

PAM REHM

**A PIERCED HEART
DIVIDED ATTENTION
THE DESOLATION OF THE SPIRIT**

A PIERCED HEART

Your resolution of loss
is days going forward

through the mystery

Life after life

The body of a body
Osiris

This vain solemnity
of loving

forged in language

Whatever hasn't crumbled
in the rush of systems,
of given limits

Coalesces
in the alchemy of living

Strange intimations
of definitions

Irrevocable alterations
from which

coherence is regained

DIVIDED ATTENTION

Stuck on first pages

Fixed on months passing
No standards

A perverse impulse to pretend

Flush of the wind
Skepticism

Caught out in the multitudes

Penning "God help us"
after the lost plane and mudslides

No one wants to be missing

Just missed
Squeezed between

the beginning and ending

of the day's melodies
The body, the five faculties

and impulse

Desire, a channel
that is always on

A text you can close

like curtains
to all else

Well-worn sarcasm
Well-worn questioning

I have the heart of a believer
The mind of a self-imposed rule

THE DESOLATION OF THE SPIRIT

We are all a consequence
of feral clarity

and the elements
of experience
more imagined than bestowed

In the immensity of the hour
by hour day
nothing is promised

Even falling in love
against doubt, is just
an angle of vision

The starting point
is always the same
morning search

My dreaming heart
a synthesis
as I think down
a dark world

Letting go of rescue
to be awakened
to duration

It is a fearful thing
to contemplate

Unfelt sorrow

The heart still beats, but
is it worthy?
Beside this pulsing Earth

You are trying to understand
crisis

The difference between
a shadow

and a body
without love in its veins

Damnation is relative
and so your name is not

emblematic of your being

At the edge of the void
the spirit is everything