

# Heliolatry

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*Put Neil Young on  
And turn up the sound  
Drive up the coastline  
Maybe Ventura  
Watch the waves make signs  
Out on the water  
I wanna watch the ocean bend  
The edges of the sun then  
I wanna get swallowed up in  
An ocean of love*

Lucinda Williams

## Prelude

In the redwood forest space  
itself is vertical, as if a big  
invisible orchestra, their  
instruments at the ready.

They haven't begun  
will never have begun.

What you hear  
is the symphony of  
anticipation in vertical  
space rising. The sound is  
real as the mind. I mean  
the person next to you  
would hear it too  
if she was here.

West of the redwoods horizontal space opens the Pacific, its opening widening.  
The person beside you is an empty vessel, not like the word *ghost* or a violin in flames  
but the sound of terns and murrets and gulls landing in a small craft unmanned and adrift.

1.

Push offshore across the Pacific  
high pressure builds a high will.  
Build and hold the area  
approaching luminous waters.

Come, sit at my table  
of moons and penumbras.

Living on an amoral plane/planet  
in a morally ambiguous system  
I left my baby in lighthouse A.

Perdition, from *perdér*, to lose.

Pithecanthropus, admit the worms of the senses.  
We have evolved from loss, the delightful  
ambiguity of light.

As another low crosses the waters  
move away from the area  
a coastal trough strengthening offshore  
where systems will cross.

2.

Expect a westerly stretch of swell  
to furrow the coastal waters  
between Freya's anticipatory force  
and the hazardous increase of alpha patterns.

Dawn breaks like a window seconds before I might have seen it a tier  
something tearing thru the fabric meaning torn to pieces of repetition.  
Dawn breaks like a voice repeating with the same inflection *bird* over and over  
again. It is morning and there are pieces of glass on the carpet. "Blue blue  
windows behind the stars." It is morning on the carpet pieces of it moving.  
"Throwing shadows on our eyes." Because I don't know where you are  
in a closet wallpaper peeling away to expose newspaper from 1901 dawn  
breaks like the news eating thru a wall "leaves us helpless, helpless..."

High fog spreading slowly across the Northern Cross  
Cygnus disappears behind the Redwood Curtain.  
System O will develop a thermal low  
producing heavy periods of isolation.

3.

Surface pressure pushes area S ashore.

With moderate to gale force results

a short-period fresh northerly swell

gradually replenishes Thor.

A word cannot live alone anymore than we can

we canners in a fish plant wishing.

Sun shines upon salmonberry in the woods

words following one another

into spaces a mind vents invented by them

the makers of fish plants

sit in sparsely furnished rooms and blow

cigar smoke into vents

salmonberry along a creek growing

more luminous and less real.

A fisherman reels in a silver can.

This is a failure of the Logos

the miracle of fish and loaves. Love's

broken. Glassy waves break

a spell real as the Tin Man.

"I, sir, am a canner.

I can."

Pressure aloft will shift a will

an occluded front turning into O.

Ghostly waters pull a small craft

slowly over undertow.

4.

Winds and seas expected to ease up  
a bit of W on a cross  
between the small craft anchored offshore  
and a red chain 15 feet from a shark.

Whatever's born of fire  
is fire. An ocean  
scatters a beach with logs.  
Whatever's not in the fire will rot  
the thought of you standing  
on a beached log whose body glimmers  
like the fur of a marine mammal.  
Dark blue waves beat against the log  
the Logos the only meat.

As a low migrates inland a high regains strength.  
A steep pressure gradient will push  
offshore a stronger will, the length  
of its chain diminishing in the sea.



5.

Coupled with a low trough a rough system  
over the Pacific is producing powerful  
northerly winds, weakened gradients resulting  
in visible forms along the coast.

Legos and Lincoln Logs

Logos, a rope between a man-boy  
and a buoy in fog.

At Gettysburg not a dress on a single body  
therefore civil.

Your head on a swivel

named Polaris

go north

where the wind is a Ferris wheel.

There is a rope in the knot.

Whole centuries of thought to obliterate  
the distinction between outside and in.

Whole cemeteries.

The ocean glistens

rushes white on green.

Listen.

Moving a cross south

across northern waters

waters the mouth, a shark

approaching a small craft.

6.

A southerly surge approaches a W  
the whole region vanishing in fog  
followed by faceless features of soggy light.  
Holes for eyes, Odin hardly moves.

