

BRUCE BOND

Face

A woman I know friends a person she just met,
because, whatever, she can always click delete,

even as the halo of her circle grows.
Love selects. The heart valves of attention close.

But the world wide web goes on, its arteries
deep in the noosphere we never get to see.

■

All across the airport, travelers tap the shadows
of their fingertips, of friends they do not know.

The seer and the seen, each a burning mirror
of the other, a lone god in search of a believer.

They know: long ago, the universe fell to pieces.
You over there, me here. A name for that, for this.

■

A name for the nameless god of the whole.
Is it the same with you, I ask my liquid crystal,

my search engine as it tears into the past.
History is out there. So said the early priests

as they looked up at the sky's shattered pieces
and saw their ancient fathers, still alive, still passing.

■

Tell me, is the clarified face of God no face
or each. The soul feathers her own nesting place.

To love the whole is easy, but the sum of the parts,
where do you put them. At the end of day, when I put

my screen to sleep, my dark face floats to the surface.
I see what my pillow sees, the ghost it friends.

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Long ago, I cried out on my swing for the mother
who did not come. Oh, she heard me. She was somewhere.

She knew something I did not, that now and then
a boy needs a mother's absence to hear his own

in silence, to sit a while in the sun and listen.
Dear sun, dear shadow, laid against the still horizon.