

*Hundred-Stanza Renga*

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(1) summer

A whole year's passed—  
he fetches down the elk skull,  
aspen leaves shaking

(2) summer

night:  
except for the occasional squawk of a korhaan . . .

(3) autumn moon

and a Moon of Yellow Willows  
breaks across  
bits of these tattered lives

(4) autumn

little knife-edges of snow  
luminous against the clear blue sky

(5) autumn

mid-September—  
and Wang Wei's poem hides a haiku?  
pre-dawn buck's cry says yes

(6) misc.

pass me the hoe!  
how many times do I have to ask?

(7) winter

Sand Hill Cranes  
rise from the stubble field's first snow—  
ice wrinkling the Platte

(8) winter

now I am thinking that  
immolation is wrong

(9) travel

pawprints, criss-cross trails,  
green tracks in the mud—  
I, too, take the Great Journey

(10) travel

the truth of its clothes  
in the cold hall, think of clothes

(11) lamentations

she thinks that had she become a nun  
something about coats  
light as soft as yellow foxes fur

(12) love

now her cloister's  
a careless bedsheet across her thighs

(13) love

like a tree's shadow in darkness, she says  
seated in her flesh  
watching young night creep behind the massif

(14) love

dark ridge bristles with pine  
dark thighs fragrant of jasmine

(15) spring flowers

fondling the flower—  
light plump peas  
float in the loosening pod

(16) spring

her eyes are blank  
I feel no connection with her

(17) spring

rash blue petals  
a dukula cloth covers Radha's  
deep lotus

(18) autumn moon

chestnut-moon: I smear the land  
a fierce bright lilac

(19) autumn

he eyes the mist-filled ravine  
longing for "home's  
familiar moon" (stars)

(20) autumn

bubbles splurge, though they are slow bubbles  
sometimes empty white holes

(21) autumn

cold constellations  
twist over Kullu  
even the plum wine's sour

(22) winter

beware of mud piled and caked  
in little squares of mud maps

(23) lamentations

my ornaments bones  
of emptiness –  
I study them for clues to lost love

(24) lamentations

yet, practically speaking, what is her fan  
compared to the carp's life

(25) misc.

he studies the formal  
stiff board, the fibers of silk  
and longs for wind-torn high granite

(26) misc.

today you are a brook, feeling brook energy,  
a monk thinks in his forest cell near Hua Hin

(27) spring flowers

a Full Wolf Moon  
the brittle snow  
but who recalls the dogtooth violet?

(28) spring

which dawn did the fresh wind blow  
toward a knoll of fawns

(29) spring love

where in the dark grove,  
eyes, eyes, where the ivory instep,  
the petal-soft foot

(30) love

sun shines on my spine  
as I greet him through the window

(31) love

the river merchant's wife—  
by the gate the thick mosses  
the unused hinges

(32) love

I read it as a book against war  
a hundred years what did we learn

(33) misc.

light falls on raw wood  
and softly falls on her  
as she passes into sky

(34) travel

she bows, mimicking the dancer  
because her ancestors are there too

(35) autumn travel

rises, tightens a scarf against the year's

first snow, the angled trees  
strange skyline, smoldering clouds

(36) autumn moon

the noise of its blue  
resolves into stars

(37) autumn

twice gone moon song glint  
the poetry shelf's  
one phase of the hunt

(38) love

her braid seeks shadows  
snowdrops, honeysuckle, or in summer, violets

(39) love

he'd give her sapphire,  
avalanche can't crush it,  
but dwarf dogwood's soft on her cheek

(40) lamentations

I'm thinking of wings  
rubbed with sky

(41) lamentations

sometimes it hurts  
to hear that no snowflake falls  
in the wrong place

(42) miscellaneous

where does a person with three kinds of defects

breathe out the master asks

(43) miscellaneous

or the sand lily –  
if you say change to a sea-bird  
where would it root

(44) miscellaneous

how a beaver floats under sky-words –  
before what in a bud sprouting on a sprig of grass

(45) miscellaneous

this was near Chama,  
a clump of blue juniper  
where the clicking bones sang don't fear

(46) miscellaneous

that wild red impassible gully  
rushed with such violence

(47) travel

I thought of sea-beds  
thought of tilting red sandstone plates  
the drift of continents

(48) travel

a relaxed tousled gamine emerges  
from last year's prim and simple one

(49) love

easy to be near her,  
but now I can't shake the Taoist

emblem inked on her nape-line

(50) love

I shiver through a shallow sleep  
on this night of extreme cold

(51) love

her glowing bare shoulders burn me  
indecipherably—  
moon, crater, remorse

(52) religion

as if you are light and as you approach  
you are dimmer light

(53) religion

and in that dim aura  
coils of smoke, gray, twisted—  
to you I offer a handful of water

(54) autumn moon

an old owl coos stirring the girl  
whose face looks out

(55) autumn

steep rib of canyon, view of Denver  
ne bear fattens on what—  
crabapples?

