

## Somnambulance

It can be said that she  
Mother of all worlds  
    wept  
in the face of that omen.  
Buried her face in the sheets  
that held her whimpers  
and climax  
knowing in a moment  
that it was  
too far.  
There was too much  
between the melody and the song.  
All are smooth ravings, all  
are songs  
of the unexpected  
dead.

(Where do we bury them?  
The moaners, the talkers- those who rattle dry arms  
plumbing the darkness/For sound.)  
They whisper secrets in the ear  
of prowling night  
while we roll in fits  
and starts  
dreaming their round voices,  
hearing the face  
of the shouting dead.

## II.

Spuriously  
    this protean  
        sleeps  
        in a  
    small  
    blue ball  
by my window.

Shape shifter.  
Woman with a hundred faces  
none of you is real.  
You know this  
as you plunge your hands  
into the soft gray nape of the sky.

The pearls at your throat are soft and speak silver  
To the shadows.  
to the darkness...  
In the darkness..  
In the darkness- all circles believe themselves  
To be moons...

She tells me-  
I can weep you a keeper  
or sew you a man  
while her hands flutter on- weaving thistles from ash.

Even pearls are but gray stones  
when the moon is nestled  
    deep in the spine of the sky  
    that mirrors as mercury  
    and moves like old blood.

III.

The air is cold, it  
populates your eyes with  
mountains and snow  
You've the steps of a tiring fighter,  
Whispers gather in eddies between trees  
clattering like geese- murmuring on  
about battles and lost brides.

Where is the division  
btw' the hero and his fall?  
What line does one cross  
when seeking the revulsion  
the revolution  
the resolution that will win back the city,  
re-forge the steel  
and fodder the aching hillside?  
They gather, these ghosts,  
to parlay their loves and horses,  
throw stones and roll bones.  
Drinking blood from the pheasants that hide  
in the rushes. Each one saying-  
My bride was the loveliest of them all...

The truth is this:  
All men are heroes in the dirt  
but for most- their courage is born  
when dust mingles with the quartz  
and dead leaves.

Here all souls *can* be brave-  
shaking their hair to scatter the foxes  
They roll out their bones, wagering a travelers spoils  
while lifting our tresses toward the dark line of trees.

One more roll, my love  
before we push you back out into the black  
where the wolves become mendicants  
and thieves.

IV.

The fire  
is a substitute for sleep.  
It beckons the pines and starlight  
in the way of a familiar  
laying them in a willow basket  
with fever few and baby's fingers.  
She brings them into to a room  
To weave them into rings.  
Calcite, coral,

Ammonites and eggs  
Then laid to upon a hearth to dream.

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