

GOD'S SPIDER

i

The place where he kept being,
or dreamed about, the firmament
of celestial stars above the tree canopy
in the hinterland, his instinct
with the ways of Carib, Arawak,
Waspishana, forebears infused
with auguries from the ancient Greeks,
and journeys in the making –
always the mind or spirit's own.

Spinning a web, he glanced back
into the memory of each tree,
the fallen leaves like a vestige
of tapestry, as the jaguar sniffs
at the river's mouth, then ahead
to the strain of portage up
the rapids, and threat of tacoubas
hidden in the river's chocolate mirk,
things he must come to grips with
in his dreamer's maze.

ii

Still spinning, he looks up
as the transcendent cliff-face
looms higher, its waterfalls, rapids,
started long ago from origins
in the Amazon, ready to explore
new space or territory,
celestial always.

Then the passage through neural tunnels,
caves, labyrinthine, Borges-like,
everything spun, rounded out,
seeking what's hidden in shadow,
voyaging with the one named Donne,
the boat steering a new course
in Cuyuni waters, or arriving
at the Mission with the
reverent Catholic Fathers.

What the Caribs contrived
with bone-flute, memory-tunes,
he wrote about in another
entry in his journal: charting
the known or unknown
sources in the hinterland,
moving closer in time's
solitude, or resonance, with
a long drawn-out silence.