

Mother's Warm Breath

ALSO BY GAIL SHER

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Mother's Warm Breath

Gail Sher



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For Brendan

CONTENTS

BOOK I: *Birds* 1

BOOK II: *Sky* 41

BOOK III: *Mother's Warm Breath* 57

BOOK I

Birds

Once I saw a bird

still and pink
standing in a grove of trees.

At twilight, on one leg,
growing thin
like a very young girl.

Might it catch a bird, swallowing its bones?
Its vessel holds sky
carrying sky to a different place
where it is fresh.

When the birds blew further away,
she felt the sky with her hand.
The gray corolla of old ones,
on a washed-out hill,
colors broken off.

How old is she? I ask, but they are sobbing.
A woman watches,
remembering herself through the bird.

Rare beauty is begun, he thinks,
seeing into the hill the limitation of my seeing
where the dead person lingers.

It is myself, looking at the grass,
seeing its kindness suddenly.

Food is offered,
though a throat could disappear.

Every given moment that you perceive is the same thing,
you say and I'm thinking, *It's the bardo.*
It just arises and you see.

You throw a piece of cloth on the hill.
To see if the hill has green in it.
Then you rub the cloth,
gently touching your fingers.

Sometimes the cloth is wrapped in sky
and when you touch it to your face,
it moves jerkily.

The hill is seen from the belfry,
its transparency of light
merging with the green motion of air.
Light crosses light
on the edge of their fur.

The latitude of fur
as a place for light to rest,
each hair being a *support*.

Husky wings in low night.
In low fur.

*Blue is blue, I'm thinking,
separate from mirroring,
blue or a mountain
or a person's face.*

This face is my own face.
The slight sound of a bird
fluttering in a bush
could be bells
or roots like cascades of long fragrant hair.

A vulture scatters flowers
and I saw that she saw
that the wings of birds
are light-fields.

And now it is night.

Seabirds play in frothy chips of glitter
coiling like an aroma
that is not one aroma
because fading light gathers
packs, fish, flies.

Bone-buttons in a bowl,
like lotuses in lakes,
drift behind her mind.

A rabble of dogs snarl.
Whose limbs are dogs
stiffened in their tracks
or crooked trees
dwarfed like a witch.

There is fear
and the notion of drifting across,
as if a button is a raft
pulled by sky,
little awakenings by little awakenings.

And the fire-pink, its ontogeny,
how it came to be, as you say,
erupted.

*An Avalokitesvara appeared on the bone of my foot
when I took birth as a dog, a monk says.*
The time of his bones
or sweet hair falling
on the muscles of his shirt collar.

You wander around
from dream system to dream system,
listening for yourself
being handed to you by someone.

Is like air being handed to me
by someone.

The time of sky has no direction,
no containment,
is and is not a vast field.

She looks at the hill but sees
the logic of the grass,
a memory of death in a bird's harsh call.

What is *behind* the grass
erupts from the grass.
Is in her, as *is* in flesh.

A bird purrs and its heart drips
as the color of night thaws.

The flesh of the bird was broken that day.

Which wouldn't hold its feathers,
as the flesh was *keen*.
(Old ones said *provoked*.)

I see you on the edge,
a fissure or cleft where a breach has been made
and I think, *Am I the breach?*

The gestation of wrongness is not carried by wings
nor the deep drop of cliff
overhanging the swollen stream.

Being in the dark with so many mountains,
so many startled animals.

*Please don't try to tell me
there are animals in the sky,*
someone says as she dozes.

To affix a buzzard's beauty.
To stay born and follow the animal's trail.

A huge white edifice
from afar looks like sky.
Why is the sky white, she thinks,
not realizing.

An animal rests,
luring her and stroked by her softly.

Were I white, she thinks,
recalling the knocked door of a nunnery,
whose square of light
crawls over sand.

In the distance other people are stroking animals,
pouring them in a jar
or vacuuming them up
in a little tube.

