

excerpt from Whales in the Sky

By Blueberry Morningsnow

What would water do? The face of water: Water Face.

Darkness moves on the face of the deeps.

Water would behold the prairie. Behold and become
the possible prairie.

I don't know if you thought it or spoke it outloud.

But somehow--you wrote and wrote notes and notes of it.

Notes to become swampy potholes settled in nautical spirals
in the bottom of regenerated farm fields in Iowa.

Blackberry-- writing to say,

Milkweed seeds parachute bravely

Like Charlotte's baby spiders

Get caught in old goldenrod husks

And become-able

Even this right here as I write to you Blackberry this

This also is the imaginal---where we all come from

Curliques out from a seed

Even Time and Space House uncurled this way,

like a prairie in the interstice between whale-whorls

Blackberry's First Future Earth Poem:

Let me write everything in this poem

The story of moving and the story of changing

As I become that which I become

It begins like this--once upon a moment in time and space,

There's a house of infinite duration

And inside of it, wandering around, like days and weeks is

Every story ever told: as in, suddenly, here alights, butterfly-like

The story of my mother's happiness: she who loved
Raspberries, babies, soft-boiled eggs,
Neil Young, Lake Superior, trees, her garden.
All other stories are connected to this, concentrations of endlessness
And from everything inseparable

The Being
The Rainbow
The River
The House
The Whales
The Prairie
The Days

When The Whales Turn

When the whales turn or yawn
There's rotation of stars and sky.
We are living folded into this.
The wobble in Earth's orbit, the
Elliptical--it is all whale.

The force of nature and love that is
Whale/ we are folded into this.
Rather, we emerge from a fold of this.
We find ourselves climbing out of this,
And this is the way we tenderly untwirl.

Spell of Love Shaped to a Thought-Song/ Gathered to Begin Future Earth Poem

There was the time I fell into stopped time or moving time
In a shallow place, really just a puddle on the path to the prairie
I met a cusp of light

Odd to say but let me say:

The cusp of light, so spinode it was, so cusp,

So concentrated somehow, bending like it was howling:

It became evident there were years of layered time in this cusp:

A concentration of duration / a concentration of duration

I am writing this from my feeling of being back on shore,
somehow I traveled far:

Now I'm saying my own name over and over

Blackberry Blossom Anouk Miro

Blackberry Blossom Anouk Miro

(I have four names)

I don't know what happened. I felt despair.

All I can say is that something spoke to me,

Or maybe it was--

The sound of the swarm from far away

grew clearer and denser--I was concentrating too hard,

The light glinted and snapped in the puddle

I think I made a joke at this point, or fell?

And then it was like a zipper zipped itself backwards

Something happened in the sky

There I was back on shore but actually-- just a path next to a puddle

With words about whales and between-ness

My feet and socks and sneakers soaking wet

Future Earth Poem Written by Blackberry Blossom A. Miro

Let me write everything in this poem.

I am what could be.

I grow up on earth.

I am of the Time Being.
I am in the Now River.
I am with what is.
I am near Water Face.
I'm beneath the past's future
And beside the now's moment, which is
Close to the present.
I am above here and below.
I am because you are.
I become what could be, and what you are is also this.
I am under the soil under the sky.
I am under the whales in the sky.
I am from within and without,
Inside what could be and what will be and what would be.

This is a Shining Place

As pioneers through the stars
(Much before *we* were *we*--
Something essential and *us* had traveled from whales)
When came upon the earth
Said we,
This is a Shining Place

And began to fold all the layers
Of ourselves into this

No one can imagine how many
Whales are in the sky, how
Connected we all are, or how
And who and where layers and
Folds begin and end.

Universes within universes.
Schools of glowing fish

Swimming through the stars
Like a kaleidoscope--
Rotation of galaxies.

Unsayable, shining

Blackberry's Second Luckiness

The second strange luckiness is that after my mother dies
The world itself pauses and changes
And I can exist in time like the children in the woods
I can pause I can grieve or I can just be: can play

I don't go to work or plan anything.

I write:

I write this poem:

Spell of Love

Spell of love shaped to a thought-song
gathered to begin
Poems and stars reaching into
Clear unconditional listening
To hold in my cells her value
Radiant drops and worth each radiance
Creating a mothermap of inner belief
Full bloom of her life as it wildly
Clears a space where light can create
the first and oldest part of time
and this time
You belong to everything

This Poem in Everything

Tiger Salamander slowly makes his way like from another world, migrates across the gravel road--into the prairie in the ditch by the corn that is brown-yellow dried up, meant for pigs.

Let me write everything in this poem.

River minnows: yellow-green-brown, somehow color of sky-mud or sun-mud, flit and bend nervously (bending is arching) like they're dreaming this, in the bends and in the shallows and any meander of freshwater places that remain, in Iowa.

Let me write everything in this.

