

not language in any since of the world  
*Finnegans Wake* 83.12

*John Marvin*

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not knot nut  
neither negative nor an anode road  
a way in strange sway  
though no way to know what way  
some throwaway floating down to the bay  
accompanied by gulls and terns  
squawking out their desire  
warning of their determination  
their fear of emptiness  
full of sound and feather motion  
crossing the indivisible boundary  
generation to generation  
through generation of the shapes  
between white wings  
blue sky  
and water

jestures shape all spice between  
to crispy hyperactive cubes  
represinational and translucent  
diminuendissimo sigsoothsaying  
what neighbors leave out  
what shakes the placid air  
what bellowslow the rippled surface  
where phonemes float  
where phenoms flee  
where ontological aximes soar  
between white wings  
blue sky  
and water

faults on a rare earth  
after the daughter who tends to grain  
from to grow and create  
under the glow of candlelight  
and who offers the essence of earth's bounty

while some turn away and blush  
and whisper trespass  
and whisper of boundaries suggested far away  
in the time of fear and beyond power  
the time looked back upon my heart  
the chime transgressed but treasured  
the rolled up tome of poetry  
between white wings  
blue sky  
and water

what word can see the milk river  
holding horizons  
guiding flows across the plane  
crossing the ecliptic as a synapse  
chi in the sky  
echoing beginnings and endings  
echoing the swift coming  
adumbrating the slow ending  
the eternal becoming of colder  
as the word whispers into silence  
between white wings  
blue sky  
and water