

“waiting for everything:”

Birthed many miles above
the wet sand, wombed in a
pillar of cloud, the lightning
smites down its prey
which is the cold, august water
below.

Gulls scatter, glowing white
against a cobalt sky,
but the people don't move,

they gasp
and shiver at living in a place
where such things exist.

You and I stand among them, staring,
not speaking,
pretending we've no idea one another is
there

and we aren't--

we are far away, in our own clouds,
nebulous clouds, thick,
distant as quasars,
where even the plainest things
manifest as mystery.

On Earth, the air is ignited again--
fire rains down from its pores,
children scramble for their parents
who concede, trembling,
“Yes,
maybe it *is* time to go,” but

they don't move,

they stare deeper into the firmament,

(the home of so many savage, boundless
creatures),

waiting for everything
to be illuminated.

X

And this unyielding force
blew, frothing like hot solar
winds do, up out of the
golden coast of Orion--
it raced to the Earth with
incomprehensible speed, and
billowed above the clouds
awhile, before creeping down
into the Biosphere like a
welcome thief.

While there--
it hung in the air, and
moved among the people
like warmth--
that saunters in
through wide open
windows and stays
for days and days--
that arrives just in
time.

“welcome thief:”

10:22 pm, 9/25/17

“tiny particles:”

I.

And when she turned her back around,
she saw and she remembered--
It had been him outside the window,
where the wicked shadows are born within the branches
eventually to sojourn through the slats in the blinds
and onto the carpeted floor
where they evolve into living kaleidoscopes that are
changing and changing all the time.
And he sees her--
when the descending footsteps creak on the stairs,
when she silently dissolves into her covers--
into very tiny particles--
much too tiny for the naked eye to see.

“let there be sight:”

and god said
let there be sight
and
there was sight.

there was a way
to see the
light--

to watch
the shadows
reach
their wretched arms
across

the road.

X

“signs of life:”

At dawn,
it was born in between
the morning's murmurations--
fell like snow falls--
first
in granular ice, later
heavy, downy plumes.
Within thirty minutes,
it began to see, but
the first sign of life is not just to see:
the first sign of life is to perceive:
morning eyes
detect a rosy cast in
every tired brow,
while
weary evening eyes see nothing but a
weary evening world. . .

Still--

it was born--

could show up anywhere. Thru anyone. Or anything.

Anytime.

Anyplace.

The universe is moody--

it's all up in the air.