Over 1-380, north from Iowa City to Cedar Rapids, the pelicans of Iowa, migrating like a slo-mo dream, circle circulating, communicating community, concentric, coaxial, center-aligned, they seem like they're going backwards but somehow move forward, spreading circles on sky water.

Let me write everything. In this poem.

Scrawny foxes of Ames, Iowa: unafraid in the neighborhood streets, sideways, looking for holes in the fences to gobble the backyard chickens, even acting like they wish to be bringing the chickens to the moon! to the moon that's in the ground way down in the deepness under the dirt, the deepness the deepness, the buried and faraway moon, like an endless ladder, like a cow mooing until it finally gets back to the nnnnnnnn, first sound of the tongue, and why there's the n-g in the word tongue, you need a tongue to say it--

Let me write everything--

Let me, in this poem, write everything.

Barred owls, squirrels, crows--convene on the same trees by the river, different times of the day.

Let me write:

The same trees, and the poem in everything, write, write 'let me write. . .'

Until there are over a hundred theses for the time river and over a million things, probably a million trillion, probably our hour-shape, our hands, our huge tides and long shores, our deep ancient whale-hug,

Probably our hour, our deep surface we leap there, probably.
How it is, our hour, our hour, how we are together, body to body, the between-ness

The touch that is love that never stops,
The deepness of it, the duration,

And all of this because the whales piled up like abstractions in the sky

And of the sky and like a moon in the deep center of earth,
Where it can't be seen--

Let me in, poem in me.
Let me in.

(here Blackberry begins talking to herself----there are buzzing sounds, far-off, like a whole swarm trying to find a home--then it becomes clearer)

----- .. :__ _ :... .. . _ . -
----- .. :__ _ :... .. . _ . -

----- .. :__ _ :... .. . _ . -
Possible prairies root love into interstitial space.

----- .. :__ _ :... .. . _ . -
----- .. :__ _ :... .. . _ . -

----- .. :__ _ :... .. . _ . -
Then, it sounds like a song:

*Our hour was a boat the angler fish casts out for,
sends out his glowing lantern,*

porchlight

So we can see it, follow it, our hour deep in the sky, netless, becoming

Our hour of touch of taste

Our hour of running on the ancient river shore, hand in hand, breath in lungs--

what is loneliness again? and what

what is time

(the rest is scribbled out, unreadable, unsing-able)

The Folds of Whales

The enormous years within my mouth!

I opened and closed my mouth, trees grew.

I blew a starry waterfall

from my blowhole.

Felt pain in my side

Slippery wall of pain--meteor shower

Nothing can be felt that isn't me

I laughed, jaws unhinged, and birds took off

in murmurations, ululations, abbreviations.

Trip to the moon over waves in my skin.

What is vast about an animal?

That is everything I, creakingly,

Am. And I am so folded

I don't know who I am.

Blackberry's Now-Knowing Begins with Creeks and Rivers

I knew a creek once

Pretty creek where we played and were lost in play everyday

The creek was at the bottom of a ravine

On top of one of the ravines: the cement base of an old carousel--
Roots of trees criss crossing the path up to it worn into a sort of stairs

I didn't always know the whales,
The depth of now-knowing changed and changed
And the real way love and thoughts can travel--

I found a way beyond ways to see outside myself, like a telescope.

I need to write about this, record this. It's amazing and frightening and beyond
my brain and body to write this. But I have to try.

I think the thing is, I can see how we become now. I see how we follow our
thoughts. I see how powerful that is, and could be.

It starts with my strange luckiness, that I find myself with long stretches of
time--lucky in late capitalism, and as a solo parent--where I can be with the
world of creeks and rivers and light and Iowa woodland plants and trees and
birds and banana slugs--

because I am a preschool teacher who takes children to the woods everyday,
and to the creek, and to the bend in the river near the land of the sideways trees

Vast Worlds Grew From

Vast worlds grew from each hump and bump atop astride
My glorious terrific skin.
Baleen, like harps, like looms, we

Wove worlds.

Vast worlds grew from my turning and tuning and my accepting.

I did know I was,
And so that became who I am,
Folded and spooning all the other
Whales. Actually, whorling the other whales.

Not spooning. Too vast for spoons.
The vastness, the vastness--
It is beyond spoons.
It is contained in whale,
Swimming swimming very still.
Still still stillness, swim swim stillness.
Not moving as I swim.
I rotate.
I cannot conceive of what there is besides this--worlds
Break off my dorsal fin, worlds vast and
Deep, the deepness, the vastness.

Woven watery sky worlds--
Wave worlds. Waving, rotating,
Basting, elliptical orbit of every shape-angle.

The deepness. The deepness.

Light Bends

Light bends.
Light spins.

Water changes.
Water watches.

Blackberry writes, sings, stalls, sleeps.

Whales whorl.
Time spirals.

Just further down in the in-between, the interstitial space
Which completely surrounds or is inside Time and Space House--
It is there where, in a wild bramble, Blackberry finds this beginning:
Let me write everything in this poem