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CEDAR SIGO

POEMS FOR SAINTS

(1)
Who raised his dream forest
who managed to hand the cross
to the poet
just before the film burnt up
or the money ran out
(2)
Thrown
As a palm
Of breath
That is found
To be
A mirror
(3)
I would pluck
a strand, a wire
to paint your silhouette
in blazes
on a snuffbox
(4)
She was never scared straight
she was a pair of ladies’ voices combing the cave
(5)
Bury my shoes
Gone to blood-red brown
Hanging down
Thirsty for fire
(6)
Farther on
starlight trembles
over the thought
of the act
East River strings
turnabout
in a green toned night
(7)
Her greatest works
were fired in gold

A stairway
with a single light
all
the way
up
(8)
Thin
strands
of
music
spike
to
override
all
life
outside
(9)
To boil the marsh tea
Eat carnation mush
Steam a rack of wool
To bend the wooden box