

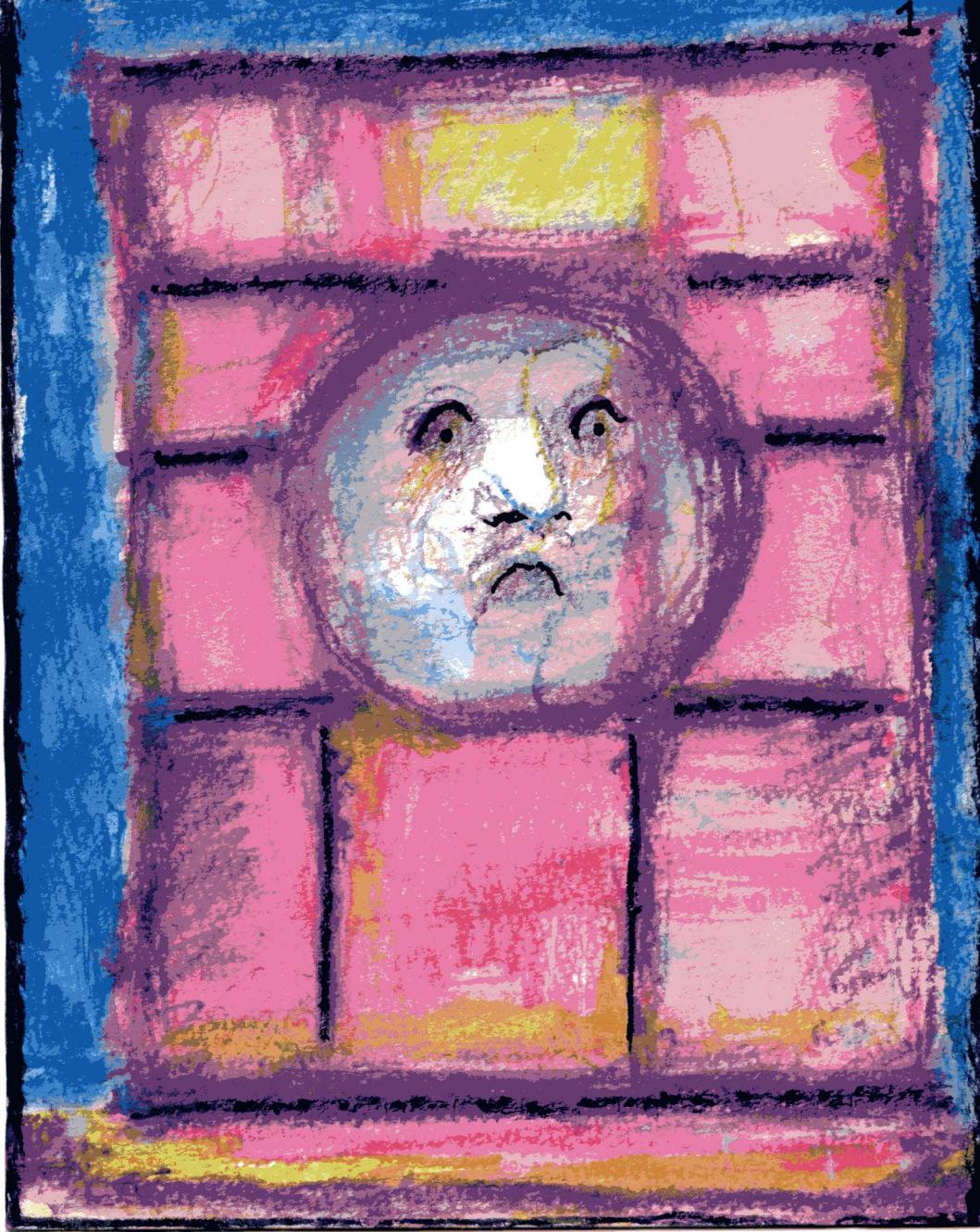
SEVEN MAD DANCES

by Jesse Glass



Dusic / Hand of Glory

Tokyo
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a.

& where did your children go?
—gliding ~~in~~ the air —
the rose from their single foot
& kicked free of the floor

They swept a cerulean sky
with explosion-patterned wings
then fell on a winnowed field
& disavowed their names

& grew beyond your likeness
pinched upon the letter;
they spat your breath from their mouths
& toed the clean meander
that takes the Self from the Self.



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b.

You danced the darkling beetles at their work
The water strider nibbling the dark
They pulled all shadows to you
& you walked
the marble ramparts shielding the dead

(What daedal worker framed
these scooped & tented motions
in the earth?)

You hymned Zanzunim Songs;
Blake's rigid hand
Knocked against your breast.
Like him you could not breathe; you saved
Your serrate voice within a granite notch
Till all came clear. The garden of your lungs
Drew in the clean, the Tunar, and the good
& you collapsed — a spectacle to stars
& Angels in tall dust
& Seeds.





C.
You traced the brontide roilings
In the clouds
(black pillars of Babylonian scud)
lightning sprawled
Quite jaggedly down
trees of fire & trees of dust
meshed root & branch in a hieroglyph
that forced the louvers of the sky apart
& all was as the days of Noah: slant
rain sank the origami swans;
lathered streets grew syke & voe
& runnels from a plavisphere
broke the snap beans in their crescent sheaths
bruised the grapes for the second sin
sheared the tenons from the mortises.





d.

You danced above an ancient sea,
Tucked in a flow of mud;
the crabs, the leeches lay
upon a beach of rust. Their chitin shells
& jelly flesh struck through with threads of gold
lay tightless in a hug of rock—

You felt the magma shift
& glimpsed beyond the depth of trowel
What every steer knows:
resilient skeletons of the flesh
of the archaic rose.





E.

The whales struck up a vortex/
instanter
you threw your hoyden shadow
deeply there;
a boulder propped one rhomboid cheek
against the tide—
you anchored feet
within the liquid mud
& spun upon yourself to see
the union of the land and sea:
Cuga's interlocking cones,

the dance of doubles
for the watching herons.



E, THE porpoise traced your spiral
the heron fell upon your phantom curve
the otter splashed the crevassed waves
as you once did
crippling their resonance
with your fine length.

your right hand furled
to baulk the light
then crushed rice bubbles
into brine

then rose & spoked
the spotted sun
then dropped to tunnel
through the sea.



g. Children do not come back
they crouch beneath the trees
& rest upon the water
whispering few names
they find what love they can find
& in their given time
they climb the hieratic branches
& stretch to clasp the Crystal
& peer within the Crystal
& burst the terrible Crystal.

They name & number shadows
skewed by the sun's lack: wise
children do not come back.





