

## H. L. Hix

### *Song of Songs*

I thirst for god as a doe thirsts for the flowing stream.

The skies sing god's glory, the heavens her handiwork.  
Day speaks to day, one night shares knowledge with the next.

With no need of tongue, god's song spreads across the earth,  
wedding baldachin for the sun and his lucent bride.

Daughters of the holy city, spirits of the rain,  
guard my love's sleep until her own desire rouses her.

My mourning dove, call your falling notes from the ramage,  
for your dark eyes lull me, your voice soothes like cool night rain.

Seal your heart with my heart, knot your legs and arms with mine,  
for love is stronger than death, and passion more cruel.  
Heavy rain cannot quench love, nor flood wash it away.

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Finding loans more pleasure to labored seeking;  
indirection stimulates the seeker's hunger.  
God grants truth only to desire.

**N:** I have tried to find a way to tell you what I don't know how to say  
something about a rooftop garden and its ornamental trees  
organizing the gridded gravel roofs around it lending to the view  
from this room I've never been in something I know not to name  
though naming it *hope* would lurch toward the thing I would be thinking  
if I knew how to think what I know I want to think if I could think  
as dogwood petals think releasing light for their beautiful few days  
calling to birds that haven't lived here since before the tree's seed split  
since before you ushered me out of my last life which I now know was not a life  
but had gardens on the ground into this life which is no more a life than the other  
though the gardens here grow for these few days brighter and smaller and higher  
almost above the birds the dogwoods no longer know how to call  
though call them they must these birds that know what to say and say it insistently  
but in this city mostly to those of us who listen with lust but without understanding  
the birds I no longer know how to name though they be as vivid  
as gold  
and scarlet and indigo hidden in these trees as they would be held in my hands: H

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**E:** of the several reasons I don't trust movies the foremost is that in them the characters do the reckless thing and come to regret what they have done but I regret nothing having done nothing worth regret nothing reckless ever having realized so little of my will having flown over my desires as a bird migrates over water whose end it cannot see

*emigran y huyen pájaros que dormían en tu alma*

I regret all and only what I have not done what I failed to do failed always from some deeper failing since each of my failings so many I no longer try to name them each is deeper than the last my failings hold one another up as the planets and stars hold one another in orbit so here I am failing again looking down on my desires that reach to both horizons and call each other by your name: H

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**H. L. Hix** teaches in and directs the creative writing MFA at the University of Wyoming. His recent books include a poetry collection, *Chromatic*, a collection of essays on poetry entitled *As Easy As Lying*, and an anthology, *Wild and Whirling Words*.