

EIDOLON

Believe with the ancients that in sleep
the Universal yawns awake.
Nature's imagination
flows over and through
the sleeper, breathing into each
her hallow specter, sensate shadow of
the Ancestor, pregnant with past,
who quantum moves
from sleeper to mute sleeper
pouring visions from its flask.

The world is full of messengers, worshipped,
worshipping. Ocean is a puzzle of tetrahedrons.
Within glides the dolphin: I^{eye}.

With mind's fingers, I trace so skillfully
the shafts of holographic light that frame
the Eidolon, who hovers at my head.

Vigilant in repose, the soul
surveys her day of subjugation
with jaundiced eye of the immortal,
extracts the prime geography:
 earth of my flesh, river of my blood,
 tree of my veins, neurons
 branching into a crown of leaves.

PREDAWN NON-FILM

Flang! Fling!
Candlewing
Burns away the senseless night.
Floods the stage with uncreated light.

Deep in the curtained set
Fishergirl casts her mystery net.
Caught: Childhood flick in sepia.

Bizarre plot. Archive of genetic art.
The film is lost. Hurries (late) to its long ago post,
Pursued by the dragon of meaning.

The dream is less substantial than the light,
More memory infused, encompassing of time.
Flicker of reptilian fin across the sundog: mind.

NIGHT JOURNAL

1.

I fall asleep within a few hours of dusk to ride
the spangled crest of night. Tidal wave engulfs
flotsam and jetsam of the day, casting their shipwrecked
meanings to shore where they sink into sheltered reefs.
REM-ball eyes unhinged pursue path of the typhoon.
Idiot savant, I sleep on, remember not the storm.

(Yet there are nights when I have clung to the white mare's
mane until the steeplechase turns upon itself
and I awake in a parody of flight.)

(Other nights when I've walked the streets a waking sleeper
hoping to escape that first stupor when devastation of the day
brings down the brain. Bereft joy-rider, I carouse
with fellow celebrants. Dark and various are the rites
of self-eclipse, raucous exorcisms of the midnight dream.)

2.

Night lingers on. Mindplays, troubled or sweet
entertain the deepest hours
when Nature croons to her *Infanta*.
In lunar-like reflection the day's corporeal reality recedes
to its true dimension: mere excess of light.

3.

In the predawn hours, burden of another day
looms large, along with lost battles
of my evolution, rehearsed as though soon
to be fought again, seeking out redemption,
solution. From the bedrock rise tediously to surface
the enduring encounters of psyche:
appointments with the departed mother,
the lost lover. External powers hover,
sovereign, irrevocable. If blessed, I sleep on
eyes focused toward dawn. If I'm too wary of the plot,

I wake to face the hippogriff, to trace its dim outline.

4.

Male birds hymn morning into being. Sense sifts
through sleep, weightless visions drip into sepia.

All this to imply that night

is no more than a shadow of the day.

Awake! Dawn fingers the horizon. The mind
is cleansed of darkness... by darkness.

Tickling lashes, hazy pictograms perform
lazy pirouettes. Or rude intrusion of the clock
sends me fleeing to the light,
a thankful, thankless castaway of night.