

Mingling the Threefold Sky

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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.