



Beneath Mount
Saint Rosalie
1866

mid-February, 1986, Brooklyn couch . .

Animal sounds reach from here in the dark deep
into sinking caverns wild barks rake through these tunnels
of African-ignition sweet heat
or the Northern heavens opening and slowly dropping freezing
drifts into this clear scent
which we paddle to shores of lush, black, catacomb thicket
hot-housing dampbedding lure
of spinning-spur whiskey flavored midnights . . .

through this channel aperture black swans will drift bearing on
tilting meridians
toward late August summer's silence
and the remembrance of lampblack nights
hovering above sleeping ponies and lulling hayfields
of placid somnolent deep planet restings arbored by faint down
stream whistling
and barely audible howl
landing softly in the surrounding chasm of granite and quartz
walls
lifting above our silent ferry
quietly murmuring toward candlelit arrays
of meandering chambers . . .

*The tigers leap from their dens
Mount Saint Rosalie emerges in the 1000 lanterns of July . . .*