(56) autumn

the combination of sere, barren wood laden  
with richly colored fruits being starkly beautiful

(57) travel

being, in the Chinese cycle  
metal, when the blues enter our heart,  
...on a northbound train

(58) love

was it his tooth in her lighted body  
beckoning him

(59) love

one brittle shard  
in his sheets  
a bone fragment left by the dream

(60) spring flower

the crocus breaks as parts of the sky  
that are hers

(61) spring

all those abstract  
skirts of rain  
sweeping the mesa at Hopi

(62) spring

dogs chew light  
they lay it at her feet

(63) travel

she has seen marvels  
none scared her more than the  
gods of the Punjab Hills

(64) lamentations

movement being like a shell or castanet  
like the days and lives of her horses

(65) autumn moon

only the crickets chirr'd  
when the word brindled sank  
through Eldorado Gap

(66)autumn

the crocus breaks as parts of the sky  
that are hers

(67) autumn

he studies the clouds  
the first hard snow pellets sting  
what has he lost

(68) lamentations

a flower is soft  
and the pain of soft presses against the hill

(69) lamentations

just as I'd befriended  
the Holocene,  
angry constellations burnt the night sky

(70) miscellaneous

when you appear the interior land shifts  
making sounds like stones

(71) spring flower

Tim Hogan showed me  
the billion year jump, stone to stone,  
kinnikinnik bells

(72) spring

he regrets that he's disturbed their nap  
under the peony blossoms

(73) spring

useless, useless,  
a late frost throws them to the winds  
all the words of Hamlet

(74) travel

an instinct for home in a carrier-pigeon  
has no presence in what will happen then

(75) travel

or the myna stole the peacock's feet—  
that's what I  
heard in the Kangra

(76) travel

the nipple of the bird  
its sound in the dark grass

(77) love

tabla ektar tambur  
bent the way we make love  
one string one insect

(78) love

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

(79) love

caribou horns cast their moss  
the moon's lost its link,  
dream dream cries the blackbird

(80) miscellaneous

the impression I get is of  
an image being destinies

(81) autumn moon

now redshaft flickers  
left wings needle towards  
leaf-fall-moon

(82) autumn travel

a distant reddish-brown mountain  
looks like a flying dragon

(83) autumn

days I shuffle the Taoist  
bird script symbols,  
at night dream of baseball

(84) travel and love

he hears cars as air containing pleasure  
towards which he has a certain relationship

(85) love

each time they thought  
their thirst sated (redwoods, bay laurel)  
old desire again

(86) winter

so my image of sky flips  
white alternately occluded and revealed

(87) winter

while by night  
crackly glitter over shagged lodgepoles  
we glimpse the Hunter's Belt

(88) (miscellaneous)

a tulip on the sill  
for a minute I forget

(89) miscellaneous

lost in the raga's  
ascending notes  
the mood the blue grove sets

(90) miscellaneous

its non-benevolence equitable to some  
hidden karmic debt

(91) autumn

there's sinew  
there's a dark gust tossing the letter  
thunder yellow willows guilt

(92) autumn moon

to exfoliate the water  
the skin of night growing clear

(93) autumn

water plants words  
omens of animals in céénkoo'  
I keep antler dreams in the pouch

(94) miscellaneous

but I get tired  
like the naga, Elapatra

(95) spring flower

when I doze  
pasque flowers, prairie smoke  
then from Swift Turtle a star falls

(96) spring

bluebells light a field  
the scent of ones grown thin and tall

(97) spring religion

others cluster by the bridge  
where I burn juniper  
spring runoff take these words

(98) spring religion

Negro sound is pale wheeling  
down into the skies

(99) miscellaneous

curved night dome  
a rock-cut Mary surveys the valley  
high up the Great Bear

(100) miscellaneous

having blossoming of light, crop of morning light,  
forks of light cross the horizon of seeing then

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