

Greg Wrenn

Tower

You see, by the time I woke up, the sky
and ocean were the same
hot white, moth after
moth flown into the window, so it hurt to look down
toward the tower. To let it stare up at me
from its promontory
into my troubles.
I had to wait till dusk, late dusk, when everything
is some shade of purple, to walk down here.
I know the top
is broken like the snapped-off tip
of a boar tusk, one side a cascade
of schist. But I stand with my back to it, face
the southern coves,
where mermen used to live
and red coral still burns
underwater. The water
is a dark blue, air lavender,
earth lavender . . . Like waking up refreshed, at last,
after a long sleep,
to only the sounds of a forest, or like the crust over a wound
sloughing off all at once
after days of balm, then days of—I have

a wish I wouldn't know

how to tell you or anyone, something to do with
destiny and rescue,
an eagle pecking at an eel

until all the meat is gone.
Patience.

Receptivity as power,
rootedness but not

forever, wholehearted form,
formlessness . . .

The wish throbs, mistranslated. I have a wound that won't heal.

The village lights come on.
(You know it won't heal.)

The cathedral forgets
its evening bells. Instead I hear

waves. Starlings.
Above in the mountains

someone is up late. He's cutting into rock.