I suspect that their voice
still blends with the night's stream,
like the trees and
like the real body of the people.

Or like an old nest simply left.
In things said *back*
in the voice of a stranger.

A woodpecker's peck
may be connected or not
depending on her emotional needs.

The boundary of a bowl leaves its edge,
its age in lines
around the bowl's broad hips.

A word in time creeps through its own wet structure,
sentiment (throwback)
or some anachronistic nest
that slips away from its structure.

All this time studying the dunes
that crack around the sea.
An animal is dead
and breathes dead breath.

Is still as a cross
at the edge of a white field.

*I dress and wait for death
though I am already in death.*

Through the wall
a delphinium *wears* light,
carrying it to the people.

An animal eats, rubbing skin against sky,
so that there is a larger sense of
being in sky.

As if it'd been alive
for that moment of passing.
Wind pools hills, luffing,
and at the same moment,
passing.

Sky holds the animal up.
What holds up the sky? she thinks,
watching the animal's hands
resting on its stomach.

The animal moves.
Leaves move, and grass, like blowing hair,
settles closer to the earth.

A squirrel flies through air
and the angle of light through its hair
is like the ribs of night.

Dawn in a squirrel
is a raindrop's fresh earthiness.

A squirrel breathes in covenant with something.
A fizzy motion of air
blurs her vision of its claws.

Whether or not it is from
the sweet squirrel's hair,
her trouble of hair,
inside its shell of hair.

His experience of his hair
versus her experience of his hair
in the moment of his jump,
though she is further from his hair.

The non-location of the feeling
later reifies in a dream
of rainbow-feathers on a stick
and a man waves the stick,
touching her forehead.

You almost know who she is,
yet you do not know her.

So you cannot forget her.

Rubbing the bird,
stroking its hair so that it is soothed.
The old ones receive until they realize *I'm dead now.*

I am half ghost. I eat all of their hair, always.

Someone belongs here, she thinks,
having the memory of her mother's hands.
A bouquet of birds
contains her mother's feeling for color.

The hair on a fly, motionless,
contains the memory's breath
clinging to the hair
before it disappears.

The hair is not an image of sky
though it has sky qualities
and has come from the sky.

A gallery of eyes has the willowy look
of lost people.

A shadow from the sky
holds the hills apart,
like a tuft of hair
emptied of sea.

The beauty of a fox,
its pink quick speed.
Wisps of hair, air-brushed.

Each night the sun slides out
below the clouds,
behind the *sun leaning*.

One color leans and the other leans,
so that there is a clean surface
for the air to move.

The rim of her body moves
like the rim of an animal
twitching in sleep.

Now I regret my voice
in the trees of them.

A woman lives in her neck,
settles in her neck.
A cloud on its side
is a vague motion in her heart.

Night lashed on its braid
folds around her back
like a shell.

A bird's neck is infused with life,
but later, after its song,
she does not see the neck
and thinks it is inside the bird.

Geese prefer milk
in this extreme world.

Ah, geranio! someone exclaims at an osmanthus.
It is November. The rareness of sky, wind, birds,
in the month, in the sorrel
and clay rocks of the past.

Two doves nest high in an oak.
One sits on a branch.
Engorged with sun
the horns of its center relax.

I see death spread sun around your arm.
Empty snow-light
like a glassy puddle of melt.

The nipple of the bird,
its sound in the dark
and thud of its fall through the cliffs.

A butterfly lands
so that her face pauses.

Hearing the bird
she follows her mind
into the tail of the bird,
into the tail of its children.

Hearing the bird
the occasion of its air
and complete *symphony* of
chromatic features.

The delicacy of its wings
as the deity pours flowers.

Awakening in snow you hear birds.

Their call is deep,
rising from the riverbed.

I *hear* your face in the
echoing of trees.

Bare branches on bare ground
like quills in cold night.

Each emitted word
in the compost of earth fluctuates.

Seeing the stark barren word
flicker like grass
covering the bird or
place in the meadow where the bird grew.

