

The Beach Just Beyond The Woods



*By Charles Davi*

*And I remember*

The oceans between my senses, dried up,  
The Sun and sea, sand and air,  
All made one by the heat of the day -  
Discernment vanished, hours ago,  
Leaving one impression in its stead.

Then an airplane passes overhead,  
Blotting out the light before the Sun,  
Breaking everything around it,  
Back into its parts.

And so I turn to see her,  
Her eyes squinted in the beaming light,  
Barely open,  
Sweat above her dense eyebrows,  
Smiling -  
And I remember,  
The day we found our apartment,  
In Oslo;  
And yet I think of America, as well,  
Which worries me, deeply.

Then I see the Sun cast broken beams through the clouds,  
The kind of things you see on postcards,  
In cheesy movies,

Except this time, that it's real,

When everyone is either gone or there as well. †

*Just before dinner*

The shadows of the plant perched beside you,

Cast along the wall just behind you,

Moving in the same breeze that animates the cloth along your shoulders,

Though not at all. †

*Nature's own photographer*

The edges of the clouds look like stationary lightning,

Stuck in a moment -

A glimpse into the madness of Nature.

I'm almost afraid, to look too long,

Though the Sun is not in sight,

Unafraid of that type of blindness. †

*Subtle in its work*

The majesty of Nature,  
Is obvious in scale,  
Though subtle in its work -  
To reproduce a moment,  
A hair along her brow,  
In all its characters and details,  
Requires an ocean of beings,  
To labor for millennia. †

*When I see her*

The rose has no thorn,

And the cactus but a patient green -

All fences laid flat to tract the ground. †

*When I see her come alive*

Perhaps a thing I've said,  
Or an unintended gesture,  
Revealing a mood, intended to be hidden -  
She responds in kind,  
With another,  
That no matter what the context,  
Breaks all the useless attachments and distractions,  
Revealing who we really are. †



*Intended for at least a third*

When I'm in her light I find,  
That all of the things have new meanings,  
There's no other context -  
Even flavors and textures,  
Revealing, perhaps, what she sees and experiences herself.

Perhaps it's transmission, through new associations:

So much time spent thinking for another,  
Leaving you transfigured,  
Turning into someone else,  
In turn intended for at least a third. †

*Summer morning*

The turn of morning,  
You turnover,  
I'm already standing,  
Waiting, with our coffees.

I watch you lay in bed -  
The mostly blue with white duvet below,  
White nit pattern,  
Moving at its edges in the breeze.

Summer morning,  
Echoes of the sky to my left,  
Out our massive windows,  
Imposing context,  
I can see there's nothing else -  
My whole world laid alive atop a cloth.

The light upon the walls,  
A pale yellow Sun,  
Leaving interleaving shadows,  
Bustling motions,  
Others fixed, framing light and dark.

You make me think of older times,  
Despite the date -  
All your sharp clothes,

Brutal wit,  
Our modern things,  
In our rest,  
Brought to dull.

In respite,  
Time itself has lost an edge -  
Clarity of color,  
Stillness in all things,  
When I'm simply with you,  
Even when you're far away,  
Like the light through a window,  
No matter what the glass,  
Changes what I see,  
Your notion interposed between the world and my senses. †