

Between the Fabric & The Cause

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I.
Flesh & Sail

sharp beams
peeking thru the ether

sentiment hung
like a strong scent

colored in bathing
formations

casting every spin
to come

you must go on

*all else a night too long,
a day that never ends*

*the cycle's witness
must remember*

sparkles
in the spin frame

colors in a true light

remember our psalm?

haze on the highway
yellow in the full sun
dust of dry summer

flakes
on the horizon dark
a band of white

I close my eyes

all the harmonies
that are hidden in the static

and how we choose the story

all the harmonies
that are waiting in the silence

and how in that space

Pulverized
the gale spent

we wrecked in coastal waters

forced to go

into fits and panic

to know this coldest grasp

I left myself
and was warm,
an orb along the wave break

I came together on the
beach numb & grasping

(the water washing up
warm contrasting the wind)

the cliffs
the birds
so much undisturbed
this part of me up

an eye in the catastrophe

that part of me

fruit of Earth & sky

a circle the curist turns
casting rainbow scatters
on their faces

an undulating axis

which world I'm tethered to
still

regardless of this gravitation

thru time there are holes,
places made timeless

what taste of Persimmon
in mid-winter
one might call

what touch of grass
and smell of her

in storming desert crossing

I saw you
 peeking
between yarrow stalks

I heard you, harp-like
casting some breeze

placing grass blades together
to whistle when you blow

what heat will make rise,

smoke shifts
and that bird
again calls

songs I remember
only on some lucky morning

such taste
my subtle savior

lily, loam,
moist erasure

fall one tightrope
to another

range, post,
and exotic
counterweights

to emulsify and condition

this happening

the pendulum
swung
and hung
leisurely to the left

the zebras divided
amongst the river plain
and the lava field

--

the hold was
loosed and to the right

--

a man stood like a tree slowly,
mind quieted by work

my roots hang in air
misted by dew drops,
misted with honey

my columns sent skyward,
the bough, my limb

how would you explain
the horizon
snapped to focus

'til you could travel any distance?

you may describe
the pores that hide
in everything

or the swerving scout

birth death
just a piece

how about lapsing stays
in any one of these three
bodies?

or the line where
matter crosses over
into energy

and back?

the breeze in my hands
lays wormholes
in my arms

they're holding service
in there

when the bodiless seep
from the corners

and between
everything

perhaps they'll run a rope

the trance of waves
lifting and crashing the hull

every minute of unconsciousness

patterned my molecules

fierce curls

barreling to the shoreline
seldom found

hurl spelt of
the sky's wheat
and see me wavering

given gems to the cape
in furious blast & blow

panoramic blips

shrapnel of scales
raining over the
racing beat, skip, beat
jump

a trumpet, unanswering,
calls lone notes

flurries erupt

spasmodic exchanges
of chord mash

and time jumped within

and burst from,

lurching, burrowing,
break

spliced a dandelion to
my finger in September

now I can't man your
grinding wheel

found the frequency
of the peninsula,

radiant between the ocean
and the bay

stints of snow
then sunbursts

green hooked limbs
holding piles of white

the work
of the icy trees

that cold morning
none can erase

always somewhere else
as well
in front is us

the prism so faceted
as to leave itself
incalculable

so in the light spins
our eyes

to see what cascades by
and remember

that simple Autumn eve
that simple shout for heaven

a sense that this could grow
thru the centuries
and the guilt

-

we're growing love nests
like never before

-

all was lost
to find more than could be
imagined

why waste the pressing scenes?
to be ever still, ever travelling

a chin up to wrest
a leg up,
innocence beseeching

you bring something back
-

everyone to ride this resonance

the chakras replace the turn style

the breeze,
the breeze sooth
always passing
always passing thru

come unannounced

gone without a cry

Nurture wild

reckless the mead of souls
contained

Breeching birth ways
blood to make smear
the sigils sewn
in heart stays

Single set, turned a head

two hawks fly the circle

we've been gone
for so long
the seeds were near forgotten

remember to harvest
what they know not
the working

light the candle of
cedar & tallow,
the torch of tarred hide,

imitate thru the stern
of their reemergence

once carried on
now endless & spawning
a renaissance
that needs a new mind
to comprehend

the scope, paramount

the sheen of our skills

shining brighten light

a hold lost,
if betrayed

woven,
splendid,

colored with the
dirt of metals meeting air,

my rings are dire memories
of spring,

into summer,

into fall

storehouses
 of vision mirror
 spirit food
the wave
 the wand
we wander

 among our axis'

we turn to mist

and condense after sunset

to run

II.

