

**Ann Waldman**

**Without Stitching Closed the Eye of the Falcon**

without care without seed pearl without stitching closed the  
eye of the falcon without seemly rectitude without the platitude  
of o thou muddled media pundit without questionable doubt or  
metabolism without a geographic category of speech that will travail  
without a hint or glint of “secular” mastery, without ritual framing  
without a theatrical sense of illusion and bandying about or on or inside  
a thermosphere without it working against you and when it does being  
able to go on without it without gavottes without gazelles that you  
study in neighboring Persian poetries without spallation and  
without a diving bell how will you survive? without rapacious wildcats  
without the sense of security you have always expected without your  
familiar stage fright without the caves without the bombing of caves  
without the mystery of caves without the caves in your memory of that  
mystery that lives in caves without caves that long to exist in the  
hand print in the cave of that memory without the rivets that hold  
the wing together that hold the whole throbbing machine together that  
assert the rivet dominion without which you do not have a plan of  
fastening together of wings of arms for the automaton that holds  
the capital together without its own mind of wheels and cogs and *mudras*  
that run the show without all the pixels and efforts of more dominion  
without borders to cross without needing to carry things over borders  
the invasion of your homeland (*coming? coming soon?*) without it, what  
call in the night what call is answered what nuance what tantrum in the night  
what martyrdom of dreaming your own birth your own end of history  
or end of speculation what call what alarm is sounding deep in the home?