

Mingling the Threefold Sky

ALSO BY GAIL SHER

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For Brendan

WHITE

A man in the dark is a dark man. He calls me from
inside the dark water.

That I recognize him in the night without waking is
a growing urge of mind.

And then the man appears. I gradually orient
toward the man.

The tremulous multiplicity of pause, as if dark is
pause, an umbrella of veins puffing and dissolving.

It senses her and stops. She orients towards the stopping like the possibility of a person who *would be* out of darkness.

The stop reveals its form like a word reveals the sensation of something, the *commission* of a sound that holds the language of a word.

Sound fills the cavity and she is there pressing. *I am practicing the word through its darkest cubits of blackness.*

O sister word! Hold insouciance to any word and you have the word resolved even of the idea of word.

The man holds the word in the space of himself, in
a word made ready for itself.

Such that time is rescued out of her, the long day
of time. *I am a thin bone of light, like a duck of light
to nothing.*

The *floor* of the word, the long trouble of the
word. (She feels from the word a certain mastery
of negation.)

*I will live in the word. If its boundary is something
produced by the word.*

She tries to feel her floor, but she is thinking about a cavity, something fluid like a worm and she wants to *say* the worm.

A moan is a moan and where can it reside if not on her floor, the speech body of that word.

She jerks it up but trips so that *she* is the floor and the glue and the shame. *I have a habit of glue*, she confesses.

A flame of everything sears into shape, which is not the word, but the colorless basis of its Pure Land.

YELLOW

A vein of sun hits a woman's cheek. *What is her face*, she wonders, a blush of cheek beneath the long hair of her goldenness.

How sunlight fills the sky is how the mind myelenates appearances to her.

Whose milt is on the edges. It stands in front of sky such that all she sees is sky.

The absolute knowing of sky, weather and sky, like a prerogative that's *said* against which she may stroke her child.

Though she sits facing away, *as if* it is in her, one feels the age of this *away* as her.

The painter paints time locked away from its material, like her own personal face exiled from her face.

As if *away* without location is the real time, the real completion, a recreation of sky, the *other* loneliness of sky.

Rangjung dorge's face. *Its light is not what is in me that way.*

As the moon releases into sky, shedding yellow
back to sky, you see a person's face deep in the
heart of the eye of one.

Day walks out of day losing track of its intelligence,
the part of day held back from day or the end of
his life which is so heartbreaking.

Sound at a distance extends from in front of him.
The arc of his face leaks into shape.

The space between her face, the moon's display of
face. (The features of her belie her apparent face.)

✧

The color of day, two figures in a plain, as if two
were possible outside of itself as a number.

As if day were a point dabbed like paint onto the
brief cortex of togetherness.

A pattern of her in yellow, such that she too,
though *he*, the *he* of how they came to be here
forever.

Where clouds are yellow and birds are yellow, a
double portrait of her, which is *them* as who she is.

It's like these two things, the way light throws itself over land, *them* as a pulse, a stream of apposite colors.

The metaphysics of grey within a yellow space, or closeness, the *duo* of her body coming to be the grey.

For this she'd received an empowerment. A doleful space of air. A *prosody* of air.

The belly of the mind leaks the containment of them, as how the painter lifts the *them* of them and simply puts it on a piece of paper.

Waiting is the movement. Waiting is not resting because the aspect of *pair*, a person's hat of hair, the tip of the world at the edge of his hair.

The man is not. He is thinking about something else. His hat facing light holds the tension of his being there.

The skirl of light obscures to fading light. A vague sense of waiting hangs over his elbow.

Now he is home listening to its softness *as if inside me I have finally found my bedfellow.*

✱

The fold of a tree over light on a road, if she is *in*
the road, the sense that she would be there
anyway.

An old live tree, like the life of someone screaming,
is the language of the tree pushed outside its form.

What colors grow untouched in her, her and her,
what she sees on the Paris streets.

Old registers hard even in a bit of shade.

What is it in a tree that seems to be erased, as if emotion were space, and the subtlety that is part of the tree, the great washing over of space.

The way time holds light on the *inside* of her which is how color organizes itself toward a person.

It makes me question whether sky is the same since movement is not limited (I begin to see sky as limited).

Fifty three skies settle in my backyard may simply be sky pouring out sky.

The painter's mind meets tree and recognizes where there *should* be a tree but it seems like a real tree.

Tree is how time rests back on its own mind.

