

## **Beyond/Webb**

If beyond  
is the deepest shape  
of now,  
what is true  
here, is elsewhere  
true too,  
and though nothing  
is exactly  
another thing,  
versions replicate  
so my face  
is yours in  
such a way  
as to be  
what I've been  
looking for.

\*

## **Lichen, Spangled Rosette**

Not built to  
just do it  
but be the slowest,  
rough, long drive  
into substrates,  
breaking  
into fissures,  
grinding, dissolving,  
coming to fill  
all that's parted  
from itself.

\*

## **Telegram**

Cost meant words  
had to be brief,  
no space between  
facts and next steps –  
no “stunned”  
no “bereft” no

“sat with her  
just yesterday  
watching gauzy fishclouds  
turn pinecone  
then horsehead  
then anvil.”

\*

### **Self-Portrait as Late Still Life**

with coils of bright lemon peel,  
white bowl of speckled eggs,  
pheasant arranged  
beside the cracked  
and shadowed round of cheese, and rose-  
gilled trout with open eyes  
concentrating a light  
that loves best  
abundance nearing  
its undoing.

\*

### **No Answer**

No answer but stance,  
no solving but moving  
sideways, and  
showing,  
not finishing  
minstering,  
maintainence not construction,  
unwinding, bewildering  
the day's tightness,  
the overfilled hours.  
No flinching,  
fledging,  
wings untacked, moments  
unstacking, and  
free now, stormraising  
pollensifting,  
the stories unworded  
and given,  
not wielded.

