Joseph Karasek

12 TONES

1
on silent prairies, when there is no wind, you can hear
the longings gone.

the sheep do not sing back. the goat horns do not sound.

2
burst of blue wind, too late, to the windblare,
silent now, in a mind’s face.

an empty chair, draped,
washed out in the fever of moments.

3
white day. waits, falcon-like, scooped, kissed
into being, quelled in a gale of stars.

4
into a cluster of harmony, snakes, persists, dies,
waits again to be born, wide-eyed,

tumbles into a pile of abandoned ears.

5
the musicians have all gone home.
a barrelful of noise. discarded candy wrappers.

6
the sea waits, hidden in sea-horn. a sister shape, the human ears,
a circle narrowing down.

long drift. into the hollows.
shapes. a pool of darkness. narcissus hears only echo, 
above the river.
the river shudders.

loose cords, hiding in inward, naked.
wrapped in convoluted conch, 
the terrible ear of memory.

scorched-sighs of time forgotten— 
the deep flight of vertebrae.

dumb tone. numb. number. thus spake Pythagorus. 
In the air. a breath.

shofar. so far, far away. morning mist.
auricle. equilibrium. discord. 
sea-conch.

fiddle peg. creak in the fiddlehead. 
awkward gambol into daylight. stumbles. 
at-one with. 
alone. forgiven.