Your words are mixed with flowers.
Mermaid words,
half letter, half calyx,
drawls the mind down.

Like a word may be breached,
or *defoliated*, she says.
Its skin waxes blue
across the chain-fenced field.

Sometimes it slips from under itself
so that virtuous, non-virtuous, neutral
maintain in the word
after it is broken also.

Then her words are the only true words.
(My own experience
were also her words.)

Awareness deepens to a pool.
If I feel each letter,
the heart of the word will be calmed.

The impasto of color,
of her face and of stone.
The course of her face being
before the face,
so that someone else,
seeing the light,
could arrive at her face.

Her approaching her,
before her,
its existence as an ache
rising over the top of the hill.

Ultimately birdness is a very primary,
bottom-line, open-ended
sense of awareness.

Experience is what arises in awareness,
the way light, say, accretes
across a frozen pond at dawn.

Through the wires it is done
as when a thing has progressed
beyond being erased,
beyond a point where
it can be forgotten.

You are *marked*
and for how long in this sky,
reposing on a col on the summit-line.

A hummingbird in air,
whose qualities, imbued with dahlia,
sits in air
independent of the dahlia's redness.

Simply seeing the flower's shape,
discovering its motility, *qi*, or,
as if wandering about,
its intrinsic comfortableness.

I'm lucky, you say.
The brand of the child is mine to keep.
(You can see the furry flower
hugging its own passionate surface.)

An insect's leg outside the flower's horn
dissolves in cold winter fire.

*We are one sky in ourselves and in sky, she thinks.
Sky is air changing into shapes of sleep,
but it dies into sky,
gentling itself out.*

Air is thin then,
feeling through it to her breath.

*Is there a place, like sky
or inside a flower's head?*

She knows the town of sky,
slow ice of all sky.
A parallel sky, like a mountain park.

Your face holds sky and when I look
I see a particular old sky.

Gestures are like sleep.
The pathos of trees stroking the lake
with their leaves.

A woman wears red
in the tall lean elegance of a bottle,
as if her shape were identical with the bottle
and also an old bottle.

A drowsy man walks, carrying logs,
so that in sleep
the sound of their falling enters.

Red leaves cover death,
the substratum of death,
the materiality of blood thought of as *her* blood
or *her* past.

You are started.
You begin in my mind
before you are you.

Sometimes rabbits and prairie-dogs
scamper among the grasses,
but hers, now dead, would be found
among the leaves.

An image—*a chameleon's green in earth*—
comes before or after the image,
as if you could peer through leaves
to the war in the leaves.

Being thin, I see mountains.

Shade within shade is where a horse sits,
but internally, like shade
crosses a person's eyes.

I live you in my body.
Is not ahead of her body,
as a woman lags in her body.

Wandering around ahead of her large body,
a woman reads and the words
take place in her ribs.

Teepees line the land
where she sets up her drums,
in eggshell light,
thin with beautiful pale colors.

A jeweled pheasant drags the wind
and fog is smeared through the pebbles.

Her crimson wing (*still in the limb*)
lays on wind,
relaxing the wind.

Sun floods a leaf
battered by weight.
Swirls slowly down.

Sun mows *down* into a bone of air.
A person notices and moves
with a slight 'reflect' motion.

That circumstances repel.
That there's resilience in a
'reflect repelling instant',
the gambol of repelling
now in a cloud
on the clearing's north ridge.

Each time you climb a piece of sky,
you are imagining it is sky.
Vespers are said in a chapel on a lane
and the words reach the road
but do not stay in its memory.

A body lingers on the road,
then seeps through the road
draining through the aquifers.

A child climbs a pole,
beside a string of birds,
beside the waves hanging there.
His ladder to the sky
has no reference point.

Come sky he writes but spells it *cum*.
The cum of sky,
the sound of birds scuffling song
through evening weeds.

