

BRIAN TEARE

As That Which Is Above Everything Else

*We have established that all things were created
and are supported through the . . . omnipotence of this spirit.
And so it would be extremely contrary to claim that it does
not dominate what it has created, that . . . just the entirely
irrational, unstructured chaos of chance . . . controls what it has created.*
—St. Anselm, *Monologion*

For a long while
all that was visible seemed connected.

Not in the way, after morning fog, pale
lilac smog pitted altitude

against clarity and hills' rims' raptors plummeted
to prey, no : to stand

afield was not to fear being
seized, ensanguined in shadow & wingspan above

a hovering, a viewpoint
without pity, no :

~

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in a field of vision
whose vanishing point tethered things together,

point of view equaled measures
of music, 4/4 :

grey blue water | white boat high white
sail tight life vest

brown hair black grebe's
orange eyes shore sand | bottle dirt path :

sunlight
a slur over it all, the score marked

piano because vision is
a quieter art—

~

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& safety a lie

I told myself
because if point of view seemed

coherent, if it was beautiful
to organize the world through metaphor, what held me

to myself was wanting
meaning, suffering

detachment's inability to sustain itself
without consequence. Or :

how Latinate, my abstractions! No
it no longer seems great

devastation

~

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that *to be* is bred into matter

the way a tree will heal over
barbed wire pressed against bark or Emerson

got rid of Christ
no body no passion no middle

man to God a heresy
without suffering

to tether together the things geese on the lake seem
less, or

slower O

~

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guesswork—
is it time

again
to know so little? that I remember

soul as cusp mountains I headed toward
across coastal plain

—or as interior

a lover so inside me
what stirred I'd never felt

—that I remember this way the soul's

errand
is it something about distance

~

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as it gathers heft falls —soul finally something

about weather

proximity distance diminishing & my love's back's span

his upper lip

spangled with sweat

—salt salt salt all

the bright day beside him

I am so free I swear I feel I wear a weight

a gold leash!