

BRUCE BOND

The Personal God

The big names are harvesting the world
the best they can. Why is never as clear
as music is that clarifies so little.
The great hearts long to be particular
as you and I who are one minus one.
One pulse knocks the door of the skin,
one spine shivers with a distant phone call.
The taller the name the farther it falls
away. From what, you ask. Like a name.
And so God came one day as the father
of each and every, so I might ask him,
is that you in my father's love and anger,
my father's grave. And I asked the wind
who's neither wind nor branch. But conversation.

Cézanne

To see the trees as seen is to believe
you are in them, your boot-print in the mud,
your shadow in the leaves that fall from leaves.
Long ago I understood things I made
in terms of understanding. Now I know
less and less of them and so I make them.
So the composition of the whole grows
strange, lonely for what, I cannot fathom.
To see the eye as seen is to separate
its parts into small and smaller pieces.
to separate the white space with a piece.
Out of chaos they came: this world, this iris.
And so, together, returned. Lost like us
who hold each other in the wilderness.