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## Janus

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JANUS

This is the body we know:  
the one prolific with seeds, seeds  
with translucent wings veined like dragonfly  
wings, peach pits, and poppy peppers,  
seeds cradled in pods, emboweled  
in birds, sky-flocking seeds of threaded  
down looking like dixia midges circling  
midair, swimming seeds with tails  
like whips, seeds with teeth, seeds  
with caskets, migrating seeds of needled  
burrs and thistles, seeds like bits of ash  
burning through the evening like flecks  
of stars, and the dust-size seed of death  
born in every heart coming to light.

This is the body we know:  
the one moon-sterile, barren white  
and barren black, bouldered with the frozen  
rocks of dry polar plains and dusty drifts  
of bristled snow, with gray, ancient  
forests of fallen stone trunks and fronds,  
littered with smoldering metal, shattered  
meteors and melting iron, fossilized  
spines and splintered bones, eyes locked  
open and sightless in chunks of amber,  
impotent, broken penes of marble, cracked  
eggs of solid granite, and the rock-  
permanent light of the heart born  
in every seed rising to death.