

john martone

archegonium

dogwood & honeysuckle
2006

r & e

cc

eb, ba, fjs

*he who has plunged
into the deathless...*

dhm 25.29

archegonium

row of cottages
in fog
fields beyond

one white cottage
has red
kitchen curtains

no stars
tonight

our
houses

small
adrift

spirit
houses

walking
tonight

lifting
my arms

rowing
them
slowly

flew
above
houses

flew
above
houses

my eye
glasses

from
drizzle

compound
eyes

these night walks –
each fog-droplet-
buddha-field

eyes can't
tell

what
species
this

lake
island
moss

winter lakeshore's
fishhook-tangle
ghost

in
cottonwood
bark's cleft

a lichen
buddha

bringing
this

lichen
home

for my
eyes

home late—
front door sparrows
already asleep

shortwave silent
this table
otherwise bare

fog tonight
listen to shortwave
christmas

mashed potatoes
& some carrots
& salt

washing
dishes first
then shaving

having
slept

hand
under
head

woke to
ros
ary

bead
prints
on cheek

twenty-
seven
glass

beads
moss-green -

one
amber -

black cord
knotted
thrice

water & sun - still
my winter tomato plant
failing

from
attic
window

looking
down

across
drive

flowers
on a

supper
table

string
a new

ros
ary

tonight
&

go
walking

walking
into wind
in silence

chainlink
this whole
street
tonight

walking on
in the near distance
house trailer ruins

lights from
string of

cinder
block rooms

one
window
ea.

doors
other
side

hundred steps
from state road
to cinderblock rooms

winter firefly-
just a chip
of yellow glass

john-boat
in grass behind
cinderblock room

a pond
or dumping ground
this darkness

no gloves
& no money
in my pockets

outside of town
pick a star
to live on

moon
nearly
full

above
pine

off
center

place
my hands

to
gether

before
this pine



the
spirits
use

sign
language

my shadow
the pavement
broken

hickory shells
under pine
no squirrel now

oak's gold
cotyledons
this nowhere path

winter woods give me
maidenhair fern
to bring home

w 10'

honeysuckle branch

knock down red-pine cones

thru reeds
pond
beyond reach

beyond pond
graveyard
another pond

half-inch coarse
pebbly snow
moss-sporangia taller

just squeeze into
hollow sycamore
& close my eyes

squeezed
into sycamore

healed



a
flower
pot's

moss
hemi
sphere

3

species
moss

maiden
hair

fern
red pine

&
ficus

one
terra

cotta
pot

holding
a stone
moss holds

bringing back mosses
someday they'll turn
my room inside out

gathering mosses
don't be selfish

my child's weight
this rucksack full of rocks
full of moss

this moss -
size shape weight
of mouse

nowhere else
to step
moss

lost my green
rosary
in moss

a pot
of moss
by bed

cellar's
glass bottles
moss gardens!

a breath
for these
sporangia

pebble's
weight — moss
to dream on

green tree-frog
in bathroom sink
in my dream

house
gutters
frame us
w moss

a
rooming-
house

room
someday

a
rooming-
house

room
for me

a
rooming-
house

room
&

nothing
more!

bullion
cubes

& brown
rice

a 40-minute
walk in snow
while rice cooks

attic room's
rafter winds
bear me off

bare trees bare trees
then 14 nests
one oak

pine mulch
& little brown mushrooms
3 species

sit on heels
& study
wild mushrooms

finger
tip

just
touching

wild
mushroom
cap

same
shape

amid these pines
years ago
orphanage

my room stays chill
all winter
for mosses

each pine's nimbus
fallen
pine needles

empty pond
winter's
tortoise shell

deep pine-
needle floor's whorl-
worlds

a nest
fallen

into
pine mulch

a nest
for
my eyes

almost almost lost
in pine woods
& rains coming

half
a snail-
shell

full
of earth

thumb-size
brown

globe
in woods

hollow
gall

or
fruit

unlike
me

moss
balan
ces

on
stones