Rainbows, sometimes regarded as dragons,
appear together as double rainbows.
They soar into the sky,
mani jewels threading from a string.

Cold lake, for thousands of yards,
soaks up the sky color.

Once there were birds
damaged in the flowers.

If you look at the horizon after the bird,
the memory of the bird
or red, where the river flowers leaf out.

A bird sings strong
and her *will to sing* is strong,
though it frightens her.

Her will to sing becomes a branch where she sits.
Thus singing loses singing.
Subsiding.

How dusk fills the tree
is how the child's weight is borne in her.

Its feelings are a bowl
whose qualities come from the base of itself
and is how it truly feels about itself.

A bird sings and as I look beyond you to the bird,
my mind follows my eyes.

But if I gaze and my mind wanders somewhere else,
something shifts in the figure of a pigeon
I remember touching.

As if a pigeon were a natural replica of itself
so that seeing it
is seeing dark.

Holding the bird,
sheltering it in my pocket,
its warm life drains into the fabric of my sleeve.

Seeing the flower in a mirror
and the emotion that caused her to see it that way,
a little death.

Whose attribution is not an appearance,
is not opaque,
but fluid like a wall or statue made of butter
in the still mind of a soldier.

Flower is flower *and* time in her mind
out of darkness.

The end of sight is clear dogwood, he says,
where *clear* means empty
and *dogwood* the clear light of space.

A lama moves and I see his quiet ribs.
My grave is made from logs
so that night will be left there, he says.

When the dogwood becomes earth
we say the flower dies,
but a child leaves a meadow
not its life in the meadow.

BOOK II

Sky

A woman rests. She is lying on a bed back-to-back with a seated man. Touching is there but its *time* is not there.

A woman rests *between* time. Like time in special settings and she is the setting whereby time vanishes.

So he *paints* her body, being invisible and also seated on the bed juxtaposed and contiguous with the other person. He paints space though it looks like figures on a bed.

The woman's experience stretches toward the man but is unknowing of the man.

I see light in the interstices of her body contracted around
their crash in her body.

As if shadows cover the hide of sky's body, the concept
of sky's body being a short cut in time back to the experience,
opposing the experience.

How sun against the grass continues to the sky, the
enclosure of sky, like seeing encloses sky,
sky-before-sky, and the hour of sky's *midst*.

A sapling touches sky or exact moment of sky as philosophy
of *this* sky, beholden to no other sky.

So there's sky and my experience of *being* sky, opening my hand, letting time be one of sky's animals.

A woman at dusk is green because the animals in sky are the color of the trees.

As if there were sun in young green sky so that green may grow wild.

A pool of birds on the bayside rill, the knowledge of which, the absolute utter familiarity, not of birds but of birdness drifting south along her orchid's lips.

A feeling begins. She might have been asked to teach this feeling, as if birds learn feelings once they wander from home.

Like the sleeve of feeling relating to the sleeve of skin. If she notices, if she sees the bird seeing the feeling arising in her, transparency for transparency.

The relation of a sentence to a bird or words to *things* (a word exposed in the skin of a woman cooking, knowing something not depositable in the room).

A bird is light, being light-in-light, or air, in light, in water or air-in-air, like a line around air.

Shape slips to shape. *Slips is for life.*

Sun rests along with the woman and her chair, the fluidity of time crawling over wood.

How light against wood *pulls* the woman, *wing of chair* affected by the pitch of the wood's fire.

As if war were there crossing a line of hunger.

A bird begins, *darkly flying out*. Someone sees the bird and thinks of Icarus falling as if falling is time and a boy falling is a measure of falling's resonance in the person.

A woman *hears* the self of herself falling, from the *inside* of falling, outside any limits of time.

Passing it off as the *performance* of her falling, her experience of falling outside her experience of *feeling* falling.

Angling its falling and the scattered tits of its breath's loose scabs.

A boy falls in neutrality. Between the *feeling* of death and death.

I *have* the person, I say, instead of when he was the person, as if the person were its birth, and also, the experience of its birth.

