

I would that we could see from our rooms into faith. I would that we were all willingly blinded by light. I would that we might yet see ultimate darkness. This is what we need to grow stronger, armed against the grimmest fear of celebrating ourselves as heroes, granting our old wish for the chosen hour, when we slay the beast *and* the beauty, the moment that secures for us our freedom from a perfect world. This is our youthful prerogative, embracing the holy *and* the profane, against the insidious and consistent trap, humility as goal and fake pledge for the human heart. We can't but entertain democracy and money-lust as twin scapes supporting secularism, avoidance-shade. From our tree our myths are shaped, sticky with truths and token rarities, aligned with heritage and health. Our bed-mortality is roughly hewn. Around our glass altars we stiffly disagree with every creed, viruses to our true body, our souls dreamt. Under slow heaven, our thick frame is built. We don't arrange our chairs within the tenets of any sacred oasis-hut or hovel; our eyes seek new stars as we stride toward sleep with our hands upon each other's genus, our desires flanged as safety against sense. Let's eyes roving the span to see futures unknown. Maybe we'd pinpricks of light, our desire laugh at funnier jokes, peer to be rocked side to side into gloomier pits, our birth powers flagrantly private, our lullabied by the sound relics mansions on craggy hills, eaves like evening brows, of the inner ear, boom and oriels in dead of winter and chime and whisper, the lure zenith perched, our eyes as of the littlest death and the stunning temptation to flee. typical as snowflakes, as

## FENESTRAL

I would that we weren't so squinty, our mullions as wide as our panes, our pains a million times worse when we give in to cynicism, never easily duped, still betrayed by our premature reason, too sharpened to acuity before our innocence could stand to embrace our memory of that earnest need to trust. I'll accept my heartfelt spill, spreading throughout the cruel judgment-space of factual amazement. And I'll wish-pray for ways to shine without pride, involving a greater spirit, across our field of crescent courtesy, our frolic through congeniality, across our non-inclement wastes, across that stretch of vision to the widest fields and into our way stations, our evils in our kindnesses, give and bore, those empty unversified vacant lots of rainswept thought, pig sty or lamb shadow, qualify our substantiated sacrifices, protocols, rituals, and forms, our flow back from minim to waterhole, sewer to tarn, our unknowable origins, rickety ladders put aside and the spear-point crimsoned into our sexy wilderness, our refusal double-crucified to trace bloody passion from ivory trough to moist tower, one thing to quite another, that we might hold failure as optional and success as failure, the generosity of the firmament supreme to that of any painting, as terrain and as storyteller, the superiority of abstract tangles as potent substitute for ideas of the real, what is felt of infinity, polemic. Would that I were brave, my faith rendered frontier specific and sent swift-by-death, our passion strobes and bendings. Let's that I were purer wrought. for chaos piqued by order, our dismantled structures fear. Let's succumb. Reinvent We won't galaxy and we won't nova, our churches lined with our slackened power proof of feminine time, our ease rush from progress into sweaty intimacies. We can, but sublimation of will for kicks won't temper the widower's memory of the sewn lips. Would that life and perishing would peel for the sake of individual clarity, lung-championing of the widow's verve, the bride's courage, voices raised for reverence's sake—so let's enjoy our projections as living lights in a dying space, our beam recollections of the child's star, the child's coo, dizzy admiration unto adulation across landscapes of charm, of posies, kid-revelling in the pleasures of day, and pleas not to go sunless too soon, not while we yet breathe as if we understood fate and death. I would that we didn't have to be tucked into bed so early. I would that everyone believed in the deeper night.

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