

## MYTH OF THE JEWS

In all of god's wonderful ruins  
 and the pyres on which we continue to burn  
 odd limbs of him  
 it's the opening of another shadow.  
 The quick-eared mole  
 mythed this tale to me,  
 following a thread of threat.  
 His moth-soft mouth and  
 his unlauted nose  
 slaked his curiosity in a hole:

“

I could feel gears shift miles below-ground.  
 The grass extending a long apology,  
 difficult flowers squeezed light  
 until a change rubbed against  
 silence. I crept myself into a hole, voices  
 spoiling over like light does, presuming  
 the dim sense of thingness.

Silverside of moon  
 a notch of bone  
 this that is body is  
 all and alone.

Broke into a great lit chamber, saw:  
 there was not enough room in the earth to fit the dead.

Here I met the oven-children,  
 the shit glistening inside them.  
 Generations earlier they had gone  
 snout-down, whole families moiled  
 into the fastness of Polish soil.  
 They still work into cavernacles  
 moling for grubs as their culture  
 metamorphoses. Crumbing  
 each lick of humus, hands splaying.

Nostrils close, eyes tighten until  
 their blind heads unhinge lids of soil.  
 The hills open for them  
 a screen of stars, the shape of  
 a child melted on the inside

as long as they have air to suck they say  
 if we could retrace those threads  
 that were people, us,  
 but above this there is the blanket  
 we have to lift by pushing at sky.

The forest had risen above tracks under which  
 pipes lead to structures  
 that melted decades before, and the pipes  
 still make the sound of people,  
 the cornered blood in their structures.

Leave them at the edge of a town  
 facing rows of tomorrows, absorbent  
 and many-coloured.  
 The roads are entwined.  
 A trace of language is left on a wall.

”

## NOTHING

My son asks what is inside an arm  
 I say, bone.  
 What is inside bone?  
 I say, marrow.  
 What is inside marrow?  
 I say, cells.  
 What is inside cells?  
 I say, proteins.  
 What is inside proteins?  
 I say, atoms.  
 What is inside atoms?  
 I say, a neutron.  
 What is inside a neutron?  
 Nothing, I say.  
 What is inside nothing?  
 And he answers, nothing.

## REPRESENTATION

I represent the thought of  
 eternity, said the clock, and the rocks laughed.

I represent the thought of  
 death, said the rocks, and the clock struck.

I represent the work of nothing, said eternity,  
 and the words shook.