

ENTER THIS DARKNESS

Enter this darkness.
Feel the folds of the rock and sigh.
Light the way through the cold fall of water.
The wrinkled seeds
that patter as they tumble
reveal the eel's lair
beneath the crow-beaked rock.

Here is a new house
and an unworn garment.
The hand's ring is empty,
the finger's skin restored.
A nest of everlasting
apple-breasted birds
is perched on the tree
beside the vacant window.

House of mist
hall of cinders
hope of tomorrow
hell of empty night —
by these four signs of darkness
I pledge the needle and its eye.

Michael Bullock