

Stephanie Strickland
from Huracan's Harp

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“if we are going to include
women, where on the scale of creation will we then
stop,”
 as the president of the Swedish
 Academy of Sciences (gray sagely)
remarked in the foggy leather-
dressed backwater gunpowder citadel
plaster rosette baroque
 jaunty old
man (parse-ly) teaching me—complementing
me—
to greet and grin this moisty
morning on my
 tongue a trace of nitroglycerin

nothing to fence or to bank
nothing to unveil or reveal or to save

even while feeling the violence pile up
inside petty or other

nothing to read
petty or bloody

no well
no womb no replenishing silo left unbroken

none unpoisoned
even as violence
re-arrives

even now moist
iris ayahuasca Arabians racing

ethical resistance to enlisting brine shrimp

koto duet with bee

heirloom seed
a television tuned to snow

or the *I Ching* solid line shifts to broken or
back a moving line a possible path

along chaotic cell conditions short of tsunamic
huracanic solitonic—or not—William

James to *that* earthquake *bring it on!*
(1906 Palo Alto a visiting professor)

die-offs openly welcomed by the one quarter
expecting Jesus to recur here this next year

tolerated by the overwhelmed silver bullet
confusion no solfatara dragon

breath on the neck I crane out my window hear
mason's woodpecker hammer pointing brick

the deer has swollen in the freight car filling
it
in the pickup slung across the back
seat swells bursts pitching
forward over driver's eyes hooves nick
the screen the GPS they
have become a nuisance you know not
held in check

vagary
face of faun doeskin spine
all my as
her body doe
in soaking silence
Merton's
rain
"drenching the thick mulch . . .
filling the gullies
and crannies of the wood . . .

washing out the places
where men have stripped . . .
the most comforting speech
in the world, the talk
that rain makes by itself
all over the ridges
Nobody started it, nobody
is going to stop it. It will
talk as long
as it wants, the rain."

Thomas Merton
Raids on the Unspeakable