Sticks, branches and logs, a beach gathered and strewn.  
Bones. All bones – dinosaur, deer, bird, rodent. Human.  
It is human to say so, to admit  
a resemblance thru the same circuit  
as a vulture perched on a sea lion carcass  
while the ocean roars    echoes against basalt, slate  
silt and sand in salt wind where a line  
of cormorants wavers over whitewash.  
Lava cools to form basalt. A little slower  
into teeth    crystallize    the complexity of patterns.  
An ocean moves thru the same circuit  
of desire, a thousand creases    the vulture perched on the sea-  
lion carcass, a blue straw from some fast food or gas station dispenser.  
It is human    to pattern movement    against a tide  
as the tide    with its thousand teeth  
pulls back    against the patterns  
against the bones.

Southerly gales followed by a wave of showers  
push Odin inland overnight  
a small craft plunging forward and back  
large swell, gorms and cobblies in the gulf of Ak.

7.

Continue to pressure a system  
significant force expected to foreshadow  
storms and shadows offshore.  
Hazardous observations quicken Odin.

It is an act of transparency  
tearing at the edges  
the very thereness of the world  
whether you wake up or not.

Only when surface opacity dissolves  
a shark appears

the whole perceptible sky the color of a bruise.  
It has been raining, it is raining and it is going to rain.

Swell will peak to 16 feet west of a will  
evening becoming numerous and scattered  
a man with a handful of sand  
to isolate a hazardous past.

8.

Injected to add wave periods to Thor  
a thermal trough develops the interior.  
Several hundred miles of moonlight  
lift the O from a crab-shelled shore.

From my first anxious wish, anguish.  
Tired of moving from solitude  
I've begun to cultivate a ghost.  
He rides a chariot drawn by goats  
holds a hammer—Miölnir—wields it.

To distort the integrity of the original message  
I've begun cultivating beurre noir  
lavender bergamot and nard.

“There is honey in the groin.”

When you said it it turned  
                                  into ghost-honey  
                                  still turning  
in my sleep.

Summer conditions outside the stratus deck  
a man centered near 37N waits  
almost stationary, 29 millibars moving  
quiet seas at the edge of his face.

9.

While the buoy remains anchored  
a cold front builds behind Thor.  
The will stalls, resulting in radar  
images destabilizing a center.

Thor is a surface-to-surface intermediate range ballistic missile.  
In the valley of a big wet acanthus leaf a chocolate brown slug  
Barry Bonds, being a slugger, slugs homers  
Homer's affiliation with Odin, god of poetry, wisdom and war  
a typical Bonds dinger being described as a Thor—

“He's launched another one up into the Stygian darkness”

reminds me of the plane you fly away on.  
I watch it shrink to the size of a baseball  
then a red blip, then nothing.

System O shifts toward the interior  
a low pressure gradient increasing  
winds across a digital prototype, Odin  
building an analog fire on the screen.

10.

Slowly system O pushes the gulf of Alaska  
across a Northern Oregon moon, a metaphor  
for Odin's waxing mouth, twenty-two  
Aleutian geese check-marking south.

4 in a forest. For rest  
one mustn't stop here. There must be more  
like 4,000 within a 40 foot radius  
black, brown, green and yellow—  
on a granite slab beside a creek  
on skunk cabbage and Queen Anne's lace  
on trunks of hemlocks, columns of the Parthenon—  
slugs in the ruins of a heart.  
Their antennae receive signals and transmit messages.  
If you look closely you will see they really are moving  
like a clock's fingers  
ticks of rain on lovesick leaves  
a process of getting used  
to your slowness  
passing my ghost.

Inland warming increases the thermal low  
a slow cooling trend beginning in the will.  
As system O blooms over Freya's island  
a glassy wave rolls and curls over a girl.

11.

Associated with a clear surface  
low over the Pacific, Freya's nearness  
illuminates inner waters, severe  
swell creasing a northerly will.

Because of you my experience is real.  
You can feel it  
moving in my chest  
thought within thought within thought  
a rock dropped from the bow of a small craft  
the island of Freya  
receives the waves.

Beauty was the first natural fact  
which is not to say things like pulp mills  
strip mines and malls aren't beautiful  
but an island that cannot be because it no longer exists  
is an island nonetheless.  
You can feel it.

Introspection persists between surfaces  
moving inland, a hazardous synopsis  
to develop a face, Freya's eyes  
rising and falling with the waves.

12.

Morning, little winds refresh  
before system O waters the gulf  
a sunny area moving offshore where  
cloud-light pours into a bright trough.

The tip of Squaxin Island is a buffalo  
tremulous reflection  
wavy lines of fir trees  
my small craft adrift.  
The Squaxin believe the universes  
like salmon  
return. The Plains people  
believed the buffalo would return  
and the Christians Christ.  
I'd hoped you'd return but now  
alone in this small craft alone  
with your ghost my ghost  
is beginning to breathe  
to believe in nothing  
like spring.

Weather continues to pull a will  
an inverted trough deepening  
as a ridge begins to break down  
pushing the coast from the gulf.



13.

