

## **THE NAMING**

1.

Where went that which was midnight warp and weft  
moon-sun torqued over flame

Who tossed aside spirit cloud seed words  
navigated by stone call

ruddered by crow feather  
in the hands of the old ones one sees

Socrates talking

I am a lover of learning  
and the trees and open fields  
won't teach me anything  
only the men of town

But I will follow you  
throughout the countryside  
like a cow following waved fruit  
if you hold a book before me

**2.**

As we float within Her infrared song  
once anything mind swallowed and named  
the Mystery another wing flap distant

### 3.

As cabbalists and alchemists dreamed  
writing with light

Rumi spoke of a page wind  
blowing words away  
to leave only the one color  
clarity

And weaving with a thread  
pulled from Kabir —

look through any sacred text  
sideways  
nothing will be there

**4.**

Crow lands in the new field of language

Claw furrowing he finds the grub —  
the meaning behind the meaning

The tectonics of tongue carry and shape  
the soft under belly of all mind chatter

What not experienced is hear-say