Being *hey* in the spread of a corpse's tail.

We strain events through time as if age is a place jilting her to there.

A cricket squeaks, objectifying air, seemingly.

The mystery of its disappearance in the dominance of a breeze,
as if breeze intrinsically *contains* squeaking.

Yet an eminence rubs off. Light alternately occluded and
revealed.

A cricket faces east though it is unseen and comes into
east slowly.

Even my mother disappears in the red carriage. She waits at the side of a snowfield in her hat, which is an elegant hat, beyond her capacity for a hat.

A hawk skirts sky along the places where sky stops.

As if place were not the hawk but all things touched by the hawk.

A caw is like space, gluing space where caws are space.

My mother is a cloud like day across a hill. *Hill* is an agreement.

A being's short life, without the *affection* of life stirs a memory of experience exterior to what is beheld.

Like an offering thrown *opposite* the sign where a negative force originates.

The lines of my hands sink with the sun. *Who may you be crawling where I am, dangling from the riverbed?*

Sometimes I think that my spirit sleeps in water flowers. *I sink into the land spreading like a shadow.*

Violence exudes from the flower's previous color as in her mind she cannot find the color.

Something sad, say, may look to you like a color, like fate is a color.

Seeing is *conveyed* like a boat conveys seeing, seeing death and then its color. Seeing's inside *is* color.

A woman begins, though her face is absorbed, dark in a dark room.

As if dressless, a woman reclines at the bottom of a space, perfectly alone.

So a body grows down into itself, which is how a painter can paint himself and not *be* himself.

Seeing the inside of time, the *constraint* of time, like a flower in a cornfield blossoms into a puzzle.

The beauty of air, moist, and her experience of moist as she breathes night, in and out heavily.

As if a shell forms inside both of us. The shells of her are lines turning light into a quality of time.

Density holds time like water in a lily congeals (sets) so that a cause happens and the result looks like a lily.

The pinkness of time whose insides are flowers *is* in things, shells smelling this way.

A bird begins slowly, is *risen* slowly.

A vague line of mind annuls the feeling in a word which is replaced with lines of time tracing the word's beauty.

Time appears but it is color not time. A bird's loveliness is time.

Slow is the horizon itself.

BOOK III

Mother's Warm Breath

DOG

My old mother barks. I hear her over death.

Wake up, someone says. A letter dissolves into the being's feathers.

All the little animals *timed* to her, playing we, playing the arms and legs, so that there isn't anything left.

The portrait of a dog, its perpetual yank of teeth is a portrait of *dissolve*, where *dissolve* too is liberated from what's false.

The brain of the sound loosens into color.

I, a dog, claw myself out of solidity.

Her toenails are claws and she gets to choose which kind of dog.

As the brain descends, darkness descends, in the *no-house*
where the dead assemble.

Is the claw a bone? It seems to weigh more than the bone.

Like the weight of a bone being suddenly too heavy, as if her body were the wrong body though the bone is okay.

I'm trying to remember. Wings are dividied up. The track of one hovered in a spoon.

I dedicate something, which sounds like a word but I am dead.

Fades in a distant dog. There is a waterfall. Dogs fall into her body.

Fades to sea (kerfluffle of brook) the mountains and rivers of that tidepool.

The wingspan of a dog has white speckled markings and there are *heavenly dogs* which she painted.

The jiffy of her dog, *o my god*, in its quick march toward its drumbeat.

Someone whispers black, which is enclosed in black like in a wedding of black and me.

Since its aggregates are black, I call myself *black* and sit in it like a dish.

The sound of day stops. The wooden dog stops.

My hand is me now. So you can't tell. No one can tell.

HAIR

Her mind is hair, white, earthy, cropped, like *total hair*.

Give me your hair, someone says, which I think is my mother asking for my hair.

Offering hair on a platter, the sound of a plum sits in its color, as if the stomach had her name etched on its flesh.