From Seattle to 700 miles off L.A.  
locate today between a deep trough  
and the long rays of Freya, warm air  
under a white flock crossing the sun.

Where we were  
there were salmon  
black-mouth, Chinook.  
Our story was a blue rose and a blue  
bowl of thorns  
hornets on a bleeding hook.  
Where we are is not a story  
where we are the water is empty of fish  
and no one comes to shore to pick the flowers  
that used to grow here.

As a strong low near 36N grows  
ghost-birds dance above green water.  
No one's not an island  
Vancouver adrift, diminishing chance.

14.

King tide, tall seas and capacious winds  
will gradually subside before Odin begins  
increasing the distance between a small  
craft and the orange buoy it's tied to.

The watch I found on a beach was still ticking  
but you've been gone for two years.

Watch on a bright shore  
tidelines vanish.

The watch I found on a beach was still ticking  
but you've been gone for three years.

The watch tells time to distinguish  
X from internal wish  
on a purple star a yellow jellyfish.

The watch I found on the beach is still ticking  
but I've been gone before.

Meanwhile system O continues to produce  
force. Boundaries approaching a center  
enter cooler and cooler flow  
a frontal low followed by swallows.

15.

More and more pressure builds  
a strong long-period northwest swell  
beginning to arrive, its echo the shape  
of Odin's ear, a gibbous moon disappearing.

You and I were here once.  
Not holding hands but here.  
Solid, actual  
a big-leaf maple right in front of me  
and the vast apparition of it  
mossy October limbs stretch crookedly  
over a creek and a footbridge  
orange leaves like the open legs of starfish.

A south swell will combine with a northwest  
to create wedging A-frame waves bowling  
across a sandbar, a boy with a plastic bucket  
out of which two spiny orange rays of starfish.

16.

Cold drifts approach Point Conception  
another surface with another shift  
an interior moon circling back  
toward the first afternoon.

There's a way to be quiet  
a sticky note  
wind working away at the adhesive  
beset on all sides like the path  
rarely clear enough to hear  
a glassy wave break across a sandbar  
your red skin perspiring on a beach  
the peach on your towel on my board  
uneaten.

A small craft drifts behind an archipelago  
broad pressure centered near 140E.  
Hazardous currents bend the O  
a shark with fiberglass between its teeth.

17.

From a crag of a white peak at 14,000 feet  
peek in at the will. Northwest swell  
will rise to 16 feet, a rip current  
trailing Freya's dress.

I tried to keep the end from fraying  
but nothing can stop the tide  
and darkness  
whether it moves in or out  
the waves come  
whether you remember our last kiss  
time having eaten that event  
as well as this.

While winter gusts persist across the interior  
a white motion approaching a ghost, your  
heart's not forecasted to be in the forecast.  
Mine's not forecasted to be.

18.

Form passes a moon  
thru morning waters, dissipating  
cold. Drift tonight into the middle  
or build back thru the will.

So much beauty  
so few ring at my bell  
and it's never you.  
Dew on the folds  
bluebell, coxcomb.  
With a cocksure swagger it comes  
twirling a rope.  
Pulled taut  
it tolls.

A high synopsis builds into the region  
moving the middle north of a will.  
Your ghost still there in the lighthouse  
a foghorn echoes against a coast.

19.

Both a high and a low will increase  
gale gusts over the waters aloft.  
Move inland across Humboldt Bay  
Freya's eyes intruding.

Beads of sunlight traverse a web  
strung from a blue spruce

in the underbrush a smoky grey bird  
voice like the grinding of two little gears.

It isn't your voice I miss.  
It's your mouth.

A pressure gradient strengthens south  
of the small craft, California ripening.  
Blue-grey winds crisscross invisible seas  
warmer and wetter over Freya's opening.

20.

An upper-level disturbance  
moving across morning will shift  
scattered winds as Odin begins  
to build into the will a small craft.

An alder leaf shaped like an arrowhead, jagged ridges like little dorsal fins around the edge, mostly green turning yellowish brown in one spot, veering off the V-shaped veins tiny capillaries form an intricate labyrinth, and thru the shapes bugs have eaten you see fir branches and spruce and a triangle of turquoise, one apex being vaporized by a bright golden-white light and you wonder if there's something, not beyond the universe but the universe itself, that makes both life and death infinitely small.

Thru much of Thor a late drop  
off into pressure locates system O  
a thermal trough pushing a will  
as it builds further toward the sun.



21.

Hard and cold under Freya  
a small craft cannot save us.  
Reverse the surface or plunge  
headfirst thru twisted waters.

A floating easement for the ingress and egress of egrets, more the blue of a stained-glass window than a dress-shaped piece of sky cut to fit deliciously, a bright cerulean blue only barely real, your realness is less pronounced now encumbering every movement, every breath. You cannot walk away, an ordinary being gradually fading from view. Like an egret you can only appear and dis.

