

Anniversary

at times

Death approaches capriciously
to display one of its many moods or genders.

as a reminder of the tenuous envelope of the vehicle
and the relevance of things,

this Benevolence

stood up suddenly out of the west
like a giant Tesla nerve, coiled black
upon the sea's horizon

but, before this, there had been the sticky thing with the heat
combed through the air

then clasped together in a pall for all living things -
Not to dare go on.

fetid island heat, with no manners
which swells inside the couple's reason
splitting the meaning of intention -
obscuring the optics of the simplest change.

precisely because one miscalculates the subtle,
is how a sullen shape obscures its growth of stature
and dares improper salutations
impels improvised reversals

and after that,
fleeing the wind wall pressure
the crazed dash through the dunes
fence blocking,
doubling back through thorns,

Respect the swooping gull's primordial will,
to stab it's beak into human flesh
for the sake of her embryo.

She cries testimony to the imperative -

how well this intense green and brittle salt-sand
reflect the shifting North Sea light
admit the magic of impending temper

See the man and the woman on the beach
their little folly
has forced them back along the western finger of this thin sand arm, whether
they are already woven one in their hearts is of no matter, now
each is in desperate flight
from or to their awesome marriage with the storm.

what separates a man and a woman,
or struggles in two rather than one
riddles in mystic deeper than this tongue
or simply is
as a declaration of stance on a flat *Watt* beach, in storm.

Picture these strict, twin antennae
bowed forward into the ripping confusion
backs lashed with ice,
the thrust of their reverence
a vulnerability requesting blessing
is it shear velocity that demands them so,
or the ebbing of time's embrace held forth?
friction in independence seeks the distinctive point
electricity desires similar telepathy

Witness right - flash!
a steel ship run-a-ground
quick decision - shelter?
or the chapel?
Witness left - flash!
is that silhouette the staff that marks the secret of the dune's return?
separating *Watt* from Sea,
shallow from depth,
or this anniversary, perhaps
from infinite

nerves flash with extra chiaroscuro,
understand it, as one of those precious moments
of unquestioned clarity,
where perception shifts, spreads open its taut construct
then, seduced by the nuptial fabric's fluidity
reveals it's hidden hem

a sudden hair of lighting thick on the beach
with braided strands haloed so-close about the couple
their agreement, in testament, stands erect
in one fibrous union

Now!

instant white gold grace

greet it - receive it

embrace it - honor it

obey it - seize it!

as defenseless calm slips its seed inside

craving a womb for its history,

whether this be the last or another

Wonder, what is

or what can not be

and should it be any different?

the drench of Regal histrionics

shook its fancy spent

the ceremony's alchemy passes into rain

rumbling two together in some essential way

the tide pauses,

as the *priel**, who snakes its Will across the *Watt*

turns about, and

like other things we know

comes and goes

- experiences from Juist - an island of the *Ostfriesische* chain, just off the German, North Sea coast in the Wadden Sea - *das Wattenmeer*, July 4, 1994
- *priel* (German – for a narrow tideway or channel of water in the North Sea mud flats, or *Watt*)

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