Ripe and dark, like the rind of her being scraped and tossed away.

It is the bed inside her mother.

Mommy! But the bed is a plum in which the mother insists she sleep.

A thin bed, fragrant from practice. As if her skin were too shallow.

Which could be food from the settlement of her father.

A hair is fed. An offering of hair yielded to the mountain.

A youngster bird grey in the mountain. In its plum,
spooned up and *being*.

The bird of hair speaks and it is a warm bird, as if air could
be a bird, the *wait* of their tongues having never before
been brothered.

My voice and your hair thrive on a metronome of waltz time.

One fixed to hair. For example nuns, in the white folds of wandering hair.

Which the nun hides in a shell, so it is there, with her as she washes, and she knows her hair thoroughly.

I, the voyeur, do not perceive her *hidden* hair. I *may* not and *do* not grasp this internal shield.

I, the voyeur, am outside the circle that her yellow hair makes there.

I *intend* hair, I say, and begin to practice those qualities that support it.

I mean from its depths, like the nondiscursive mystique in the drape of a nun's habit.

You are allowed to be hair, bottomless hair, through drapes whose folds hold the depths of hair's feeling.

I lay upon a rock, ministering to them, to the empty linearity of her mind exposed on a hot day.

SKY

I make a connection between my mother's *towel* as an object and *towel* as the nature of my old mother in morning sun.

She grooms light in the endless cleaning of herself.

She bends over sky. I *draw* sky like a lesson of myself.

From outside through a window, an image of her in split-second segments.

What a filthy piece of sky, I say, brushing the air with a spoon.

You feed sky to the person. A leaf through her skull
blows down the valley.

She recalls something, the dead child's face, or more liminally,
think of a still-born's face.

So sky is subjective, like a private game of cards, shuffling,
dealing, from the bell of each card.

Sky is an *ability*.

As if there were a zoo of sky, a rib of sky inside the bird.

At large in death inside her own emaciated wingspan.

I *hug* sky, the *limbs* of sky, mimicking fruition as in starships.

Being an angel then, in my own hole of sky. Now I am gone but we still talk, don't we?

Now I am not. The bone-cake of me gone.

My old mother's bones are quarter-moon bones. (Whose butter bones suspends from the sharp essence of her breast.)

Sky stops for a moment. Or tree of sky which I experience as a cuff of sky.

Eagles rest on it. Are forms projected outside, as if they exist very private and wrapped up.

To ascertain the rhythms of sky your fingers tap to that.

As if the mind of one were a baby. On the shore of herself, as though time itself, as though time were *there* running alongside time.

Time is color then. A capability from the old river.

PIGEON

A girl steps out of her tall black dolly. The mother of one, like a doll plopped in the corner.

Where is her prettiness? A certain prettiness that you know, that you can even touch.

Soft breath from her eyes, but the eyes themselves are rocks.

A songbird peers, caws. A fish caws to the harmony as if it knows who it really is.

You are the person that you have forgotten. As if the real you fades into air, indistinct from the particles drifting across your face.

Where waking sees ground and you are the ground, not dead wood.

Being privy to ground (king of ground). A young bald bird sits parallel to the window.

The hill inside the bird. (Knowing the hill from seeing the bird's shadow.)

A bird bell tolls by the river of her father.

Wrapped in a dress she tucks her wings. So she is just a dress. If you look you see a dress plunked on a step, asleep.

Tucked in her dress, tucked like a bird. The spectrum of her inside a chilly bag.

But her feet are young.

The pigeon is immovable. She rests inside me, looking
through me to my daughter.

A bracelet at her feet is like a rock carved with her tongue.

So I wrap my tongue in bandages. Is the hawk's wrist in
mountainless dead-lands.

In the feet of our voices, the feet of the birds are calm.

Inexorable coo, are you bleeding?

The harp of you, though the monk swore you'd be spared.

Seated in its knowing, its face in shadow is alive.

