

Filaments

Shearwater

The night is like a black stone
But it ripples in the wind
And you are shaking
 like a new slave
In an ultraviolet sun

Shiver at the night sky
From the ribbon of the road:
Hollow little diamonds
All embedded in the null

Head like a blank screen
A body alive
You are living in the last rays
Kicking up the nights

Oh, little stars—

In the center of the sun,
 in the stain
 spilling out into the light
In the calling of the gulls,
 in the river
 running out into the night
Some people run from themselves
Some chain the dogs to the gate
Some are living a lie

Daddy's on the next plane
And he's looking to survive
He is soaking from a long run
He is fingering a knife

Summoning a white lie
From the fingers to the mind
You were watching the horizon
But it was in you all the time

Like a worm in the bloodline
Like an urge wants release—
But you roll away the sun,
Throw it back into the east

Falling lights
 on the miracles
 of a golden age
Blackened sounds
 of the millions
 in the streets today
Where some people
 turn on themselves
Some hang around for an age
Some are paralyzed

In the center of the sun,
 in the hole
 in the belly of the light,

In the shudder in the hull,
in the river
running out into the night
There is someone in the room,
there is someone in the darkness

I'm taking everything back:
When I led you down to the lake
It was the thrill of my life