A Cave To Come Under

charcoal stains on
both your hands

a horse sleeps

once the candle blown out

in the darkness

a horse gallops
in the flames dance
once more

to see in our beings
where our bodies
are not

we have chipped away
at space, chipped away
at time

as a key to our survival

as the healer spans
we spoke

to the otherlands

we decreed
and were heard,
hurt no more

we were received
into our bounty,
a hand held hundreds

is there more
beneath the topsoil?
past the sand for miles?

a stone forming
drip by drip

clear mask
of water

call my bodies
back

stream the sweet
smoke

make me well

a beauteous decision,
to allow the mind
to stay there
on that coast

a barometer leveling

to allow the body
to stand singular
and bounce and spin

to allow the spirit
trick
in purple ribbons paid,

to allow a
thought
to kneel

and allow a buttress hook
holding up the dreamstate
within who's roof
you're under

the calamity
whose golden hands
you've found

how am I to listen
to your science of words

when I see black
curls easing pools of smoke

and green springs shooting
skyward, leafless?

cords of force
tunneling down

 heat swells in the face

side spin of separation

 days to recall

the paralleling
 and where?

what once coming together
again ran beside itself

cunning

 bewildered

pockets trailing Oak leaves

lapse breath

blooming

the room sent vastly
to another

we wince
and open our eyes

what're you?

the tides have turned

I'm a lynx and bear
sleeping,

bugle of an elk

the pines standing, standing

living witness

held softly like fabric

growing hardy now
and full

to transform waste
into water

each day a quiet festival
undeclared

a life of these tiers

leapt from juggling platforms,
my height, squared

the dark holds a fiddle
that dances me, and cries me,
and tortures me with silence

to do the work
of Trilobites

tomes coiled in
crystalline stone

*they span
wing time of a midnight*

a lion looking on

*a copper key,
spiraled & spoonlike*

don't let the spotlight ruin
what is more powerful in the
dark

a kite wind,
a march of necessity,
cold hands & mourning

the well so deep, the ropes
run us bare

we pull up
cups full of elixir
for the many mouths,
the many mouths,

there is an aquifer waiting
to find some fissure
and come to us
nourishing
pristine
abundant

there is some lock's key turning,

and it may take centuries,

we might get lost along
the way

we transcribe the notes
of twilight signing sigils in
moonlight on the tree floor

in hopes of gaining some mercy,
to do the work of dreams

where could it come from?
where has it been?

already a stark trance
against dark grey

wind cocks the arch bridge
blown noisily up my face

and thru my hair

adventuresome treads
walk the dome
and the trench

who's out there?

startling
all the millions

we could build a castle
out of sky boughs

in a night
with our hand held

to have ventured

to have been tracked and scoured

the exit
will find the owner's artist

obeliscent procession

a lustrous vein

wraps & ties & binding
 steady march
wind in dried corn silks
basil seeds hold a downy feather

ring from the sun in deepest west
 moon to sky
 colored hills
departing by the moment

sacred teeth
knocked from the skull

sacred breath
moved from the chest

in the dry Autumn river bed, I know
 Damns (an) opening

hold it
keep it

make more
of surrender

the hound loosed

the green in the set

the dawn waits
for no one still

we pause and count the
minutes

help me disappear
and reappear
with ease

help me keep straight
what never could be

strange, he
rich
in gold so few can see

camphor & ghee,
each step
mercy,

take root
graft tree and your
hairy swarm of
foreign medicine branches

I've seen you fruiting
at will

the people wait with
backs turned,
eating their hope

still they wait

as if the vase, when empty,
would be clear water

III.

The Fuel of Collision Colors

instincts
shed of wrath
or rain
come by
to tear thru Tansy
rushing thru clearing,
forest, clearing,

wade in the willows,

the sap found,

to bring back

the flux

==

look up

the light outside what deed
still sees you

pain coming to cull
the mind

coming to take a thrash
and clear your cobwebs,
vitalize you with fire

you are new

now

and forever

more than

your past
bliss & imperfection

you are

free from

the tethers once binding

*speeding forward
we are walking millennia,
porous*

as a waterfall pushes
at the door

wherever I leave
somewhere I return

and in these cycles
burn out the spaces
wasted where
hope follows

release the tremble
release the antigen

knead supple
muscles bound
made of our suffering

whip in ellipses
redefining speed

to my lovelies, ignite
your stars
form a constellation

I see you all
in myriad of night

twinkling between planets

the spirit feeds on plush
and angles of light,
skin tones & feeling

what you might do
to bear within
all taken chances

a soft mouth chewing

some darkness holding my belly
and pulling me to my feet

some light washing me out
and so I hide

they cut into the hillsides
made steps in the stone

they bought the lot on tax sale
scrub trees, fill dirt, & broken glass

they made steel wings from iron ore
and carbon of everything
burned her memories thru the sky