Dissipate before dark  
before moving a shore 12 feet  
a portion of the shark reduced  
visibility resulting in sharper seas.

22.

Move rapidly thru the O  
reducing becoming to a variable drizzle.  
A coastal trough shifting offshore late  
will result in turbulent light.

Long stretches of luminescent clouds  
like a molten river above  
violet swell  
is heliolatry  
the sun mixed with the sea  
beneath its wet  
canopy the shade  
of your body  
flickering by mindlight.

Across the Pacific into Southern Oregon  
evening will hold a bright ridge nudged  
by a warm front pushing the border  
an orphaned moon over Northern California.

23.

Discrepancies between your forecast  
and mine will short-circuit the will  
an ocean the color of beryl, big  
hollow waves barreling across a sandbar.

Scrawled in the sand with a stick  
And Be Kind One To Another  
perpendicular to the shore  
so the message will vanish in the following order  
And Be Kind One To Ano  
And Be Kind O  
And Be K  
And B  
A.  
Note the supple curvature  
of the snake-like stem from base to bowl  
a porcelain flower  
gleaming white under lavender dusk  
its brown and yellow stains washed clean  
in a grey-green sea.  
Now the sun is an egg yolk on an ink-blue plate.

Centered 200 NM west of Cape Blanco  
stall and drift before lifting the will east  
of Odin. Fog clears a pier and a seagull  
sees a man crouched in the cave of a wave.

24.

While higher seas reform an interior  
remain offshore in light vessels  
particle-waves seething synoptic curls  
greener and greener as Freya nears.

What to lead against seven diamonds, seven seas.  
Suddenly feeling that there is a ghost  
automatic vulnerability  
isolating the ace, you  
with seven teeth beneath a small craft, smell a game.

Good players think there's too much luck involved.  
If you don't get the cards you can't win.  
I'd have sailed the seven seas for you.  
If you don't get the poem you can't open  
one diamond.

With white-caps, steep gusts around a cape  
and a deep gap growing between fore and aft  
a thermal low weakens a man without a will  
diamonds sinking beneath the small craft.



26.

Terns, a heat-driven interaction over blue  
fogs interior features, a will remaining  
anchored offshore as low pressure aloft  
dips softly into system O.

North advertises a void. South  
knowing its partner has at most one heart  
trapped forever, poetry bores  
ghost people ignore it.

I wouldn't, even if I had  
a mouth, lie to you.

Bird-head, crab legs and dead seaweed  
thought-prints the tide erases, your face  
brightens behind a white scree  
above a rock terns turning raucous  
screaming at the sea.

A small craft vanishing in fog, Frigg  
programs the O to strengthen isolation  
a cold trough building ghostly forms  
along the coast, mostly winged.

27.

Followed by colder moons  
another system moves below the will  
southerly flow over a series of lows  
pulling a small craft off course.

The game is Asteroids. Push hyperspace  
you blink out of existence  
and reappear at a random point on a screen.

“I am afraid they will treat me more severely than the others when I get back.  
We in the City of Dis are not so badly off as 15 poor fellows in the salt mines  
of Saltesno, 400 kilometers north of here. They have been working underground  
4 years and have never seen the sun in all that time.”

Sometimes you reappear in an even more  
precarious position than before  
the oncoming asteroid only centimeters away  
fog moving low over a bay  
where a swallow or bat either appears or dis.

4 feet south of Humboldt Bay 7 seconds  
fog early measurements, today  
remaining patchy, nearly stationary  
as tonight approaches fresh blue sea.

28.

Evening hours drift around a coast  
a round wind becoming vivid.  
Short-period south swell will prevail  
Odin's wife curled inside a sea-snail.

Dead fish tell the buzzards  
    fennel smells like licorice.  
In fog it's difficult to tell  
    swallows from bats.  
In Hell it's difficult to tell  
    one from oneself.  
If you are a yellow jellyfish I am a stick of black licorice.  
    Sand-verbena and vetch patch a dune  
on which a man stares at a man on a moon  
    the difference being  
a void at the center  
    a heart, red and black  
buzzards circling.

Generated by patterns becoming  
mixed behind a cold front, black wings  
diminish in clear blue. Feeling fixed  
a man picks up an oar and disappears.



29.

Before the low tightens a variable  
night malingers slightly, intensifying W.  
Cassiopeia forces the light source, a purple  
dress drifting north of the small craft.

A cold game  
vulnerability mathematically signaling the queen—  
powerlines connected by a series of towers, each one the frame  
of a Victorian dress with 3 pairs of shoulder-sleeves.  
Your ghost smiles in a closet  
visualizes the lie of the unseen.  
The invisible steams windows seem lonely  
but it's just me.

