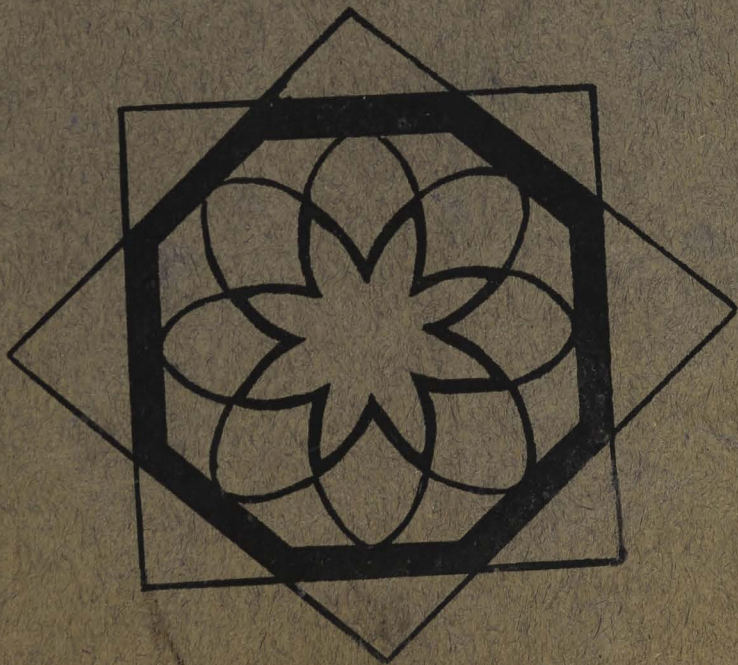


# Himna



Wapiti knows the way, a path  
chris-crossed with events  
within the roots of the flowers of vision  
even inside the mountain of the idea of it  
worn as horns or a headdress outside  
through the trees along the lakeshore  
and all over the mountains' sides  
over the inside and over the outside  
the cover of the many, many ways Wapiti knows.



Here  
this is the way  
strut after strut  
the blue grouse wakens stars for us  
and stroke after stroke  
we pass through night's constellations

that's just what the Osprey sees  
we say  
that's right he says  
we see we see

Floating and floating  
over and flying over  
above or below  
under and in

skein of mirror  
seen as a net

the earth's and sky's  
planets stars birds  
flowers on the surface  
of a noonday pond.

Its a place  
humpbacked ant  
a trap or map  
foot  
/ the idea of foot

a where  
a vegetable  
two lakes and trees  
(pine?)

five 6 seven nine and ten  
its a trap.

Ambling along  
out of you  
I count it all  
in my mind

many many many  
pretty straight  
across a sky.



seagulls and a blue blue sky  
seagulls' lake's sparkling waves  
for other birds

horizon

of mountains

far from here the driftwood beaches there  
trees to the shoreline  
a stretch of sand

a place

open like this boat  
antipodean  
to the sky between

Another granite wall/cliff  
frantic signals/reflections  
from the lake  
ripple/go (a verb  
"to move")

here, look at this  
just look at this  
will you see me  
("to see")

faces in my dream/directions  
where the lake narrows  
a full and complicated shining jewel  
green, in the distance  
another cliff or wall/granite



dayless

meadow of dandelion blown to seed

pasture where the lake narrows

crabgrass and sand

sunning the insides of myself / all of us

for four days frog vision

how to stand

present the body to the body

lizzard      insect      fish

every day

the day

An arc  
a clown (moon-face in clouds)  
old friends and relatives  
rattling around in the boat  
seen with old peckernose our neighbor  
old lizard old night-to-day

Count up the pure places  
homes in our heads  
headdress, horns to push

everytime we carry  
the surrounding accompaniment  
(the din)

and pass forward  
through the passageway  
side to side

whose face, who  
goes with us  
how many



Names

High One

Just as High

Third

March 1977

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