

from

REVELATOR

RON SILLIMAN

BookThug

2013

Dear Krishna, it's 6:11 A.M.
upstairs a faucet turns briefly
Lilly is grown now, Alan's
hair thins at last, Melissa's
perfect smile still shines but
no sign of Lulu, time
erodes what's dear, what's near
is past too soon to
grasp fully the consequence, dawn
threatens a new day constantly
sun as vicious as dusk
or rather simply uncaring, birds
disinterested in the infant's corpse,
it's language that introduces emotion
or the other way round,

my old street so narrow
two boys throwing a football
would find my world unimaginable
& I'm sure theirs likewise
will amaze them, how quaint
that first home network seems
already, Norma says of Barbara
she's there and then not
mimicking consciousness more slowly now
so that others can see
you feel the heat's lack
but not the wind, wind
up an old clock, airplane
I realize is now tracking
the traffic, the early commute
(first train, best train), still
no hint of sun but
now all the trees, houses
visible in silhouette, the dog
audible by its collar, paws
over hardwood, then a sigh,
across the street windows emerge,
porches, no longer just outlines,
details, a larger jet now
a few cars, then many,
my penmanship more ornate today
no sign of the trembles
an instant ago I sat
in Elliot's kitchen, then taped

words cut from the paper
above the dog's white bowl
"good dog" – the last I'd
ever live with I didn't
know then, I dream you
floating, not plummeting, from high
off that bridge, birds finally
begin to twitter, colour floods
emerging day, the sun still
behind the hills, face west
toward whichever future comes, mockingbird
mimics dog collar, another bird's
three note peep, discern now
which jet is which, pinks
streak the high sky, I
rise, eyes blink shaking sleep
away, 757 angles in fog
bay at the runway's rim
engines roaring, waiting, ready, poised
then flaring, to race forward
up over the salt ponds
half hidden in the mist, silhouette
of the city piercing cloud
(but the bridges are hidden)
inner ear, particular trumpet, displays
pressure, cottony wisps soon scatter
valleys revealed green & gold
I hold the fluted glass
to cleanse the palette, mango

ice cream, or the sauce
hot & sweet, spicy, smoked
eggplant, rice absorbs the broth
breath, breadth, bread, a head
too big for hats, hands
likewise large grasp the ball
with ease, to please herself
she walks on her palms
then flips upright, smiling, sees
more than we know, teases
younger brother, mother, dad, bad
dogs? Never!

COLOPHON

Manufactured as the first edition of *Revelator*
in the Fall of 2013 by BookThug.

Distributed in Canada
by the Literary Press Group
www.lpg.ca

Distributed in the United States
by Small Press Distribution
www.spdbooks.org

Shop on-line at www.bookthug.ca



Type + design by Jay MillAr
Copy Edited by Ruth Zuchter