

Not asleep

1

Sooner or later the mind
 gets it: everything
 contains everything
leans back, folds out, arches over
 to encompass
Sooner or later we walk
 in beauty
 like the night

2

Tear me apart, sweet thing
 collect the fragments
 carefully, patiently
 then reassemble
 At length
 make airtight;
 pump. I'll tremble
and inflate.

3

 Something
for nothing thoughts
from emptiness
 tireless helpless
buzzing and weaving
 A spider-bee
 spins endless honey
out of darkness

4

That sting of meaning

causes
my blink and stumble
Sweet
ness and light
wakefulness and sleep
so bravely, patiently
mingled

5

Entwined, as with serpents;
resonant webs
spidery
dew laden
Perfect to each last letter,
this mortal envelope
perfectly
addressed

6

Fingers sticky with honey
poking
the envelope
pointing out
the whole point
less
point; consuming sweetly mingled
fragments

7

Sooner or later the mind
gets stuffed
honey-filled

Blinking, stumbling
 bravely, patiently
ducking and weaving
 pumping, trembling
entwined