

from Presence

by Raymond Gibson

facts are facets are
things in the act

the truth speaks softly

as time saying amber
to the enduring sap

words come and go
like leaves like men

we the tree remain

time branches and roots
cause or effect braids

all the reticulated knots

the nerves rewiring in
a vast wounded brain

constellated in the sum
of each groping thought

bent toward what light

what faint truth said
through its ringed echo

by its nested metaphors

listen the wind blows
clear petals of sky

while a twig writes
upon air beyond ours

that we must change

so many bells peal
but they aren't time

words are not truth

the leaf isn't autumn
but its painted sign

its absence isn't winter
but clocks' stray hands

set to truth's rhythm

a pendulum of moon
ratchets off the days

we aren't there yet

seeds of each other
at a different pace

facets of all masks
converging to a face

facts are times efface

