

V.B. Price

from *Chaco Body*

TRANSPARENCY

To imagine is to know
with no reference to the truth,
the truth which is without us
only pure.

We believe and we become.

Canyons, kivas, minds,
each contain a space
which is
what has contained it.

Power is in opening
so holy nothing is the way.

The canyon comes to you at dawn,
as a god comes,
full of prophecy, funereal,
light as gravity with nothing left to pull,
as the past
fills you
as a void would,
exploding in
as sun fills an open eye.

Here one wears the place as one would wear a mask,
is asked to join a dance one does not understand,
and does it,
knows it,
is it and is not,
in union
with both doubt and play,

and what one makes of doing.

There is no letter of the land,
no gospel code.

The literal means no more than what has formed it
as an instant means no more than what's behind, ahead.

The place is
everything it is,
in time, in mind,
its emptiness
and the front side of its stories.

Chaco body,
deep breathing breezes through the weeds,
rock face changing faces,
imagination knows
the present as transparency,
deep vanishing,
its mask of instants,
knows
what is
is constantly not there,
a focusing
emerged into itself,
over and over,
layer by layer,
a black hole, looking glass
which holds it all,
its molecular days,
its oceans, corpses, gods,
its depths and surfaces of light,
the weight
of its transparencies, stratigraphies,
its harmonies of scree clack,
clouds of river foam, their floating by,
shorelines lapping,
sharks cruising through the cliffs,
flood gusts, virga, lightning far as dreams,
and water in the ditches,

the sound of bells, of beaks, of rattle flutter,
the wondering
in living skulls
in spirit face
risen from the light beneath
to stand
in moon air,
hearing still
vibrations
from other worlds, heart drums
in the round soundings of the night
deep underground

where souls diffuse into their flesh
and imagination waits
as possibility in nerves.

Transfigured here,
to imagine is to wear
the mask of endless once,
the canyon
 uttered on your breath
into the space that covers you
as emptiness is covered, instant by instant,
as dreaming
 hardens into sense
so you can vacate where you are,
filled as a mask is filled
with being that is neither
form nor soul
but possibility
worn inside
so you can play at being where you are,
remote, remorseless,
dancing away, unchanging,
circular, in upheaval, straight ahead.

It is dead,
where future dies,
and all around you
you inside
transparent as the lens of now.
And somewhere in the seeing
you disappear,
mind becomes its space,
and your eyes themselves,
are openings in time.