Bringing light to an anchored will  
a thermal cross remains  
interior, the sun seen  
from beneath a galaxy of krill.

30.

Interactions with a thermal low  
suspend the approach of Odin  
resulting in expectations, high  
and choppy in the outer will.

A smell of yellow dust and wild mustard  
*cruciferae*  
being a curse.  
This is only a game.  
My interruptions  
intentional or unintentional  
cannot disarm the device  
rhetorical, a wren blending in  
in the reeds. Rep rep  
repetition needs a quill  
a lie to tell.  
That's what I mean by only  
a game, the same rules  
apply. Lonely.

A high surface pattern expected  
to cross a will, mixed systems  
build the next move over sea-cliffs  
pelicans shaped like a Z.

31.

The Oregon coast will intensify tonight  
a cold front associated with system O  
watering a cross, gusty rain  
to cleanse the intersection by morning.

Begin to understand a system only  
by beginning not to be.  
It's not as simple as dying  
a ghost composed of negative mass  
sealing its openings.  
During mass the ceiling opens.  
The word *light* had been spoken 7 times  
but nothing happened  
your body as real as before and farther.

Pressure will extend the Northern Cross  
before another warm swell follows  
south a flock of glaucous-winged gulls  
a man emerging from a wave's mouth.

32.

An intense blue will develop below  
send a cold front thru the will and move  
15 seconds under storm O  
digital forms tracking a small craft.

Words interfere.  
Interference patterns mirror  
birds  
two scaups drifting across a luminous mirror of black cypresses  
a crow with a limp red frog in its beak.  
I have nothing  
more than a ghost  
to hold.  
If you dip your wound into green water  
it will turn gold.

Slowly ripen onshore thru early wind  
a maroon sunstar in a tidepool.  
Warm troughs will fill and refill  
dead fog growing offshore.

33.

Several hundred miles of water Odin  
will pull a small craft across  
a thermal trough intensifies again  
stretching northward into Oregon sun.

At midnight shrimp and squid blink  
shimmer blink

Language. God. Universe.

You and I in a small craft beneath Cygnus  
water moves the blackness  
while blackness moves the water below  
a phosphorescent glow.

Barnacles on a broken lobster pot  
offshore wind and northwest swell  
pressure a vessel toward the surf spot  
rainbows of spray above wavecrests.

34.

Larger longer-period swell will begin  
to enliven the Head, producing more  
significant temptations, a forecast  
corrected to add isolation.

Focus on a seagull  
around which a shore is 4 mirrors emblazed.  
I no longer care who holds you.

Stare into the sun  
a melancholy prince behind a red door  
prints on the shore—  
                    seagull, dog, human—  
an acquired cipher for pattern recognition  
                    writing in the sand  
foamed and flooded.

Interactions between an osprey  
and a thermal high over the Pacific  
result in equilibrium, Freya  
filling a will's imaginary center.

35.

As an area of upper S descends  
over the interior, warmer air  
will begin moving the will, a man  
opening a window on the sea.

Dawn slowly blooms across a ridge.  
Between the ridge and a lagoon powerlines line  
a road from one end of eternity—  
worm trails in sand my eye  
follows dead ends as two swallows  
perform impossible maneuvers over glass.  
Almost impossible, I almost forget  
your lips, the hum in the powerlines.

High in the O and low over bright  
blue water a cold front will prevail  
spread cooler air around the will  
a firm trough pushing a surface further.

36.

In from a slowly approaching sun  
a 900MB low west of Washington  
will build little moves in the will  
push into evening a small craft.

Always something speaking thru something else  
leaving you projected  
onto a beach  
an absent presence beneath  
peach and salmon splash of twilight.

Yesterday survives in them  
your eyes which do not age  
green  
as the weeds in my heart  
taller now than a man.

A vigorous low west of the craft  
will pressurize a past. Remember  
our lighthouse in Mexico as Freya  
continuously abandons system O.



37.

Pressure pushed closer to a coast  
by two cold fronts moves an interior.  
One will morph into the other  
the other will level the will.

From just beyond the waves I  
imagine you on shore  
waving

the transformations of the sea  
determined, deformed  
by gravity, blue-green  
then white, the Isle of

love, a voice says  
an infinite number of waves  
hello and  
goodbye.

Floating a will toward 140W  
an upper-level low drifts slowly  
marine breath woven between chance  
and shadows advancing in a man.



39.

Small craft advisory for hazardous fog  
a ship's log links observations  
anchors knot 15 at 7 seconds  
development diminishing the coast.

