

David Wolf

From *Sablier*
(The Objectivist in the Land of the *Fauves*)

1.

I warned you against sleep in this hour's light
and slept myself.

a weathered green shutter swinging open to a violet glow

2.

At the café across the street, the chef arrives for work,
kissing the waitress in camouflage
hello.

Zinc-tainted wine's closing beam of day—
cracked tile or
spider?

Spider.

Another answer: the little girl on the beach this morning
feeding pebbles to her doll,

pigeons huddled in the wind, eyeing speech's damp sketch.

3.

Once more the carriage was placed back of the horse, rousing some birdsong.

And so the squeaking wheels in my dream turned out to be that tree
full of birds, just before dawn.

4.

Let the tune from the unseen café, the glance of your passing, scurry along noon's lit
railing,
this brief sky my province.

From the balcony: a smattering of love below in the narrow streets—

Snatch
of a cloud
seems to steam from the tiled rooftops.

White gold of a commanding idea, blessedly you elude me, milliner to the air.

5.

Sly meadow, deep in the confines of the mind, blows to a firm glaze gone bust.

A broiled wave slips in, bans its own return, bubbles a summons to leap all habit.

Daft pine, the birds seem to love your beret.

Floodlit gnarly self, unfit for the banquet,
go, it's time.

Forget again
 this evening
 all's demise

6.

The little wind pushed open the broad door.
The door let in the little wind.
And through the swung pane: *September's champagne light.*

7.

Knives, forks, crosses clink behind me.

I turn to see the dead bloom of war
and the seed's pitch romancing like black ice.

When you're just a polished, mottled shell
longing for the air brushed by the fern...
(sea wave in the dark, I forgot to say I heard you; lucky you, you can't care),
oil and gold just stink of anger and doubt
(...and even when you are not).

Beauty disavows the empire.

Rose nuzzling a green chili
in the parade's passing shadow.

Hey, and there's Mars, that prick
of red starlight
deepening
in late summer's dusk.

From *Sablier*
(Time Coming 'Round)

1.

Goat-jester of a cloud, go ahead and laugh at all my old tethers.

The long form of the world flutters:
a fly's shadow against the lit weave of the blind,
the blue in the bend of the nail, bullets ringing in another day.

Better to be moved to say that the high bridges of the world have never shaken hands.

Well, I'll be
disciplined as the wine's joy, tooling through the void.

Picked up some explanations, held some, tossed a bunch.

I once spat abstraction, insensitive to the lord's distress but who knew?

Just as a smile's gap can prove particulate...

up came the sun and out came the red of the barn.

2.

I intuit from the dream of the painting of the lost fountain,
some snarl and sweetness in the water.
"Horror, conviviality: this was how we purled," the colors seemed to say.

Dodder your way back from the past tense to dig
a garden of fear, redemption, kissed fruit, flesh aloft in the spirit of the real hour,
done and not done like any season.

The air is here, the leaf is there, the jewels are in the trash.

sure feels like we sweep to no end known

ça va?

amen

3.

Vowed some late-summer nonchalance and ended up the featheredge I just can't dull.

The thermostat snaps its fingers.
Indifference is just kindling.
We've all got bundles.

Mist over the morass: rustled interior:
Mother to all ferment, my fancy leaps the folds, free of cosmology's twinkling shtick,
the jammed spur of bitterness and the goo of the real.

I remember waking in a fever, charged to demystify
why the wrenched imperatives of the obfuscatory Real seemed so harmonious of late,
so transparently embracive of mercy, air, love—

*early autumn night—
the leafless locust tree now*

budding with stars

4.

No need to tell light's loose accord from haze's shimmer showered through with rain's
brief passing—

Doesn't mean time's not here
to say it again:

O dizzy rose, o dizzy, dizzy rose

A quick turn like history might agree:
once a cracked stone (enclosure's symbol), how long a cracked stone?

Day, may all grow close once more.

5.

Time keeps fiddling with its initials, miry as much as wiry.

Down in the valley full of being, nothingness,
some geese fly over—

Were you seeking to refrain from singing, "Time keeps altering its signature,"
afloat there in your leafy river of buoyant liaison?

The wind sounds vague as any dynasty I've ever known.

Harvest moon, shine down through the drafty binaries.

6.

Foggy runes of pine:
dead buck or bramble
up ahead?

I feel weakened
like the old hammock
that holds only so many excuses.

Love, willow, rain-drift,
love—

let's fall,

remain?