

The figure of the primogenitor in his place

My father is a loom of dark pattern (a cup).

From his threads dawn comes down amid snow my father descends
from his threads.

Snow pumice notice on the diamond laminated with snow
(edges) his face.

The halo of snow on his head for his reconstruction.

White stitches notice they're causing a grey shrub of hair to sprout
on his crown.

Of pumice (tonsured) his locks of hair bunch together lashed in
the flurry of snow they
interweave the slow threads
fall down (rest) on his full-
length clothes, untangled.

On his throne the sewing needle at an angle thread to
eye (he smiles)
recognizing the
pupil in the diamonds
of snow, untangling:
he makes his suit of
pine marten on all
the trees snow has
fallen a simple
inseam makes for the
resurrection (birch
tree, trunk) white trousers.

Marten's cape white pants shirt of polyps.

He's a king: one of seven times (king) it's over.

Stains of flesh leathery scalp, scalding ashes.

Will he have caught fire (flakes) in the corpuscles' final eye?

Tree, to its bowing.

Empty them, female of skirmishes: her vegetable membrane
gives birth to
domes hemmed in
by the snow of
home in foreign
cities of minarets
foundations of hyacinth:
the arch of the domes
bends as it splits
upwards archangel
downwards, tree.

The river of his village washes the shards in its bed of death its
shape polishes the pebbles'
smashed diamonds:
and each species has
its mineral site,
my father transmigrates.

Shards his beard diamonds his pupil a migratory species
his flesh.

He has arrived: above the dregs of snow measure a troop
of seeds (he opens his
mouth) to his resurrection.

He sits down, he leans: the deep high-backed chair receives
his left-sided shape
fist under chin.

He takes out a pattern (tailor's soap) (hole-punches) hears the
wind die down (die
down) in his flesh the
threads (still) tremble
chords, the threads:
notice he is the throne's
lute to the tree's
slope to the slope
they carry him on a litter
(a placeless place) to its
porous side.

It's snowed in the field he is king on a low throne his chair of
fresh maple, resins: the
passage of stone passage

of snow piling up is my father
David's whiteness (chalk)
stitches laborious tacking,
the harp dissolved.