
See That My Grave is Swept Clean

Words are but an entrance, a door cut deep into cold clay.

I say, *A late sky flagged with jade; ice on the pear blossoms.*

I say, *A thrush of cinnabar in the lily's throat.*

Behind each assertion, each gambit, I could place a question mark.

Behind each question, a residue of longing, half-assuaged,
An argument of brine-edged light the moon, your stand-in, doles out,
Grain by grain. Behind each question, a hook blackened with rust.

Begin with a clay bank, a chill wind's insufflation.

Begin with thumbflint, a fever, some sticks to fire the kiln.

Are words but an entrance? *Words are but an entrance.*