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## From Address

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MARTEN CLIBBENS

*from Address*

*after Nava Fader*

*Narciss*

The late half shimmer  
of day in wind tousled  
pools reflects a stranger  
to his own eyes dead

\*

The weight on my breath  
who does you address?

The pollen and basalt  
word a score of less

\*

There are arms bidden  
Will you winter me?

Say to you limits free  
unbide me wonder

\*

Does address detain?  
A greeting, a spell

An age of hauntings  
a fleeting, a guess

\*

Grass and goldenrod  
if I were to wed

Yellow white willow  
unbask me sorrow

\*

Speak what light transit  
the honey sinks to silt

The orange lichen burns  
who is who I write?

\*

Address is a rumour  
of touch I is saying  
to she in a language  
we is forgetting

\*

The absolute luminous  
white horizon wraith

The freezing mist filament  
maze of intermittent wreath

\*

The grain of white distance  
past all names make a wish

The salt in the wind stings  
wish grief to never cease

\*

Beyond the squall line  
a pale grey stippling

The white blood of what's gone  
unadorn me shriving