

73. Ode to Sun Mask

The moon and the sun have only one bed between them, so one has to work while the other sleeps.

Ramon Gomez de la Serna

Sun up there he was right in your face w/ his face & his teeth a solar grill in a grimace aiming for dogwood & sun down the moon's up, a Raven Moon a Rainforest Moon a Frost Moon a moon about to be bearded. & the sun again again he rises w/ talons of gold and red and black tentacles edging out from a solar corona creating form from behind a mask of yellow cedar and cedar bark and rope and acrylic just in time to burn something or start to hit the other side of the candle wick or to become a twilight hymn again, hymn to awakening, hymn to Black Rivers (*Rios Negros*) & they shine & he still up, sun yeah, and eyes wide open still a mouth fat on a disc or heat or a dream dream of the grass blowing east against the source of the still up sun or a dream of getting the ball to curve up or in, a sort of migraine cathedral built with trumpet or other horns built with a sense of inherent bebop which you thought was a song of the night but there it comes bright as day until it's dying for a nap a nap while it's still bright out but its nap is our night and the moon, she gotta get up & out and gotta get a shine on she got to take off that flannel & become more ee haichka-like two arms up, palms in but open & she gotta let owl back into latihan she gotta get ready for the backscratch she gotta dig clams and smoke fish because no one knows when the tsunami's going to come, no one knows when the Elwha starts running back unsiltifying itself, no one knows when to stop running and start thinking about September again and the advent of avalanche fields and the trail that would be here now gone down there to the realm of dental records, past the ripe blue and thimbleberries down where the blood is and the bruxism and the river gods quiet enough & you can hear 'em there beside the flat stones. Me & Rebecca did. Stone eyes and straw hair and some'd be beret'd & some would

look like Lester Bowie & til the day they take her
away or they take you away & everyone will run out
of salt but the sun and the moon have their
arrangement & everybody got to get some sleep
sometime.

Yr just scrapin off last year's plums
from the apron
when the Lady sings
Do it agin.

7:234P - 10.11.12
Rainforest Hostel, Forks, WA

(Inspired by the art work of Bill Henderson (*Sun
Mask*) And Lester Bowie's *Rios Negros*)