

# from Presence

*by* Raymond Gibson

we gave divided houses  
child stand up anyway

hierarchy is no symmetry

learn when we're lying  
and reweave the tapestry

you aren't our image  
but rather our likeness

take part leaving's half

O semblance to assemble  
split the difference between

our afterglow and absence

futures make echoes motifs  
generations amplify a belief

our heirloom despair ill-fits  
resist our eager silencing

here is whatever's insisted

contexts shift like desert  
sand within the horizonless

we've no other referents

but ourselves in iterations

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mirage ideal and shadow

sweep and pivot around  
the mind's numberless dial

word must become bond

without trust we're lost  
to bull-headed panic by

the forest of ourselves

why decorate a mausoleum  
or deceive upon maps

why shun old travelers  
why bequeath youth traps

poet curate life's museum

child mend this world  
fell our crooked pillars

fight noise's roaring static

reconcile these ages for  
threefold cords are not

easily broken though all  
can break and shall

tame time's fierce cages