So many dead ends  
    a lien on the property  
    alien on the property.  
I mean real dead ends  
cul-de-sacs and sarcophagi  
    phantom of follows  
we do not acknowledge each other from a great distance  
    an impossible distance  
which does not acknowledge us.

Cold fronts associated with cormorants  
result in high seas darkening blue  
a gulf to build while the will  
remains several, nearly thru.

40.

Moving a series thru a multi surface  
mirrors another morning. Push onshore  
toward the beach-fire, a shipwrecked  
ghost-girl expected to arrive.

*i* is an irrational number  
the *i* between sense and science  
a séance in a sentence.  
Where we are is in a scent.

Innocent  
step back and view it

a cormorant on a pylon drying its wings like Christ  
a fly rubbing its black feelers back and forth like time  
I didn't know I didn't want you  
to go  
til you were gone.

Persisting over a desert flow  
a thermal low will will the waters  
while across a coast slowly  
cold, the wife of Odin nears.

41.

Isolating nights will continue  
as a frontal system reproaches a will  
north of the forecast a reckoning  
whose involutions we couldn't resolve.

Involve a number of risks and uncertainties  
which could cause actual loss.  
Whittle a poem to numbers  
the exact sadness of being  
 $LANG = 5D$   
 $UAGE = WAD = 3X$   
a simplified solution for the distribution of T.  
This is true in commerce and war, a poetry  
for baking glue, waves breaking a shore into  
discrete particles, single grains to stick to the real.

Build over the west wall of the will pressure.  
A chance of second chances diminishes  
evening becoming 24 feet, disciples  
without a boat to cross the water.

42.

Buoys now report visibility  
approach today from the east  
then guild the western waters  
where a small craft vanishes.

Language impregnates negation  
white clouds splashed across it  
a bay a blue mirror that points tonight  
to Polaris. North Star points  
to Northern Cross, Cygnus reminding us  
of the egret roosting in a cypress  
beside a marsh, whiteness interrupted  
by absence, the converse of a new moon  
I see you, but you're not there.

Centered 400 NM off Eureka  
remain calm, seeing thru a system  
a ghost sun move offshore  
to light the end of the sea.

43.

To remain anchored off Point Arena  
maintain a tight pressure gradient.

The space between Freya's eyes fluctuates  
a band of winds wavering.

In an eddy beneath spruce boughs  
language disturbs the real.  
Water-striders emit  
minute concentric circles blurring  
a reflection of branches and sky.

In an eddy beneath spruce boughs  
language disturbs the imaginary  
your body an anti-thought  
ruffling a ghostly moon  
a night heron muffled and mostly gone.

Currently located near 44N 132W  
light winds wend a thermal high  
over the Pacific Northwest, Freya  
dragging a mirror thru the water.

44.

With wind/wand speeds in the 20 to 60  
nautical mile corridor, keep rowing  
south toward the glowing lighthouse  
or drift further offshore.

That's not what we want from language, a voice says.  
The tallest tree in the world, a redwood.  
The second tallest tree in the world, a redwood  
2,000 rings  
a telephone in the underworld.

Nothing lasts forever  
except the universe itself.  
Redwoods stand and grow  
other.  
They are the opposite of metaphor  
of us.

An upper-level system will move across Sunday  
bringing scattered light to the numerous.  
Numinous, long-period southwest swell rings  
the Pacific, a blue wave looming.



45.

Across 130W a low will stall  
then drift offshore and develop  
new storms written in a will.  
West of 130W a wall of Odin falls.

A helicopter has come to save us  
but the shark  
latches onto one of its legs and drags it down.  
Whenever I watch this scene the last noise  
the propeller makes before going under alters  
a warped shard of sound shaped  
differently each time.  
Because the pieces won't fit together in time  
between forecasts your patterns scatter  
invisible bridges.  
I mean ocean guarded and regarded as resource  
like noise in a poem—  
Macro bumble media  
less than virus  
greater than us.

Warning, 1,000 millibars migrate the O  
a persistent insistence on the coast  
where pressure builds a disturbance  
turning red and white underwater.

46.

Cool sand smooth against a bleached log  
morning winds sweep the tops of dark blue waves  
blur the increase until a ghost-bird shrills  
resulting in widespread fog.

Poetry is pottery without hands  
only the kiln cannot be said  
to be empty.

Moist clay squishes up between my toes  
trying to be something.

From a cliff birds made of words.

Approaching a big rock in a small craft  
guano glistening  
I can still feel your hands  
exactly where I used to be.

While water continues to dominate a pattern  
warm air will rise under a Caspian tern.  
When an inverted thermal trough widens  
a full moon floats thru the night like a buoy.

47.

Arrive at a forecast and traverse.

A frontal boundary will disperse the will  
followed by large swell growing stronger  
pelicans strung above tall dark walls falling.

Icarus, what is your name?

There is no future.

