By Karen Volkman

Sleeping sister of a farther sky,  
dropped from zenith like a tender tone,  
the lucid apex of a scale unknown  
whose whitest whisper is an opaque cry

of measureless frequency, the spectral sigh  
you breath, bright hydrogen and brighter zone  
of fissured carbon, consummated moan  
and ceaseless rapture of a brilliant why.

Will nothing wake you from your livid rest?  
Essence of ether and astral stone  
the stunned polarities your substance weaves

in one bright making, like a dream of leaves  
in the tree’s mind, summered. Or as a brooding bone  
roots constellations in the body’s nest.


Source: *Nomina* (BOA Editions, Ltd., 2008)