

SEINE/CELAN

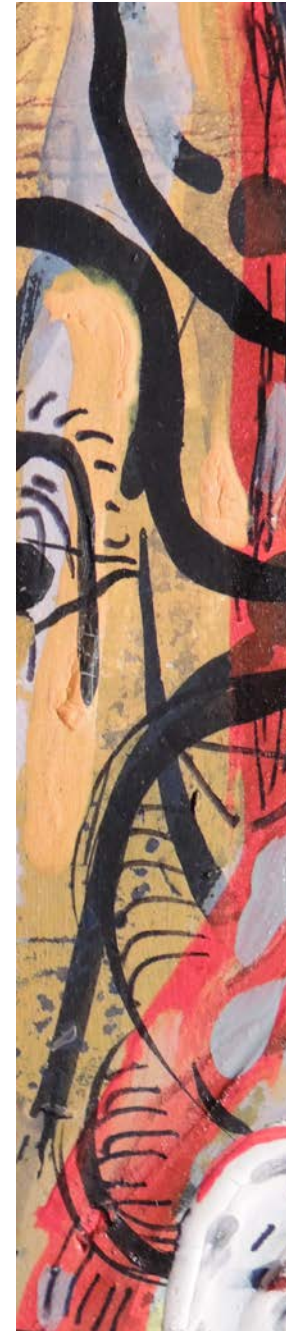
vast aorta of cardio-slime, leaves,
sand, gravel, semen and snowmelt,
we welcome him home. chambers
ochre and cambers red, effluvial eye
of an old Roman town, vowel-
trough for the City of Love, we
cradle him in love. with panicles of
mothen rooftops, chestnut trees, a
rain of asphodel and delphinium.
our white anvil heart tolls for him
under a rolling planet of silt. sela.



mercenary of mud warmed by
gray flute-shafts of light, I drag
my boots across the disarticulated
gears of clocks, France's newest
accidental miner, scar within a
scar, counting his forty trees of
life, motionless and ever moving
in isinglass quiet. Over, under,
inward, outward, old, young,
suspended in dark mica, float me
with gentle care over the word
hollows. sela.



we observe his hands reaching for
a woman's hand. the eel-grass of
her vermilion hair vines his face
to hers. between the waving brown
beards under Pont Marie, new
words with cockchafer legs crawl
up the stones. sela.



Shoals of Pothos (details) by John Elkerr
22" x 30"
Oil pastel, gouche and colored ink
Text by Stephen Eric Berry