

The Twelve *Nidānas*

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III

I walk through trees, a series of squat willows, and see the space between the willows as time.

Because it's not the space, it's the emptiness of mind (whose energy is grounded to its darkest possible color).

Taking birth beneath a tree, I want to feel my longing for the tree, my deep thought of you in its disentangled precision of stillness.

One bends, taking its time, a full earth of time.
How do I wander into its leaf?

Merely touching earth, gently touching the awareness of earth, like the beginning of day in earth.

Leaves stretch to sun, the full breath of sun, but I am left gasping.

My reference point is fading. The underleaf is blank. But blank itself catches me in a kind of double-take.

A gap exists but she refuses to see it, which is a third sort of fudging, like the darkly yellow on the leaf's bottom.

*That yellow cala lily, earth and earth-consecutive-
with-darkness, a coincidence of blood and dark and
color, such a yellow, heavy and unknown.*

Indexed to light, this card of light folds around the
sleeve of your body.

We take shelter in abyss, which looks like a color,
magenta calligraphed in a cala lily's cup, deep in the
cup, its fire.

Color filters light is not the net color that the cala
lily *tells* by way of its earth sign.

IV

Night is her skin, its pleats the quiet fold of her.
Background and foreground are the memory of a
skin wearing dynasties of her.

A bird touches night and her skin moves as if it
were tied to this.

As if a mass accumulates in a narrative of space.
Now preserves as a robin opening out of its
capacity in me.

I want to pet it. I want to cry. The intimacy of a
word *before* it is a word, so that it's *now*, in the
interval, wears its own full body.

How many tiers live in a word and the hues of the tiers in the space of the word's awareness.

I, the word, in the space of my form, imaging my form, like a lion in its death throes.

I swallow you and emergence in a word. (The word's shape is how death looks like this image.)

A cold press of wind through a word's tired body could be hell or a word separate from its word.

To feel into a word, which may be neutral, but may be like an animal who *gets* the word, as if the word were a *lesion* in its body.

The lesion could be freedom because a word has no location, like a break in the hills. (Mostly our words are skeletons of themselves.)

One senses the transparent quality of its body, an unchangeable power that runs alongside its body.

I am a word. I am the ultimate fearless word, beauty or sky so that there is nothing in the way.

A word lands on her cheeks. *Unspeakable* is the word. *Unspeakable* is the crutch, the *cane* of the word, the transparency of the word that relates to her as a body.

As how several letters cast a sense of time, like a painting casts depth, which is the image of death in a room.

Then the dream of the word amalgamates. First there's sky, then the full comportment of a body. Sky-swaddled words catch the light of death.

I want to believe each word, like pray to the word, because you want to believe in its denial, forgiveness, everything.

A word lay in snow. If you lift the snow and suspend your idea of the possible, it's like space linking space to all constellations of that word.

The sheer resplendence of a word, as how the daughter of a word, a whole lineage pouring out from its god-father.

A child picks up a word. It's the enjoyment of the word, the shape of all commodious expressions that the mind living in that word carries.

In a tapestry of texts, I am in the moment of one, as if I had gone to sleep.