

The Offering

I was born in the house of the still-born fetus; I no longer expect her
angelic presence to rescue my bad driving; now she rests.

She's had the soup and moved on, her baby feet still, point south.

They named her Ada; two stems of her bloodline same as mine
one nodding to the other a gesture in grief, the scent
of humid prairie evenings west of the city where
onions once stunk. The spiral confounds with its
hard to track fractals but we make the myth a
bloodline angel rests as ever upon a pillow of dirt;
its case made with the image of Odin's fall from the tree
the Runes unspy'd the flight of this flock resemble
the diagonals of starlings without the gray coherence
how to see it all: Ada, the death of brothers, the blood
line soup, the round stones marked with clues all as
gift, an economy that can only pay with soul construction,
perception and the ancient art of invocation.

The Runes brought back to life by the mixing of blood.

I want to know it well: Othila, an inheritance gained like Sam
raising a cup to Basho and celebrating the giveaway
of that which he loves most. Or Hayden *the great*
pain assuaged for the species sitting
content in his cat-shredded chair by the fire.

In mahogany chairs, in a burlap robe or not,
smelling of sweat or lavender; they each figure
(conspire) the giveaway maybe fresh deer tracks
in day-old mud: we've abandoned the seamstresses
or made their work real again, needle quickly stitching
a lion without a mane the man of the house much
before his time and a touch-up; a hand full of sulfur
how to fix the fire in time turn it make it soft beyond
softness the cloth of the pillow case enables surrender.

The corpse of an old woman.

It is not visible except on second and fourth Sundays, kept
so no flies nibble a body, no one will disturb her
final rest in Colón, huge city of the dead. Separation.
is what the dead teach and this better place is your

birthright, like Sam before he flees NW winter for Southern summer again a life renewed with South American wine and a daily maté ritual. Submission. Retreat. The will to carry it out. The quiet chrysalis. All things that fly pour out from the deepest cavities of the cave: gone as far as I can on stubborn will and guile, the sulfur smell of the hot springs; this is undeniable. The deep green it makes in mud.

He dreamt of breaking glass.

Timeshift in the convex mirror of the dreamtime. And on the bed she is dead: as dead in the dream as she was in life. *She just stopped kicking* and the grief will go on for one half generation no poppies for this grave somehow nasturtiums somehow plum blossoms can find their way from Slaughter to at least normal, whatever that is we decide and cast away a birthright and all the temporary regalia.

He works downstairs; they help him as he smiles through gritted teeth.

His bare feet secrete the silt of all the bloodline's hesitation black flies feast on; the petals that fall. Insatiable September roses or maybe in May with gorse blossoms or plum again good enough for one Frank Natsuhara here's a monument to surrender he thinks and smiles.

He sees in the distance a heron lumbering into elegant flight.

Distant suns: the local humans prefer the smell of cardamom to ordinance and somehow made the shift this time somehow figured how to prevent that grazing mammoth from ending up elephant ass over tea kettle in a new latitude; somehow knew every last one, even the mouth-breathers, as jewels of the kind that Indra tried to remind us while we fixed our gaze on all the falling plum blossoms.

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