Because trees need repeatability. Its eye is that prostration. *I will catch my eye in the rigpa of her eye.*

Sacraments repeat in the full verse of eyes, the laying on of an eye, a closed eye or even an eye asleep.

RED

Someone paints a dream thinking it is the person,
cuts out the dream and the dream becomes its
word.

*Now the person will know and his word will have the
letters of an eastern province.*

He is tied to this loosely as if beyond the chance of
knowing, a bodice of time (angling loosely) down
the crevice of his back, loosely.

A man in a horn makes a home for himself in the
horn such that the space in the horn opens to the
vast expanse of his own mudra.

Looking east into space as it pales into sky, he is hearing her painting her but not from the source of her hearing him hear her.

A rattle, disassembled by his mind, appears at the flounce of her skirt-line.

Can't also. *Can't* relates to time as an index. *Can I fit? If I were who I am?* The equation nags a memory.

What is the equation for the mind outside the time, the Sugata of time, each *tissue* of time.

The sound and the struggle to receive it in his body, like its bloodtype is wrong for a person with his body.

It's a situation of her blood becoming ready to be her blood, *after* the pogrom, *after* the sea. Actually red is Word.

Shtetl is the adjective. *Can't* is not east, nor made from the red of tongues.

What translates from the sea (because her ankles hold the sea) now *able* to be a sea, steadying up the sea.

The fib of the girl groping through herself, because
real hearing is just itself, cheap like the wrong
mother.

*I am swimming for ten minutes, cries the Ocean
God's one-eyed children.*

Though the habit of time makes red seem almost
hollow, the dakinis say, *no, please, our joy is red.*
Outside blessing there is no red.

I tear up. I realize who she is in the sponce of her
red body, like an offering to sky or how the dark
sea holds up sky.

The intimacy of red is like hearing the sound of
your birth.

Or the birth of red, like at Yale where red is a
park.

What pertains outside of what we think of as a
color (if red were a smell and we put it in a jar, and
someone opens the jar).

If sound is red, coming to synthesis in a word, the
word lifts off its word, the clarity of mind raised to
the red of the word.

Her body is red and her penis, also, is a thick red.

Like you could vacuum red into your hand let's say.

Fucking red, sliding her hand up the thick course of all procreations of red fathers.

HOW-at-large is how the mother dissolves. She *clothes* the bars that tie her land to red.

Breaking back the skin of its tip, some say it's the
cut itself, the brave cut of red in the hollow of its
mind.

The mind of red cusses red, backwards toward the
front of its tongue.

The lungs of the sea are hollow of devotion. One
keeps its body close like a vajra “dick” of red’s
secret body.

Tongue, mouth, body are as if painted red, but
gushingly so
that the green of red, the deep soft of green’s pure
body
becomes red’s Luscious Body.

GREEN

I look out on a hill. It is bald with exuberance of
old decaying objects.

A shallow hill and sense of day dissolving is a lateral
memory of time.

A shrub is alive, its decay is alive. The slope of the
hill may not be selected into finitudes.

In a cycle of empty light, no birds land.

I see a house of rolling hills as if the hills had taken
refuge but had not taken a vow of refuge.

Hills and hills of bedding in light, the *taking* of light,
the laying down of light.

The observance of the vow is definitely green,
though below the ground dark movement churns,
as if the spirits of light are upset.

A pretense of green, which is unfortunate, like the
mistress of the beds whose greens purvey a chakra
that can't settle.

The engine of green is continuous, she says. (You are sitting in a room watching a broadcast on a small screen near the ceiling.)

Many people are there, like a corporation of *there* (the sense of *there* is inside them, which they now realize).

Their ribcages have come ajar, but instantaneously and with conviction, like *This ajar is final*.

As a woman teems into the room, what stands as her own body. Mind implodes its fulfillment body.

✱

Windows play to light and glass and hair and
pointing, but the heel of the point is old and its
green is old.

Sucking green, like at night when she sucks the hell
out of her body.

Her form stands inside the essence of her body, a
symbol of space like a letter that stands for space.

The dawning of an arm through a glass of green, a
species of pirouette on the point of her final green.

She feels stuck in the glass, both sensing its meaning, but like a dream, sensing a peripheral lurking falseness.

In the wild of glass, how can I be born in so much glass? (The rectitude of her sash has long been known by the girl.)

Anything formed loses nascence, someone cries.
Crystal becomes a deity, rice a snake lashing about as a protector.

Movement has stopped but the agony of time, a dancer stands in the glass of her toe shoe's time, like an *asana* of time.

The still of a dancer's back, if it is *of movement*, is not an image of my feeling.

