stars

wax                            wings  
for the dead                    for the mass  
  
for a                            meal

*timber under a silk-draped iron station*

3.

                          Fields  
of    Icharas                    root  
  
                          anonymous twilight.  
  
                          Brother:  
  
                          call  
for the                            cripple's  
                          onused  
  
                          hymn

*a bitter visitation*

4.

Triggering the assumption  
of twinned labors—  
the column and the spear—  
the hinges of quarter transfigured thunder  
unpalatable  
scrys  
studded  
with the blood  
of flood-filthed smithies  
and the shit  
of stubborn stars—  
the asymptotes  
of murder and thin air  
*cut from the ash and bone*

5.

To outlive the boundary  
and hang of shadows  
in the ecstasy  
*of a pregnant grave*

**Hymns from Purgatory**  
*no. 7*

*The pasts our mothers soften*

1.

My father spoke of manhood  
as an alloy  
conjured  
the collision by  
and of  
violence  
memory.

*a bridge between here*

2.

Feast on the bowl of black wings  
before the periphery of dusk  
turns the house to flames.

*and the plains*

3.

We haul fish from  
the ruins  
of joy  
but the hills won't have it  
or the buildup and thaw of wreckage  
in the shallows of summer.

*where our children dream*

4.

The last scene of faith  
moment of nakedness  
straddling the station for thunder's  
sake for the womb's.

frolick *and* frost

5.

Reluctance of fog we have worn your tarnish enough.

We have loved your transience in our mouths each morning.

But now it is time to let go,

pour lye in the river and wine in the bull's open wound.

*but die in the snow*

## **Hymns from Purgatory**

*no. 9*

### **Part I**

1.

Let

Combines

Echo

Straightway

The

Daisies

Of

Remembrance

With

A

Pall

Of

Angel-

Weeds

2.

Comet-

Threaded

Travelers

Patrol

Nimbus-

Clotted

Towns

For  
Seedless  
Women

For  
Unpaled  
Moss-

Gimped

Fences

3.

On  
The  
Virginal

Periphery

Moth-  
Gagged  
Mag-

Pie  
Prison-  
Meat

Wrestle

With  
Seraph-  
Haired

Salve-  
Enforced  
Marauders

Whose  
Only  
Vision

Is

An

Array  
Of

Aluminum

Christs

Telescoped

From  
Turn-

Pike  
To

Mesa  
And

Hatteras-

Ward

Again

## **Part II**

1.

Flames

Of  
A  
Billowing

Law

Veins

Of  
A  
Bridgeless

Morning—

A  
Tender



Drifting

Differential  
Of

Winter

2.

Sycamore—

A  
Motive  
In  
Three

Rooms

3.

The

Revelations

Of  
Unstunted

Siblings

Unbuckle

Us

From  
Cancer  
And  
Frost

And  
From  
The

Perennial

Penwheeled

Worm's

Intentions

4.

Thunderscapes—

An  
Un-

Digested

Mimicry  
And  
Ransom:

Your  
Ministry  
Is

The

Pill-

Bug

And

The

Moon

The

Calculus

Of

Gravity

And

The

Dog's

Dander—

