

MILLENNIAL YEAR OF  
THE SUPERBLOOM **1**



## MILLENNIAL YEAR OF THE SUPERBLOOM

In the millennial year of the superbloom, after the ruthless drought—  
and shortages: cream-colored and goldenrod and black-eyed daises  
flooded over the retro-fitted sea cliffs, bayside and Oceanside  
where I spent hours lost on the southern peninsula.

The sun fed blue light into the baleen heart of the surf, reforming  
its unstrung, broken freedom in blue guitars of curled azure flame.  
Rains revived the sea lettuce and sea fig, bougainvillea, chaparral  
understory. I asked a woman how old she would be, twenty years

from this moment, and she whispered with joy, ninety-one  
and blooming.

## ZONA NEGATIVA

Solo  
alight and over—  
humming our souls  
arisen, a redolence of God,  
fragrance, a myrrh residue,  
offering splendid zones of salvage—  
Is this irresistible grace or blindness?  
What language exists after catastrophe?  
Is this irresistible grace or blindness?  
Offering splendid zones of salvage—  
fragrance, a myrrh residue,  
arisen, redolence of God  
humming our souls  
alight and over—  
solo.

Solo  
over and alight—  
souls, our humming  
God of redolence arisen,  
residue, a myrrh fragrance  
salvage of zones, splendid offering.  
Is this blindness or irresistible grace?  
What catastrophe exists after language?  
Is this blindness or irresistible grace?  
Salvage of zones, splendid offering  
residue, a myrrh fragrance,  
God of redolence arisen,  
souls, our humming  
over and alight—  
solo.

## MEDITATION ON SKIN

Breathes with you and everything in the room.

Takes a pumice stone to the heels of your feet.

Covers the soul, largest organ of the body.

Mends the world without complaint, a letter.

Lives sweet without strife in one's family.

Arises from gene expression and a pulse.

Shields a book, an envelope, this life.

Seals a wide barrier of continuous resilience  
molting and shedding, versatile at night.

Hydrated moon is the sea's motion. Flaring

consciousness foams over a wall,

encloses this phenomenal world at a touch.

Consciousness foams over a wall.

Hydrated moon is the sea's motion, flaring,  
molting and shedding, versatile at night.

Seals a wide barrier of continuous resilience.

Shields a book, an envelope, this life.

Arises from gene expression and a pulse.

Lives sweet without strife in one's family.

Mends the world without complaint, a letter.

Covers the soul, largest organ of the body.

Takes a pumice stone to the heels of your feet.

Breathes with you and everything in the room.

## ON FLORIOGRAPHY

If you often find yourself at a loss for words  
or don't know what to say to those you love,  
just extract *poetry* out of *poverty*, this dystopia  
    of civilization rendered fragrant,  
    blossoming onto star-blue fields of loosestrife,  
heady spools of spike lavender, of edible clover  
    beckoning to say without bruising  
a jot of dog's tooth violet, a nib of larkspur notes,  
    or the day's perfumed reports of indigo  
    in the gloaming—  
    what to say to those  
    whom you love in this world?  
Use floriography, or as the flower-sellers put it,  
*Say it with flowers.*  
—Indigo, larkspur, star-blue, my dear.

## DEAR MILLENNIUM, INADEQUATE WITNESS

Say we no longer bear witness to a body-politic of trauma  
after revolution

by anesthesia or erasure. Say we cover our eyes  
to crossed olive-wood beams on a hill. Modes of witness  
expose our inadequacy, the human. Forgetting  
is a sign—yes, a thing once existed. Say we are unworthy  
of witness, internal or external—

our damaged wisdom, for instance,  
our diminished capacity for empathy  
and heightened apathy to torture  
mingled with doves  
of unfettered desire  
or an eclipsed divine.

DEAR MILLENNIUM, INSIDE A HUMMINGBIRD  
IS GOD

On a calyx of bougainvillea, a gill of rain on ranunculus,  
lamp-colored resin in fire hills of whitebark,

*quark* as a Falkland name for a black-crowned night heron,  
quarks flavoring a quantum universe,

vision of *agua vitae* in the Mojave, shinbones, grief, or salterios—  
only beetle-drilled air rushing the inner ear,

custodian of vertigo. No men coughed ashore, no prophets  
swallowed in the flesh, no one else—



## ON APOPHASIS AND THE UNNAMABLE

Flame trees or not, apophasis is another way to say no—  
No to *Plebejus lupini* washed lilac blue in the hills—  
No to a rabble of single-brood butterflies, swimming—  
No to hidden lavender bed flourishing on the commons.  
No to apophasis as a sly allusion to the unnamable—  
How jacaranda, after one night, wet the skin of my hand  
without the eschatologies of a post-revelatory hour—  
Just as you prayed when we stood in the schoolroom.  
No to tousled shag moss under a disheveled mimosa—  
To the invisible fishing-twine crossing a wire trellis—  
To appellations of mission vineyards, green signatures.  
Chaparral does not rhyme with a thousand biomes of ash,  
Silver Fire and Esperanza, the Rim Fire, the De Luz Fire—  
No to our homes, dreams and visions razed in pure flame.  
We invite God to share a word—a prophetic revelation,  
a storm of fiery signs for a wayward third millennium  
as the Holy Spirit weeps tongues of tangible anointing—  
wakening in speech what is already sealed in verse.

## MEDITATION ON ERROR AS BEAUTY

The moon's autologous neap-light  
is not even truly its own,  
bone marrow to bone  
after the first or third quarter.

Gaslight moon in a veiled floral gyre  
is not actual lunar shine,  
rather, midnight fire and a salty dash of starlight.

Bowed, I hold one indigo jessamine  
in the hollow of my inner arm, act of mutagenesis  
in a hazardous  
universe: in half-light, a hawk-moth slows  
its tiny brain to see portals of aroma.

Enter. Herein—

micrometers. Of ecstasy.  
Minus one.