they made horns bark & cry
made language of beat & squeak

they marked the names of ancestors
in blood, scar, ink on tattooed hands

they surrendered
and let their hair grow,
shaved their heads,

*the breaking pain
of wonder*

*burning
our mistakes*

I love all things at once

our currents have come,
in waiting,

our currents have come
despite our sleeping,

as if they've practiced forgiveness
our currents have come

and shaped where
our land
(what land is in us)

meets
(what water is in us)
our water

some bitter shapes

some crescent cones

our currents have come

as if beside us

(we've matched speed with) little
white crests

we've breathed our hearts
as the sunrise upon

silt of our destiny

bitter root, dark, earth
pure white clay,
quartz dust

rusty tracks
where have you broken?

hard wind, black wool,
one night away
walk on

old foot trails, have you grown over?

they've pieced the land up

so the land lights us up
and we dance the
gain we part

wrestled down

prey so wild

flashes of color the length
echoing up of horns

hooves of granite
hooves of obsidian

sweeping the grasses
in trails of black,
a razing
whip to the four directions

with the sound of a great
exhale

‘ternal seed

scorched free of the husk
to sprout

awakened in unbearable extremes

I’ve been whittled
to bend
and snap back with a violent force

held down
I’ve been known to wait
and sneak away in the soil

innocent ocean
churn & free

sinful self
ordering arrow flocks

turn your shackles into candy

reflected light of rain

on the trail leaves

ghosts inside the foot & brow

something broke in them
this day
where suns are setting
and suns are setting
and rising just the same

and something set into pace
where noontime is waiting
and noontime is waiting
in the waking hour
'fore second sleep

and something fused within
where hearts reach into space
and bodies separate

wrest the deed
from some layer of atmosphere

bridging faces of
mountain ice
and sting rays

the web in which we leapt

pilings of vomit & kisses

hard labor & tine staves

thread pulled from nothing
into sight

to patch the quilt together
with scraps from other lives

raked the strings,
rang as if
dissonance and consonance
were Ultramarine and Jonquil
mixing into some dark harlequin

a wash of wind chimes
some fast, some slow

(all the calls that
went south
away from cold)

the pain breaks
and a needle pulls
through

(burrow, den, isolation)

my heart jumps and a new
joy resounds

my thought skips
and I see the strings of light

half-death
awaiting

inoculate
my memories with color
and vivid detail

so we may live again

in our other bodies,
the times spent
together

the sounds of fleetest
fall,
the cast of
those lifting drift
towards
imminent horizons

yellow, golden, orange, blood red

*a break decides
as rust endears
and a scar can change
your face forever*

carved in the pavement
a roost for the wishbone

saw your name
written in the
(exposed) rock & spruce

except it wasn't your name

it just looked
as your sound
walking towards me

*a break decides
as trust endears
and one look can change
your face forever*

you wake me up
in the dark
early, early morning
and have me walk
as a telling cloud came low

and by the river
showed me where
he would appear
at the right moment
of dawn

you took me home
and made me get up
like any other day

then left

giving nothing to share,
but an anonymous weight

--
there are gems inside
says some riddle,

I've been tossed
around,
as all I've requested

chewed on
for entire days

made to walk

to not one ear
that would listen

to learn the art of being danced

to the players go the prize

and late nights
and battled selves

and being taken away

the peace we are forgiving,
introduced to you, said
come find me

hiding in some sediment

chipped out with a pick ax
as the labor tolls

somehow

popped out of a rain so cold,
numbed in despair, then...

I've been undressing
for a decade,
how could I expect
scales & fur,
or the breast I'd been given?

IV.

