From Address

Marten Clibbens

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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