

every part given

julia doughty

in gratitude to: shree maa & swami satyananda, mamma, trees & earth, & all teachers & friends.

dry, late january, santa ana
visiting out of season

16 years-old when taken to guantanamo
these 6 years in solitary confinement

flickered hope to go home
to afghanistan

landing like a leaf here & there

don't get to claim one name

questions about rice go on
what can & can't be eaten

when there will be work
when some of it will be done

passing birds

new grasses

mango mint

we don't have utterly dry winters here

gets greener
all the time

secrets leak out

half-sleep both backwards & forwards in time

downey woodpecker speedily working on trunk

it just seemed like the thing to do

walk up the hill

imagine living

without anxiety fear

comparisons

unnecessary to fill in the blanks

rain is falling
big drops ground-soaking
nourishing & ruinous

waves rise up
grasses grow high

in the olden days, the child says
as if at five there is such a thing

*

the altar bowl brought to the place
of landmines
brought by that one we watched,
our friend

we could see the bowl set down
and then the sound & sight
complete
devastation

the whole in pieces

*

heavy rain then respites

all day coming out of the rhythm of the week

sanctuary

rain careens & ground turns greener

oak tops crack & snap

the apple cart doesn't quite sit evenly
on its wheels
one wobble or another

off a ways, the hum of freeway cars
here, birds

morning clouds dissolving into day

discovering the defense of no defense

sway-dancing sunflowers & sage
high up in the whereabouts of no one

all the black hours, wind in motion
sky's rain let loose

yet sun turns round this world's bend
and clouds part & thin

ground sings with runoff

easy eats for birds

*so much as you are a philanthropist
that much you receive respect*

and from this you can not be without desire

scratching through leaves and gutter eaves
for worms
the natural order of things

for every part given another taken away

everything becoming already arrived

going out with storm tide
and being thrown back in

just look at the bowl of stew
as proof
of wealth

seal in tideline sea ride

bird eats seeds

what it needs

for wings

*

be prepared

have matches

some source for heat
and light

curtain of sky lifts between storms
a day within days
showers of light

then leaves quicken quiverings
and rain begins again

even resting inside a lie is goodness

wind's tree trimmings in back & sides & front

seed to seed time to time
and then even so at some time
being seedless

bird sings

the first of winter's rains
brings green

he'd been sleeping in the car in a friend's driveway/
the friend stayed out all night/
he didn't have a key/
his blankets were inside/
he didn't want to break in/
he didn't want the neighbors
to think he was a burgler/
in the morning
he couldn't feel his feet

going somewhere on the raft
huck says
i told a lie

no, he hadn't seen a negro
he says

jim right there with him

somewhere driving between desert hills
mamma said o yes, she knew
of those men back home
in loosiana who had a family
at every train stop

went with the territory

doing what others were doing

to come to the stage

saying we will continue

to wage the just war

to do

what we have been doing

it's how it's done

in the winter light the shade just so

so that it is impossible to make out

the fern & toyon in the gulley

the lake that had become its bed

all

at once

overbrimming

she puts on her raincoat and stays fairly dry

tho the cough hangs on

desert seeds set out with wind

some routine returns

he would not denounce his early love for people

his way of seeing

so they broke his view in prison

even after the mind goes

even so even there

the whole and perfect remain

we, remaining outside, will experiment

not with public means in public

but with private means in private

to increase private beauty

the beauty of spring, summer, autumn

the beauty of flowers, silks, clothes

*the beauty which brims not only every field & wood
but every barrow*

*with the example, then, that they give us
of the power of medals
 symbols
 orders and even
 it would seem
 of decorated ink pots*

*to hypnotize the human mind
it must be our aim
not to submit ourselves to such hypnotism*

nothing to be done because wind is doing it all

the day gets the look of rain
but as of yet does not rain

after the storm series
all the branches to gather leaves to sweep
prayers to send through all times
of storm and clearing

ants here one here one there

give what has been given to give

how saying goodbye comes to mean
there is no separation

girl walks around stroller
stands on tiptoes to look down into hanging bag
comes round to climb in
looks up, sounds out irritation
smiles

and we would later play "where is it"

and that dog in training, looking for its treat being held, ungiven, as they walk

and leaves making it all the way into winter green
the little purple flowers blown and now far gone

Notes

p. 10: "so much as you are a philanthropist . . . can not be without desire." Ramakrishna.

p.12: "we, remaining outside . . . not to submit ourselves to such hypnotism": Virginia Woolf, *Three Guineas*. New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1938, 1966. pp. 113-114.

