

though actually it is the same earth

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Tiger Dream

Sun from behind the mountain falling on the
threshers and reflecting from the lake gains
depth from the sound of falling.

The sound of water over stones at the lake's edge is
like a darting bird.

If she wakes, she couldn't say the bird disappears,
but its breath dissolves, like an undertow at sea.

How igneous (fiery) and lucid are the bodies of tigers,
she muses.

Commentary

Each day the sun slips over the crest of the hill and
lights the yellow grass.

A cat climbs the hill as though dawn were in its
head, entwining pieces (petals in branches).

A day-moon slides below low tide. Fall-out from
one's skin protects it from further harm.

Tide emits tide as she wanders down the coast,
empty as a battered jug.

A woman carries a jug dexterously embroidered on silk. The woman's skin shines like the interior pink of a river.

The dimensions of the jug's magenta is implicit yet exacting.

Out is not a direction but an aspect of conference around the jug's battered aggregates.

Bringing yellow *out*, where *out* is a structure of color *and* light, intensifies *out*, as if its DNA changes.

There is an hour in which her memory will be there,
where light falls in rain on a tiger's flickering
head.

A stone woman prays, hearing sun in sun. (She
dreams its *precise* nest.)

A magenta flower glows so that I feel free at last. A
magenta flower glows, disappearing in its skin.

Light jumps back as if she has that person again.

Death is color-added-to-color.

Color *learns* color by touch, like the *feel* of rain from one's bed.

What if the occurrence of harm refers to the difficulties of *offering* the harm? In the broad space of an animal, a wound in a woman's thumb feels like embroidery of jasmine and honeysuckle.

The necessity of something and its form *is* the tiger sleeping, tail to tail, in tandem with something.