

G e m

Ed Baker

2007

she shifts fr leg to leg
posture it s own
contra-point

so
much
time
spent

getting

ready

rain

ra in

r

r

r

a

a

a

i

i

i

n

n

driven rain sudden cold wind power

lines down and

wriggling the road

closed

sparks

sear

wet

leaves

power's

de:marcation

burns in

nostrils

her

scent

wet leaves

smolder:

action impregnates absolutely

now, here,

only

a kerosene lamp's

return to fire

source to

find

trash

among the

burning

and the note

she left.



Stone Piece

on the stove-top is a rock a stone sculpture a stone is old as old as she is old and her essence is old is not precisely her nor meant to be or can it be not Stone is ancient giving Old Stories psalms within it s context just what is left written in image on top of hot Sierra wood-stove (also old) coffee-pot percolates and the scent she-scent wafts and lingers in the sound: p e r k l o p! purr-kloph! in every dark corner of the room beyond the light and heat she-gone her laughter gone her baby nursing gone into re;mains this burning note she left re;minds /f rom here to there to a farther there-fore so, I can only 'speechless' gaze into the flame outside the heat the wind/chill pins me down this sudden winter comes in entirely beyond cloud sleeping she-child here again, in mind, suckles tiny-tawny-tiddies sound of rain sucking wind driven to rain giving another log put on fire warmth and light cat curls into blanket yawns into the daily Times wants nothing what needs anybody another useless "Travel Diary"? mendicant walking is in mind only subject is subject in bedded in this note and post-card from Manhattan "'wish-you-were-here'. am on my way to Bequie in February"1969! jeeze here it is 11.12.2007 the card still here the note burning the smoke the chill the rock on the stove-top hot she remembers every nook-and-cranny and what s more every word s nuance on a stack of bibles sutras abound I betcha the bible in that honky-tonk motel she left only this burning.... while on that table that book and a quarter for the vibrating bed.... put another (quarter) in and feel the vibes post-card from Manhattan

note from here her sent a priori I re:flect : "don't forget to water the cactus, dear".

in

her

garden

weeds

need

full

attention

'eremite'

careful now must be it s absolute ness

and

understood

fullmoonfull/halfmoonhalf moon beams inseparable from source

light is just a nother
ceremony

goddess of re:generation, mother ,

nor fire nor moon are
ever
separate from

A HHHHHHHHHHH HHHHHHH HA! , she said

I took her

I took her and her words

w out hesitation

wood on fire yes

Dawn

is here yes

w a white bowl

yes

yes

soup in a

white bowl

fire in wood unseperate from note is ashen now her hair

gone

gray...

