

middleair crosscry

still, (and stilled by)
one cry
that arcs forward
with its thousand thousand wakes.
onces
weighn weightlessly
smokeweaving in earth,
seapitched now and
ever,
interflown in fiery, seatraced keening.
soft, the crosscry,
archly,
greyly angry,
weaves its weathers
in ganged arrays of
singing,
interseathing between silken waters.
heat of fire in the blueprinted sea
flickers,
pressing the echoing light,
outcrying, from clay to breath.

--- Eytan Fichman

candlewords

darknessess surrounding light;
sinking deep into coppery
recesses of roomed,
inky wordwork,
when the world was inside out.
unborn thousands
trail, blackly booted into
your oncewhisper world;
secrets blaze before millions.
your inversion-trained
fire
pinningly piercing
the coaldark that consumed you.
cascades of
blackening shadowkill;
your sparksear glow unfounded it
in your candlewords.

--- Eytan Fichman

nightwalkliness
(for my father)

during walkingnights
in the coolishly cold fall darkneses of
latewalking afterdinner talking
begins an enduring time,
between this child and this father
of uneven cadence,
that gradually parallels
and then, drifts gradually apart
over a decades-long moment
of tandem striding
along streets and halls
and nightened footfalls.
at what seemed the beginning
one slowed for the other;
at what seemed nearer ending,
the other slowed for the one;
yet it was always changing,
the footfalling,
in increments too small
for our eyes or the little bones in our ears to notice
until our breath changed.
in walkingnight
breaths and footfalls
softsoundingly alight
in air, through ground,
giving form to
the giving and the taking and the changing.
what was given and taken
in sounding and aspiring
fell like fall's leaves' dappled descending
and fell, as we see all too well now,
but once,
and what began,
and began ending at its very onset,
at once commenced returning,
so that what was once pounded,
then echoed,
perhaps, at times, unlikely whispered;
at other times struck, in belly blow-like hammerstruck rings
tolling now against subterranean anvils,
and other times still
in laughs reheard that
lit rooms while strong arms
lifted my childish lunging
kicks at first steps.
it returns as well
in the sheen of aging skin
and the shape of a head
seen turning in a car;

it echoed in wrapping legs
big with the heart's water,
my strapping with fingers
struggling to hold fast.
resonances short and long;
some we may not have heard for decades of decades,
some our grandchildren's
grandchildren will mark
as resonances
mirrored and windowed, emergent
of cadences curiously, unlikely
redolent with each of our humanly
footfallish nightwalklinesses.

--- Eytan Fichman