

P o l l u x

P a m R e h m

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**“often one is lost and seeks the other, as in the
oldest fairy tale of the twin-brother sister of the
Nile Valley.”**

--H.D.

The first print
was of nails

Does one doubt
or use India ink

to mark a belief

Gemini, sitting together
fingers crossed

since Ponder
examines itself
you come as you are

a token

But how does inquiry welcome a stranger?

Does one search for 2 sticks
or is one provided with them?

Feel the pulse
and it is obviously a question
of how to perform
the daily intercourse

First bury a stone
then take away its foundation.

It trembles "alone"

Thus

*

Boulder as an obstacle
Evening once more
Impeding
Impending water curse
Shall we pretend
Dressed
the track to bed
A regular extension
fallen into

One is abandoned of kisses
the other of children

But all of these sons
Supplant seven years

and she is conceived
and she is conceived again
and she is conceived again
and she is conceived lastly

Perhaps,
marooned on her lap
mortality is always a trap

To cause the body projections
beyond real assurance to the future
is announcing becoming only misled

*

And while yet the mandrake spoke:

“For ever
I will never
I am thine
I have seen an end
By surety
what I would have

Lamp is a word
I live in my shoes
I don't know what to do

Hold thou me up.”

A wheel is gripped.
The heel is a dart.

It is in fright
It is out of spinning straw into gold
that the baby is sacrificed
to a nameless man

Tonight you'll lie awake
Tonight you'll ask for the sake of tomorrow's rising

*

With my staff I have become two bands.

The blossoms have returned
and always a distant bird

*

A thousand faces
and thou

There is none
but Now

Who is this?
Very suspicious of very suspicion.

Confounded
the sound of a mourning dove
brings rain

*

My cup leaketh out

The lung and liver
lying in a glass coffin
Striplings

*

Cast up highway
driven between Snow
White horses
A chariot is wounded

Shall fall into her wine

Castor
A poisoned comb
Held, a spindle-prick

Blow the trumpet

It all comes back to Betrayal
the lion's mouth
I always reply there's something else
Something that is, in itself, defined
Not the invisible
 which I cannot doubt
 which I cannot lack

But the line special to delineation

*

For what is mistaken
in a day and gone
from our glacial hearts
a white arc, unmarked
returns Espoused
unto the earth
In 2 stars certain
to cross our paths
almost unnoticed
almost forsaken

From the finger-points

Hands and handkerchief
Twofold

preaching
And she did it without doing it

Virtually alone

Spell *Proof*
and you are unworthy of promises

A poor excuse and Oh!
what arms now bear, breed

Dear Icarus:

I have struck your water
I have been stricken with the desire
of keeping
a little heat after sunset