

Cynosure

deer – sleek supple light
in the woods – hesitates

then leaps taking the eye
into an ecology of movement

a breathing heartbeat liquid
form pouring elegant
between trees

□

the bullet
a kind of eye

wherever it
enters makes
a center

an apparent horizon
where light separates

wick
in the middle of the candle

□

I am a body of those
who love me
they live inside

the deer in the woods of me
brings me curious into contact
and materialization
the gift of that

to read and be read shot through
with a knowing the world goes in
mysterious make of it what you will

□

My mother advised me to use a spade
to divide my clump of bleeding hearts

I buried the blade of my narrowest shovel
into the center of the clutch of roots

the cupped scoop cut across not down
clipped their length
my crude spring
transplantation of hearts from the front
to the backyard dependent on so many factors

The difference between a spade and a shovel:
the angle of the fall from the handle

□

*(at the center
of each galaxy
is a black hole
the man on the radio said)*

□

For a while the dead
robin under our yew becomes
a center its radius extending
to the yard next-door

with each storm the robin's body
melts into the soil new ivies quilt
across the rusty chest and ebony beak

another robin sometimes comes stands
at the perimeter bends its head listening

□

Horizon separates
the trajectories
of light

deer:
stillness-to-flash
flash-stilled

□

Each center within
a radius of meaning

(methane hotspots
nuclear testing sites

wind shifts the radius
of cancer
money shifts
the fallout)

The pandemic too is a picture –

a veritable Venn dance of pink radii
strewn across the map of the world

Centers proliferate

a third eye is *necessary*

an *epicenter*
situated above

the true center
of disturbance

□

At the center of the car the driver.
no. the passenger. no. the cash
that passes hand to hand.
no. the distance traveled.
no. the road
unspooling
between the wheels.

□

At the center of the sun
is a hole in the retina

light stings its receptor
fire licks the wick

the soul, it burns inside

□

(What will you teach us O Pandemic?

What centers will vie? What revolution

will win around what will it spin?)

□

Rain concentrates a feeling
(radiating ache
marrow traces
bone-white glass)

Once a birth contraction pulse
of red heat the body

a corporal administrator
of production and goods

head and heart threaded
throughout venal arterial

□

The blossoms on my peach tree wait for
the bees each ruffled shirt unbuttoned
rain and snow and sleet have saturated
the pink blush bees in abeyance

How specific some needs are coming
with their calling cards their tiny windows
of availability they have a certain radius
the sun knows the wound-up earth gets it

Like a toddler the blossoms insist
Pollinate me now or I will bear no fruit!

□

All over the state the old
biology is learning the new weather
and the radius of possibility grows
lopsided

the universe it seems
has an up and a down an undreamed of
directionality we thought it was just

more and more expanding out
from an event

 this the afterglow of the party
aura and aurora spilled milky way
 lighting up this livable place

 our Little Gidding
the end of all our exploring

□

Five days of 60° my mother said *Then*
you'll find morels (and if those days
happen in March instead of May?)

 the mushrooms know
they feel the soil the earth tells them
 when to grow

□

What to make of the voice its emanating
 nature timbre and frequencies
the swallowing of the upper and the lower

the lessening that's inevitable the pruning
of the infant mind the narrowing of possibility

□

Once I was an astronaut of the brain devising
exercises and traps reflective mirrors to light up
 the hard cerebral corners the mystery
 of the corpus collosum – that center of
 the split brain its tuning fork structure
its allowance of cognitive frequencies

I studied the loss of category and number

the geography of capacity
the shape of the whole

I tested undergraduates
made them read *red* in blue and *green* in yellow
I plumbed the organization the tagged
information

feasted on
meanings so small
as meaning is its little bits hoof and leaves
genome and Virus seconds and minutes

□

It turns out galaxies are larded with black holes
like respiratory droplets in air they are everywhere
we're just beginning to see –

and one is visible even to the naked eye
via a path in neighboring stars
(on the artist's rendering the black hole is painted red)

*A black hole doesn't swallow every star in its vicinity
which is why we didn't know it was there
said the astronomer it doesn't
behave as we thought so we missed it*

its density isn't absolute
all along it has been there breathing darkness
in the swaying forest of stars

Notes on “Cynosure”

The possibility of directionality in the universe was reported by researchers at the University of New South Wales in April, 2020.

The reference to “Little Gidding” and quote is taken from T. S. Eliot, *The Four Quartets*.

In the spring of 2020, researchers detected a black hole within 1,000 light years of earth;
<https://www.eso.org/public/archives/releases/sciencepapers/eso2007/eso2007a.pdf>.