There is no past tense in a dream.

There was an intention. I was intentional  
a courageous fool.

How do you feel? asks the ghost.

I mean, how do you do it?

Light the inner waters and flow.

Pressure intensifies below pelicans  
mixed swell, wax melting  
under a man with nowhere to go.

48.

Ring 6 or 7 rings and a ferry boat  
pushes the solution north. More  
surface moves turn a system chrome  
Freya's chains strengthening in the sea.

I'm walking north along a shore, a fishing boat trolling just beyond the surf when I see my trail of footprints, traces of my former self still facing south. If my former self were walking toward me now, where would the fishing boat be? And which waves would be breaking, the ones that were breaking then, are breaking now, or have broken in the intervening minutes? Time and space are interwoven and cannot be separated. I must've assumed we were too, all the times we walked on this beach together, or that time trolling when you snagged a baby salmon by the eye – it was difficult to remove the hook without removing the eye – and when the fish disappeared into the sea we were both hoping.

A thermal low looms over the interior  
a length of chain unchanged in strength  
afternoon clearing likely to strengthen  
Freya's precision.

49.

Pressure the upper S then subside  
or ride a northwest swell south  
across the interior, the tide  
turning in a shark's mouth.

It's a barracuda, still alive barely while gulls are pecking at it. Sun shines on its one eye and it glows brilliantly, a little circle of emerald luminescence. I've never seen a light like that emanate from an eye. I think of an eye as a receptacle for light to enter, but here it's clearly the other way around—an amazing green light is radiating out from the eye. I don't think about your light green eyes until a gull plucks it out.

A tidepool of green sea-anemones nearly  
compensates for sloppy surf and veiled sun.  
Focus on a different aspect of the forecast  
or see Freya vanish again and again.

50.

Anchored offshore, continue to interact  
extending northward a gusty coast.

Sunday waters cause the will to trough  
seabirds aloft, generally a disturbance.

A clammer at Clam Beach says razor clams taste best. I paddle out, thinking about razor clams baked in honey, honey in the groin. Beneath the blue surface it's golden-green. Sea-lions are rafting 30 yards from me, their fins raised and wavering above the sea like little sails. During my whole session I only think of you once. Walking up the beach a light swath of fog moves low over the sand so a person walking north along the shore—it's the clammer with his bucket of razors—is beginning to hover in midair.

Moving thru fog will cross a boundary  
a will to continue along the far shore.  
To weather the waters build a small craft  
with big oars approaching Thor.

51.

State slowly a buoy becoming  
as a cold trough traverses the Great Basin.  
This will bring rising winds to the buoy  
a boy with big eyes, 3 feet at 14 seconds.

Not much more than richly-colored pieces of paper they fly for thousands of miles and return, sometimes to the same branch. But the monarchs of Hawaii have never been known to migrate. If I lived here I wouldn't leave either. They're fluttering around us in the sea, me and a few locals. It's spring in February and we're surfing in tropical water with butterflies floating above the waves. Between sets we sit and look at each other and smile. If I lived here my inability to forget you wouldn't matter, but I don't.

Moving from one craft to another  
a man waxes, the seas high.  
Remain quasi-stationary as a boy  
pokes a dead butterfly.

52.

Shapeless northwest wind-waves  
the overcast forecast repeats itself  
barely seen thru white-grey haze  
a goldfinch on a bare plum branch.

There are other houses, powerlines, a street with parked cars and moving cars but every time I look left I see magenta azaleas in front of a yellow house, to my right between slopes of several black rooftops a blue triangle of Humboldt Bay where now a yellow sail appears and disappears. We had a pair of yellow curtains. I still have them—they hang from the kitchen window—only a trace of yellow left, the sun having turned them almost white.

Hazardous repetition accompanies Thor  
high pressure offshore and low pressure on.  
Cold cloudy dawn, the surf like scrambled eggs  
the legs of a gull dangle over a dead herring.



53.

Rebuild the Oregon, internal  
a thermal high pressing the will to move  
inland, a small craft near a foggy pier  
still visible in what's left of Freya.

Above a tree-lined cliff above the sea  
a California gull hovers.  
Now a pelican. It's magic  
you continue  
to be fooled. The fact that they are flying  
have flown and will fly  
an ordinary miracle  
a ghost in the heart.  
It's something you get used  
you almost get used to.

Pressure the waters toward track E.  
While the will clings to a buoy  
a body of light between areas of fog  
invisible forms build offshore.

54.

A marine glow buoys a will.  
Stay in the lighthouse and Freya  
will lay a passage between  
a small craft and all marine zones.

