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Point of Departure

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Point of Departure

James Anderson

1. Smell the flowers on the tree
dying at their ripest, purplest
darkest. The white
of their stamens is filthy cream
skimmed from sea foam
of this ocean.

Walk to the outhouse: scent
squeezed dry rotten lemons of urine.
Urine in the rusted urinal
crystallizing on concrete.

Then a strain
of pure
desert
air.

How much I love life.
How it hurts.
How it describes itself to me.

2.
We beat into the night
me and the insects.
Tarantula wasps, beetles
cockroaches, cicadas, flying ants
geckos all of us
living a raucous prayer
o the sound
sounding the prayer of life.

We started to form
new words of our own.
Yes we were killers.

We gave life and that alone
made us killers

There was never before
such a language.

Then the sun rose on a white moon.

3.
White iris
taking inventory of
refusing to be
the night's soul.

Sickly hibiscus swallows
hope
for nakedness.

The sky is shining dark on the world
but the moon hangs in the way.

4.
White moon
at sunrise throat
of moon
burnished gold fluted bloom
of gramophone white
throat of moon
burnished gold
fluted bloom of gramophone.

O white moon at sunrise:
there is no song for you.

5.
The dark is made
of black rose petals
because you
have been sleeping with your eyes

open. Soon
the night will be blind
too.

The night and I work
to fill you up
to finish the job
like maniacs with blades
because we are maniacal blades.

6.
The handle opens me
to pain
like a pomegranate exposed
to air full of children,

yet it is not the blade
I give thanks for, strangely
it is the restraint of fingers.

7.
Your eyes
are big and beautiful
and your heart
so rosy pink
it lacks perspective.
You're so full.

I want to kiss your echoes,
your reflections.
You don't use them.

I won't bother to explain the hunger.