

## Tender Rills

*Elizabeth Pinborough*

If Gods are poeming Kolob,  
if I am poeming God, if we are  
poems to each other,

A word is more than a destination  
than a path, than a map.

A word is an impulse, an action potential  
clanging changing

St a t e s a l o n g mental  
wires slicked with  
myelin and sluiced by calcium.

*I do not know how it works. Poems (are more than knowing) >*  
arranged around not knowing > more >  
than senses spinning sounds.

Poems are alchemy:  
soul  
+  
stars.