

Finding Form

Of course this is how it must begin:
standing on any green hill
at the mercy of all blue rivers,
reinventing the colours of sky.
Three perfect ravens.

Waiting for the moon
to find a form for the planet's giving way:
shade born out of light.

As a matter of course,
the palette gives and receives
in combinations until the body
is no longer a body.

Whisper the incantation
as it was given, as breath.

Walk around the canvas three times,
counterclockwise for luck and momentum.

Wind the world up until
it spins on spit and sweat
and the bloody pitch of a fallen

pine aware of nothing but
the first drop of rain repeating
itself—three times counterclockwise,
putting the hex on cliché: *out of the blue*

words fall on open fields,
plant themselves and wait
for the world to imagine itself

out of a seed or run its course like an
avalanche down a garden path
ripping up colour as it goes.