Because there needs to be green. *That's the mandala inside my whole body.*

The nuance of the color will convene in me. Its word is laid in me. Quiet morning light brings a bowl of it to her forehead.

Day is her support, the first position of mind, a turn-out of mind so that day may grow long.

BLUE

A paradigm of phrase, such as a woman bending,
whether it be evening or fall, in the slow motion of
bending toward something.

The awareness is in her neck and gentle *down* of
softness as if the profile of her face faces a separate
direction from her face.

As if her face stands beside its own absolute
loveliness, revealed in *down* whose axis is not the
axis of the intelligence of her body.

Her body sits down in the weight of a person's
shell whose full curving masses become, some say,
the *racial quality* of the shell.

Race is blue as in the catching of a mind, a shallow remainder of mind deep in its inheritance.

Whose *dristi* settles, both *in* herself, if her mind spreads to his through her body.

That a *dristi* can be queen combines a long history of sewing, how her character can stop (though the motion of bending does not stop).

As a painter paints the lack of occurrence of mind, she goes in which is instantly the real mind.

Am is the assessment. (*I am new, clean as sky.*)

Because boredom is open and joy is open, like if I am a bird and then tomorrow the intervening presence of myself.

Whose scent is in the *tukdam*. The bird grows small but she is dead.

The awareness is there and the vicinity, too, holds the bird.

She's a shot bird. (Shot is a value.)

I am in the purview of tenderness, she's crying.

*I am a broken bird. I am raped and then I am a bird
again.*

Is heard through a clearing, but it is just the bird
and she shines its light so prettily like the repeated
sequence of a waterfall.

✱

Here is night and death lies bleeding, the deepest
black of light at the edge of a sparrow's forehead.

Its dark internal quest pushes toward what is exact
in him, to say a state of dark at the bottom of his
pillow.

And there's something else that I can't remember,
a holocaust of birds being the blackness of pale
color.

The space of black is the barren essence of a color,
like pain or *his* mind that we can no longer say is a
color.

Blackness is alive, palpable in an accused person. A guard senses it trembling.

The black of an iris makes black out of light. *It's the kingdom of black blowing black across the fields.*

What is this word, like a domino of air, which they cannot know, cannot take. Light enters through its scales.

We welcome you into air, they say, but they have no idea of air, they are just *saying* air.

The guard sees a scale and says *this is the scale*. Its stillness is black and its water is black.

Like a bodice of death is effluvial and lightly striated colors.

Said and its air that comes to him from somewhere. Saraha is the name of one, whose arrows have the thickness of one.

Is pierced in my hair (or half of hair) excoriates the poverty of its word.

He sees the mind in the word as a sudden realization, not just the vision but as a particular situation.

Like time exists in time, but due to the power of infinity of ordinary errors stays fully dissolved in confusion.

Past doesn't exist, the guard repeats. (The struggle to extort a sense of how *exist* can be.)

The blue motion of a star, the torture of the star.
In the ash of it is a word, but not conceived, as in
the slow fingernails of his father.

✧

Blue land falls to dusk before dusk falls, like a taste
that opens in your heart.

A wind of blue settles with sky as it fades over the
land.

A gum-tree is quiet. Air absorbs its light.

As if a penny were dead, slow in slow night. The
slow vase and touch of winter.

His view of mud in the full jelly of the land, blue or black as he calls to her primitively.

Shadows of time pour out their place so as to not encounter anything.

Shapes at a distance may be sky making arcs, a vagina aroused to sky and open to sky's subtleties.

Blue is space. Dusk is source. In a lapse of wind, the *skin* of rain hovering, a word that has departed.

Lust in the wet land. (I fish into my mind.)

Mud in particular stands beside each light particle differently.

Night is light. Night is so light. If you touch it it turns into memory.

He stares into blue as it softens into *not blue*,
making distance from elaborations of blue-on-blue,
blue-on-*not-blue*.

Dusk in a hill dissolves into a cow, visible but indistinguishable, like consciousness.

The cow has an umbrella. *The dakinis are playing their drums*, people say.

A rainbow is the deities welcoming the cow back. The local wisdom deities are so happy to see the cow.

The cow allows its happiness to be seen.

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is set in Minion, a typeface designed by Robert Slimbach in the spirit of the humanist typefaces of fifteenth-century Venice. Minion was originally issued in digital form by Adobe Systems in 1989. In 1991, Slimbach received the Charles Peignot Award from the Association Typographique Internationale for excellence in type design.