

BRENDA HILLMAN

(:an artist's sound, between the Farallones:)

—then the universe
dropped down,
coughed a world,, trussed

a deeper dark
single
caudex of sound,
a wonderment,,;

the invisible
is active today—; cleaves
to the skin, twins

thy tired shadow
to hear

begin, begin, (being
with the g moved in (

then sea birds
could swing through
every irrelevance, inexhaustible

numbers, a typical radiance

for MS & EK