The Grail

She had been working all day
planting and watering and I
knew that I would find dog tracks
and the prints of my own shoes
in the fresh garden. I found
my newspaper shredded
books and papers scattered
and the wind whipping the new
curtains, lavender and yellow
and then a bird from the attic
in the closet, the wings
banging like crazy against
the wicker door or a furred
moth drifting like an icy
ring of light. Bees beneath
the clothesline or butterflies.
The jacarandas blowing
along the garden path, through
my window and the pods puff
like flares in the spots of light.
In the wilderness of dreams
my eyes two blank stones that search
for fire. My hands float and touch
nothing, until I knelt at last
in the blazing chalice of the ear.
Her presence everywhere
and so my mind opens
gently like a waterclock
and my hand closes like violets
in a waterglass, the numbed
~~roots~~ blue roots trailing like the feet
of martyrs. Frosted tips of earth
the tiny bubbles of breath
pushing upward into the
glowing air , the last tree
swimming through your arms.

Dear Allan keep talking
and giving me those beautiful
images.