

## Paths

### I.

The gypsy's angel has a riddle.  
He is old and very tall.  
He wears only black.  
Dandruff dusts the top  
of his cracked leather wings.  
"Which heart..." he wants to know,  
    hauling from wet and deep,  
    deep pockets, two small, pink-wrapped,  
    twitching--  
    that he offers  
    on calloused, broken hands--  
"...is her's?"

### II.

The next time it was me: I was  
an angel. I grew  
older then and didn't care about  
all the cold elements in fingers' touch.  
In my eyes there was the light  
that angels see  
and ride, and it radiates--  
    not from the sun--  
but from each being and every  
separation and from  
the planet, from anything that ever,  
ever was glowing--  
    but dimmer now  
    than then.

And I had two pocketsful.  
Yet they were impossibly heavy pockets,  
and throbbing  
so that when I flew--  
    when I widened my old wings  
    into the diagrams of bright air,  
    when I lifted this great flying weight  
    up and above the embered  
    sequences of earth  
    onto the paths of light--  
there was a fierce pulse,  
a ferocious spreading burn,  
reaching up and through me and connected  
to this reaching of my wings and hands and of  
all the air I had-- until now-- forgotten  
and to the choices of the gypsy paths  
the turnings and the terrible short time there is  
    to examine the stars and  
    to own a single heart,  
no matter how  
a wish may lift us.

## They Drive by Night

She imagines me

(I'm sleeping now, dreaming, the passenger—  
the wheels in spin, the wheel in her hands)

my dreams, she imagines, are expanding

(darkness has contracted  
like burying dirt around a seed  
around us)

she imagines my being

flooding out on dreams,

like squid ink released and

spreading through the night

through and away from the car

(the darkness has pressed the distance  
into parallel tunnels of light we push ahead of,  
away from us)

no longer confined

by maps, by plans, by the tyrannies of daylight,

but spreading,

not among the possible grains of air

like the light and the word

and the tiny tendrils and that thick swimming root

but through another,

next,

world.

She imagines

my dreaming seeps outside this late motion

unconfined

I infiltrate the twists in the ionosphere

and the whirling tires

for dreams of future flats

and fertile valleys and rain and

the girl, the baby

her children's power

to grow,

she imagines I more than touch her  
at this remove  
which is no remove (I'm snoring now)  
I penetrate her  
possible dreams  
imagines  
I am urging her  
to imagine this exact moment  
of dreaming together  
this unforeseen confluence  
outside the tyrannies  
of need and possibility,  
of vanished sunlight  
and of the distant  
distances  
to go.