Having been gone so long off  
into the Sea of Darkness  
it's beginning to return  
a sea turtle

on a ledge beneath the ceiling of a house I don't recognize. My dream figure/figment notices the creature briefly, is then greeted by some old high-school friends. When my dream figure/figment turns to leave the turtle is on the ground, lovely mysterious patterns on its carapace as I wake.

Turtle was my nickname in high-school  
long before we met, almost  
as long as you've been gone.

The dream is about slowness  
the poem a carapace.

While a strong front washes a coast  
winds will ramp up along the cape  
seas likely to ease slightly as Freya  
begins filling a will with twilight.

55.

Due to the influence of an ebbing tide  
a wave warps and warbles, doubles up  
and over a man. While storm O gathers  
Thor will light across leaden waters.

Pools at low tide—intricate patterns  
of bumps and ridges in wet sand mirror  
patterns of bumps and ridges in clouds.

My dream figure/figment is sitting in a small craft on a sand-dune when the tide suddenly rises and carries it off. It's drifting toward a floating dock when your boat appears, a big beautiful boat, then you appear and say this is where the sharks are, meaning sand-sharks or dogfish, meaning this is where you catch them. Then a dark blurry flash from behind and a realization that someone was in the back of the small craft, he's just fallen in and I know the shark is about to get him when I wake.

Predator and prey switch places  
the way you switch, when placed  
in front of a mirror, places with yourself.

Bringing a return of fresh southerly breezes  
across most of Northwest California, system O  
will tilt a small craft and scatter Freya's mirror  
as a thermal low intensifies the interior.

56.

Fill and warm the Great Basin.  
High over the northern coast  
a thermal trough develops, persists  
increasing swell invisible in fog.

You fight with Odin in your dreams  
ocean flashing white against black rocks.

I fight with you in mine.

Last night three of you: between a white bathrobe and a white towel twisted on  
top of your head your whole face is green and you're looking at me thru green  
eyes; you're talking on a phone with a long snaky green cord; you're the voice at  
the other end. An argument with oneself amounts to a mouth the dead speak thru.

Today I expected to see a green sea full  
of voices but it's silent and blue.

Build a will, a high building  
over the Pacific and a strong  
cold front will approach the edge  
of a buoy lit by an oily moon.

57.

A flapping V moves the system  
Aleutian geese across grey space.  
West swell will build behind Freya  
face after cold green face.

Heermann's gulls line a small sand-wall  
in front of which, ocean.  
A resemblance grows between patterns of guano on sea-rocks  
and patterns of quartz down shale cliffs.  
Guano glistens like snow, like those little explosions  
of whitewater, of cumulus.  
My memory of us  
is a sappy movie  
a snowball fight after which warm kisses in the cold  
holding hands on this beach.  
Now it's just me  
but there's a whole army  
of red-billed gulls.

Meanwhile hemispheres travel  
warm swell unravels Punta Gorda  
and a man walks with the ghost  
of a hand on the small of his back.

58.

Low clouds and fog continue to plague the area.

Large swell from a storm in the gulf pulls  
the Pacific into Oregon, where a small craft  
scrapes a crag of limestone reef.

Second wing skims green water.

The river it passes over is good to drink.

I want to drink you again.

I can't

go down the same river twice

because I is another

river turning to ice.

A small craft limps across the Pacific

a pressure gradient between X

and interior tightening, fog

only occasionally light.

59.

Following a strong surface low across  
the Pacific rapidly diminishes the O.  
When a longer-period W arrives  
Freya will be replaced.

Every day I look for you in the forecast.  
It isn't futile  
because at least once a year it happens:  
a 3 foot south swell at 14 seconds combines  
with a 5 foot northwest at 12 seconds to create  
glassy, hollow, A-frame waves wedging  
and bowling across the sandbar at Shipwrecks.  
A southeast wind at 8 knots means an offshore breeze  
brushes the wave-crests—spectrums in the spray.  
The sun's out all day, it's just as good at low tide  
and at last your absence makes  
no difference.

A foam-rimmed log at twilight  
steep seas forming from storm O  
12 feet at 20 seconds after midnight  
the small craft approaches home.

60.

Fog will continue to spread the interior  
pressure offshore, pressure near  
an unidentified sea-creature beached  
a flock of pelicans fouling a pier.

This one is broken just  
so it resembles a wing. I keep it  
because I want it to mean something.  
Have you ever said that to someone  
at the end of your first and only night together  
I want it to mean something?  
When asked what the film means  
Fellini replies, what do you mean, mean?  
What I mean is all the pieces  
an infinite number really do fit together  
not just theoretically but there isn't  
nearly enough time in a single human life  
to connect more than a few changes  
and of oneself so one's picture of the world  
but remains to the end  
hopelessly fragmented.

A thermal will moves thru a trough  
a new moon defined by the distance  
between perception, an ocean  
slowly overtaking a small craft.