

John Ryan

## HEMOTOGRAPHY: THE ARTIST WRITES HIS BLOOD

he writes burgundy light  
in swirls of iron taste  
in tendons interlaced  
bursting out with flight

his eyelid, a bud sheath  
one and two and three  
then ten scattered seeds  
refracting in clouds beneath

springing from where lain  
his certain craft of air sway  
his tightly ambling red way  
of brush in guts of grain

take me in as sap, as lore  
as long wave of gentle shock  
as heat, as time before the clock  
when primordial amour

of goosh and scratch of wax  
one and two and three  
then a thousand speckled seeds  
in the idle painted tracks.