

Ten Fragments
from *The Mystery of False Attachments*

1/

No world more clear
than what we see
in dreams
nor more amazing

2/

I aim a question at
the universe
but a trillion others answer
in its place

3/

Eager to break thru language
& touch life
I crack my head against
a mirror

4/

In a Time of War
Death with dried dugs
carrying a babe
A bird's head on a body
of bare bones
Death in a time of war

5/

For the Days of Awe
The man strapped to the cross
is faceless, with no name
or story left to tell
surrounded by a faceless throng

6/

I have no voice
but what you lend me
too much in love with what
my lips can't hide

7/

Inside the only world
I know, the power
rests with me, the flow of light
opens in images & ends
in darkness

8/

An enigma:
Cut into distant thirds
& only pulled together
when the skin grows firm & tight
an armature around a slowly
dying body

9/

The death of Truth
in Goya's last *Disasters*:
the lie triumphant
triggers our belief & lets it die
as she does

10/

The calculus of two plus two
the mystery of
false attachments
still persists