

The Stars Beyond the Stars
Poem by Brandon Krieg

Go to the lowest place with me
I invite you lower
All ways will pass through if we go lower
all the lightnings we can bear
will write themselves on a floor of salt
fanning outward into wing-vein patterns,
into the vein patterns in the transparent
delicate skin
of ears that flicker at footfalls,
and we will feel the forkings of our blood
at the ankle and at the wrist

Here Ocean the source of all blood was
before us, and couldn't wait
like all things riding the blue fire down can't
wait
and got up and walked off
in blackfly and woodrat and wind

Come down from the incandescent sick
thrones,
You have hidden so long under the small
lights
Come down under the big lights now and
unhide
See what you thought your self was
from the numberless points of night

With the tips of the spiny saltbush
with the tips of the creosote
disguised in its wind-caked salts as constant
lightning
let us receive
the stars beyond the stars

Beyond is all through us now pouring forth
Beyond is all through us now pouring
Come down where numbers dissolve
Relax your face clenched from its ledgers
The salt flat spider's web is a mirror
held up to sky's mirror
dimensioning this one great room
that flows around the salamander's pulse
this room whose walls are sweltering waves
of liquid dolomite rising up
rippling around the pool where the kit fox
drinks

There are no father tongues
there are feather tongues that taste air
Hear hummingbird's wings tasting air
and become deliciously plural
and feel in your pulse all the pulses
that will ramify the salt beneath your feet
The sky is a membrane vascular with light
Let us take transfusion the old way

the way water wicks from thistle's involucre
through the veins in a swallowtail's wing
the way Adrienne and Adrianne sang

What are these close dark spirals
rhyming the far light spirals,
making eddies where time spools out of
itself?

It is bats bearing up our blood
lifted into their milk by mosquitoes
they carry to the mouths of the measureless

Down here embodiment is breaking
The bone core is grinding its gears down
Come effervesce with me
let the rivers of the earth wick their way
through our bodies back to shimmering
overall
and drop back again to new forms

To whatever larger is
To whatever listening is
through the I's dissolves
To whatever larger is listening
through the I gone plural
the I gone hurting its plural hurts
through fathomless spirals
traceries in sand

wind writes and revises
Here is a thread
of sicklight vibrating
like a wave-wall of liquid granite rising
vibrating
like a tuning fork struck
by pulse's lightning
Let us reside in resonance
to honor all becomings
to honor is to laugh with creosote
at its trick of constant lightning

lightning is lightning
because it vanishes

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