Anselm Kiefer Painting, 1

by Jerry Ratch

The damaged sky is not more black than your hair,
Ashen tonight and floating over the land in blackened
Smoke, where the furrows run with milk light
Or snow, blue and white, and the world-ash floats.

Your patient body sleeps and the white paint
Rises with your breath where the breast sleeps in its
Pool of on-going light. Your hair is the dark shadow
Of all our hair as you exit the land tonight with
Sleep. And lead rises from your back to draw you
Out of this trickle of life inside your body, rising
Slowly as your breast rises and falls, rises and falls.

Only the straw that adds actuality to contempt
Draws you back as the flame will, drawing you back
With its hunger.

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