

DONALD REVELL

## My Vocabulary

Angel of my loves, I cannot  
Anymore capture the smallest words,  
Your wings as once you  
Closed them upon me and night ended.  
Nothing moves freely in me.  
The sun's a legend with no biography.  
Bedsheets disappear into the garden noise,  
Making shadows. If I were to ask the roses,  
Only one would know your name.

Nothing moves without invisible consent.  
And I'm not thinking of powers, but rather  
Of smiles hidden, of the semen and metal  
In window glass when the glare of sudden rain  
Blinds it. Permit the angel, and your permission  
Lifts Dante out of a dead faint. Permit  
The free exchange of small words  
In sleep and, as the sun rises, wings  
Close upon the words, then a rose, then nothing.

## The Cattle

Not even a moment,  
A narrow gap in the pillars  
Of . . . heaven? sheer exhaustion?  
Widened, disclosing a halo  
Of few words, thus  
My Nebraska. Thus a green distance  
Briefly gilded the blackness underneath.

I was more tired than I knew.  
In less than a moment, the few  
Words ample to all poems bent  
Horizon into a Mercator crown.  
Beloved syllables echoed the shapes  
Of cattle. Flecks of real gold  
Shone in their eyes on me.