As If It Were A Rose We Wore

up all night,
 talk of a man,
a farmer, raindrop, otter

when we slept to sun cascading up
with slivers
 thru leaves

we dreamt of honey
as if it were a rose we wore,
and dreamt of all those other lands,
as if they were our hair,
as, if you opened our skulls
there'd be pictures
 of what lines the cliffsides,

a bliss bay
white
sunshine

between our
fingers

the lock leased
wide open
we hold
and build

--

let the roots
sneak
white tender

--

stones broken in
our flames
all the nights pushed back

the moon ever-present,
the soil loose & loamy

I see their place
in starred luminaries
every minute of day
melted in a bergamot candle

what capture light we've
held
and allowed to crystallize,

the gift of the prismatic

hidden inside

disciples of the bouncy ball,
rubber & rose

students of the windfall
& the break

move forward
the words dance

a life
of their own,

of our evolution

*find the throne
of moss & ivy*

*see the doe,
calm as the wind, she went*

drove at pitch forth
rode the arbor down

gleaned
of a silk rose
and it's scent
preserved

must it be the smell
of your hand?

held in a moment
so discreet
for hours upon waking

cleaned my feet
in river clay

that feels of heavy silk
and has no smell

the color,
softglorious blue,
shallow bay,
white sand,
high tide amazement

first winks
that same hue

again, lapis pigment paste
and titanium

malachite powder

blackest carbon

orange of the iron earth

you

of cascading resolutions

of the flourish

the Moor's mist & dew

this milky petal,
golden sap resin,
cheek grazed to kiss

(and the scents
and saving graces)

a nectar,

at last we see our breath

news to the mountain,
moisture of the haze,

cool white swift

so many breaths of fresh air
at once

to be that ash
so fresh fallen

that nothing were more
when in our arms space held

(that knot)
locked & thick

teased loose

roving around
like molten glass
yearning

cooling into honeycombs
of smoothest texture

and we drove and
drove thru hills above,
hills below, hills to
home 'til morning

raw
the most beautiful of land
to my eye
in late summer,
we had it all

any speed felt nothing
in the vast discussion
of two symphonies,
the sagebrush,
auburn grass,
and the conifers
disappearing into pitch & stone

like a needle piercing
a lobe thick as the prairie to the mountains
we, a long,

escalating,

held,

breath

where none see
gaps slowly to chasm

when all is milky and
flows
I chase the live sprout
there and across the dark (I must)

when all is strong and
moving
a force solid
as chest high water
rushing in spring rain

and you know there are
countless undiscovered colors

and some in danger
of becoming extinct

black, the sea told
the new moon
underwater

what lights
you have come

and what
lays all about between them

some heart cords' fate
to be buried

one face, born back
again and again,
out of all others

who are
all the facets
faced away?

one blinding
center
facing me

her darkest plane
behind her, faced away
same as my darkness
lurching out behind my back

which way
might the light come from
tomorrow?

which side of the prism
hit
made to glow
and with the spectrum angles
the course
of one tide

columns of Cypress
hold the golden bowl's flame

the past is tinder

is still a place in time

is walking on all fours
smelling us out in the
 nightscape

my feet at climbing pace

beside myself for days,

the witness glimpsing

cornerstone a spiral,

Court the winter
with Hellebores

thru the snowdrop
crocus harbinger

eerie fox cry by
the river
thicket dashed to, from, to

etching on our edifices

in the Eagle eye
turned bear claw
clutching obsidian,

chewing on the bitterroot

V.

Of Helixes Performed

as you might
come to me,
wind under branches

as we might sing
the shadow
so, may sing the day

as you would,
cold to survival,
hunger as thou might,

tighten the tether

and make meals of the pebbles
at my feet

I stopped sleeping, waking eye
on the hour

window
of
coming apart

crackling like
live wires
whipping in a puddle

sparks like a Supernova
at any hour of night

it hums like a generator,

creaks and heaves
like boiler room
steam pipes

someone tapping code
inside the walls

patterns in the bark glare

clouds hold back,

look on

the age's order
changing state to state

some front comes in
from below the floor

eyes stutter as
pulls back the curtain

singular in thoughtlessness

quiet, stalking

irregular intervals
chime by a twig crack

a dusting spore

a creamy rind
to decay away
leaving fertile
pockets
for seed

saw three rivers meet,
combining

and the infinite ways
hills can rise

silence that can make one
invisible

roots that shake
in your hand

glow
and the out of sights

poised upon a leap
and moving on

poised for a leap
then sauntering down

poised for a leap

what was the endless flat
turned steppe,
land jutted below

and on and on and on

what was the peak
has become foothills,
there is no summit,
only vistas as you climb,

the pulls to separate

colors come alive
I rush forth

the incredible power
in one moment
to be

endlessly

and underneath the bridge pass,
the river's run,
the tumbling stone,

Green, green
of some pasture
I wish for

stunted, the light born
sing

thru alleyways and
fences, moving

on castle sands,
the cloud's spark
and rushing

a boom sent,
the light of day
into a moment of midnight