

# Poems:

It's a THREE WIRE WINTER...  
The sun is hard to remember.  
The Whiteness of winter is all around,  
The new snow falls without a sound.  
Maybe our ancestors were clouds...  
I want to rise above the mountains,  
Here where our dreams are different;  
They arrive one by one like pure water.  
If I climb I must leave my strength below  
With the trees and be more like a child.  
The sky is bigger here, cold and vast,  
Telling you nothing;  
I reach a place where stars dew the ground.  
At the summit I cry,  
The mountains are stretched out below my feet,  
Maybe we're like a fence  
That has emerged even through a THREE WIRE WINTER.

Rick Tibbetts

## Owl

An owl sits in a wood of black twigs,  
Staring blackly at the edge.  
Fat pot clucking madness,  
Fruit of licentiousness, waiting for evil to occur.  
The world is a white grub in its black eye.

It can see in the dark,  
A bad omen in unlucky people's eyes.  
Small furry creatures are helpless  
It attaches itself to them one by one.  
It knows their red pomegranate interiors by heart.

Moon bird of secrets, spying on sorrows and rites  
Watchful eater, I want your wisdom.  
Days, it waits for the light to subside;  
At night he looses his one wondering syllable,  
Uttering aloud the misfortunes it swallows.

Rick Tibbetts

# Sarcophagus

Mostly it is a process of unwrapping-  
First, there is the god-cover;  
The mummy's metal and wood bodies  
Become more human.  
This is a surgeon's important work;  
A whole like can be read here.  
The stiff white cloths  
Peel back easily like promises,  
Disclosing secrets.  
The narcotics in place of a soul,  
Blood fermentation, embalment.  
There must have been such ceremony!  
Faces repulse themselves  
Somehow the same but gradually less divine.  
Unmistakably impassive and aloof,  
A defense to the world.

An electrician's work-  
It is all here: the delicate gold  
Traceries and circuits; it is clear  
No expense was spared.  
His mind must be a god's by now.  
It is good to be safe in such a place,  
Enclosed in so much loving protection,  
Each layer more beautiful and vague.  
Finally I find the true inhabitant:  
Soulless autumn fruit  
With morality carefully excised.  
The face has nothing to say,  
A grimace at those still in this life.  
And here, precious, ineffable,  
Is a small gift, separate and bound:  
The heart, the darkness.

Rick Tibbetts