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The Third Hour: Pray

I love my mouth filled with the taste of you and to chord
your flavors in a quiet voice. Then my after-clothes catching
your hair score the day to "The Decree is a Lily."

Or memory
of how sunlight was etching your shoulder, and lyrics in *The Book
of Praises* divine the rotered movements of necessity:

*I work the liting fields of Shulam / its pastures
inhabit my eyes / a dawn undresses in my mouth /
your body's scent kneels above my lips.*

These incantations
by the murmuring sons of Korah convert the loss
of morning into official inflections for our small hours away.

Presented grains of moment,
the orbiting churn of swallows,
the faces in it,

they have lutes for tongues.
They incise an Easter for the history of hips.
Amen,

though nature's murderous urges doom even our sun.
So grades of entropy ultimately preserve our conversation.

Will some baffled curriculum keep these eventual
ashes in the urns of an expert's balanced assessment?

Will this America turn out to be a watershed,
not a Dark Age under the ponderous tyranny
of the digital idea's consummation, deleting human
polyphony into bytes of android voices funneled
through flattened out, broadband creative writing degrees?

Imagine later scholars of this quilted language,
with its cold origins, and unromantic, so American arts and letters,
something more than its combustion engine designs
or genetic, atomic, wireless wreckage of the morning
when first the eyes are.

If today were in time like what
can be so worth a Periclean Athens or Medicean

Florence, forget that media and technology aspire
to throw-away arts, forget the academy's surgical
removal from that morning, and still there is nature's murderous
urges.

What matter is Divinity to this?

Merely a metonymy
for heavy paradoxes, an index of what's not to be proofed?

Something that palpitates in the cosmic ebb utters one equation:
given infinity, all instances, contacts, breaths, every
outer space hurtling behind every pair of closed eyes
and every pair of closed eyes itself—

these are infinitesimally
possible.

God is that possible in a way that contradicts
distinctions between surface and depth and source and confluence,
and is less mystery than the science that life occurs admits how Beauty
is recognition—

and this text of hours officiates the mornings we know.

The future
was a palsied blade of grass,
but mercy is history's
monument.