

Height

A step outside of the sun
Collapses yellow into blue into black
Tumbling spirals of bruised breaths and a snake escaping my throat
Weighted and weightless, glancing off the trees that are the branch in my eye
I blink into the dewy grass
*A breeze, which is not a breeze so much as a creaking ship, brushing
The trees and the roots and the dirt, my ear to a mound and then
A bright clear mountain*

Weight

Under the leaf of an elm, apple seeds sprout on my eyelashes
The rasped sky blurs the patchy sounds of a reed, trilling somewhere some--
--There under my skin crawls a glass-eyed trumpeter
Looking for what is past and what is buried deeper still
 I have been somehow to this familiar place before
A crooked dancer kicking up the crackling flames
 And I have made my way back again
 I think I know how, how it has been lost to me again and again.
Laughing at the envious ants
 I see that here have been hidden away all things
 To keep me from
 The face next to me
 To keep me from
 The living at the bottom of the stream
The back breaks in five places and out of the cracks
 A watery cascade
That is carried along the rantings of a snail
A protest against the ragged landscape
 And a petal sails by with a dusty sigh
Where does the land begin?

REM

A bottle of absinthe on a hill in the woods,

[simulating dreams.

There is something unseen.

A wall that is not a wall but a ribbon rending one air from the second.

Watch! A bear hibernates in a telescope

Don't sleep when the wind brings the silence

Pluck out your bubbling heart

Sew the heartbeat into a smile and

I wish I were and there I am

In the hair between the seconds, the train tracks spiral into a

Dissonant arpeggios

One restless, picks its way out

Another melts into the face of stone,

Another is serenaded by mice, which is a funeral dirge,

Another, picketing to start a riot,

And another, voiceless, which is what happens to the dead.

Enemies.

When the light comes, when the light comes, when the light comes!

When the light comes, I lay in the pond

Looking through the mud

Soaking through the earth

Grabbing the floating insects

Burying the rest

Laughing through my nostrils

Dancing the waltz, tango, foxtrot

Glancing off the pebbles

Nothing but old eyes