

CLEMATIS

columbia virgin's bower:
bell rue
and horse gate to the creek world above
Crownsnest cut off the clit
or horns of heaven some pale purple
tree-river finally honing home
and the twig broken intending to sign
pale purple (chocolate
on the trunk of that pine) climbing
climbing into you stem limp at your musk
to cop petals my tongue

pepper

and the gorge
in an outfall of brown spring runoff
the slope

coal

cloned to the mat of this evening sepal delta
deep touched tooth
her butter

my cup

(wah 930601)