

JOSEPH NOBLE

FROM MIRROR SONG / WINDING GRACE

carrying his word
he could hesitate

what he didn't know
coming to say

the walking
altogether beside

he recognized
what growing before

dark for light
the threadbare wait

enlighten turn
grass bell

we move and abide
fable rain in time

if stone carries eyes
conjoined and unwritten

he turned the hammer
reel to frame

touch was difference
skin definition

his word was image
signal tree

mirror song
forbidden recognition

revolve and wrist
gesture noon

he was visible
dance threading

link its own finger
wrestle avail

skin cypher
measure as beat

his mistake a tongue
simple as dust

confounding complexity
for truth

we carry them through the trees
there was not enough breath

distance in dust
the eye a brass bone

told apart
spine rope

phrase wall erased
radio room riverbed

we turn space on its song
limb stair another glance

each warning a lexicon
hand span reeling smoke

the blood carried with it
an iron deliverance

wake each reconnoitering
momentum as a room

his displacement
a rifling through breath

gradient gaze
at hand and winding

link, decipher, measure
secrets stringing their rituals

shoulders ripening into light
tadpoles in the shallows