Fragments from The Pipe Organ Builders

The pipe organ builders
were trying to play two notes
the second fractionally before
the first

You have no imagination
if you do not lie

And
this may be true
where
Scattered
You
imagine what happens
but cannot

A sudden change
came over the stone mist
sprigs of lamb
twists and turns
rang the moon
over the stone
and the lights travelling
beside the lake

We are black
and do not know it

Love
can be
almond eyes
thick lips
hips
wiry hair
and the jaw
of any
number
of lost
tribes