So I forget who I am. As if the need stopped.

MOTHER'S WARM BREATH

i

Mother's warm breath, like a *plate* of breath. Yet it is old
breath, having eaten many crackers.

My breath is a wall, she whispers from *real* breath, instantly
present to birds.

The energy of the animal appears to be experienced internally,
its breath (a shadow) withheld in its own stem.

What's left of mind as a squirrel leaps out?

If she pulls air out, in a tantrum say, or *superior air*,
parceling it out to descendents.

I feel the sweet journey of your air, she muses. Swift and
stark, its transmission in a jar.

A harem of air bustling down the hallway, a *trance* of air
parting through itself.

I am cleaning my air, she's saying, as if the air were inside
her stomach.

As if the air were blood and she is poured into a glass. *Air is definitely blood*, someone says.

Warm green blood from the mittens around her legs because there'd be a war of dogs, afterwards, in the bushes.

To accrue war she saves up the *noble green color* because *pure view is always seen through the light of the five colors*.

My nails are on fire, she says, seeing her hands in a later version of hands (like being friends with her hands when they are dog's hands).

*How many hands are in the dog's hooves, she wonders,
because paws are everywhere.*

As if all the hands were grabbing her tits greening everywhere.

A birdhouse of tits so that the feeder-birds chew green blood
from the mother.

*I am ordained in blood, the samaya "blood" whose liturgy
I've accomplished.*

My mother is a *place*. And a being from there having qualities, as if she is also from there.

From the inside of her being her, gradually becoming her in the same taste as russet-pink.

Russet-pink is a field carrying one's pure essence, like a whiff, *oh! that's her!* Maybe some pawmarks.

Totems of her gaining belly from herself.

A place is by chance (like pain is a guess).

Like a lid with its definite jar, she's attached to this, thinking maybe there's no other jar.

The lid has a slogan, which she wears and thinks it's not right if her family does not.

Like a *birth word*, say. *Every person has one word.*

Held adrift by old old hearing.

Don't touch you! says her own face. (For she recognizes the previous resentment and its marks on her old face.)

As if spring follows summer and we are already at the beginning.

If my father is murdered, does that mean I am dead or (like *one's face in sound*) about to be dead?

A legacy of light is separate from reflection, like a legacy of dog
only sees itself.

So there is mourning but not knowing. She could be a dog
thinking she's a dog.

Her formless growl cracks like a flower, like shards of voice but
one hears only the thinnest outermost skin.

I harbor myself in the familiarity of something, air, leaves,
peacocks running across a field.

People coming in like the last second of her knowing.

As if she'd snapped her teeth. *Stealing* knowing, she becomes simple.

In the interstices of a plan, like knowing skips to what's there anyway.

The value of her in the real actual sitting down, till she rests.

iii

It's a disclaimer, the notion of a dog on the outskirts of
her own dog.

Her groin is young. Her pointy nose brings out the animals.

Her voice has tongues and the tongues also have some. The
muscles in her tongue carving my name fast.

That's why I die, sipping myself away.

Being old and cold, living in a box. I pull on her tongue so that the air can be colorful.

Can you fit into a word? I ask politely. (It is a long thin tongue.)

A droplet of rain ripens. Where is the daughter of this body?

Are *boxes of tongues, postures of tongues*, juxtaposed and contiguous with one's internal experience of tongues?

Her name begins in the back of my throat, bubbles in throats,
like a cliff of throats.

In the *fro* of the dream, as if beauty were beyond it.

I look closely at her throat whose little hairs wrinkle. I saw them
be calm.

A stream of heads are throatless and I begin to think, *SHE*
STOLE THE THROATS.

I, mother of a word, am also mother of its flesh.

I, mother of a throat, cannot know its container.

The ebb of a word still in her mouth. *Whaaat? Whaaat did you say?* she'd say, as if lugging the word up.

Her *whaaat* is space, each letter jettisoned from crayola.

Mother's Warm Breath

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.

