

Annual rings

**Fire freezes**

You ask about my folks? I don't know them.  
I resided in the aunt's belly and believed

St. Pius was my father. It is fated,  
your light never stood under the bushel.

I was hidden in a cage under colorful birds  
as if the luck of Midas had been bestowed on me.

I wasted my powers to love.  
and one wished me an eternal life

as if the Dutchman couldn't reveal  
how to separate an umbilical cord from eternity.

My Pavlovian heart  
seeks refuge in the supposed sound of my ancestors.

**Pièce sur cour**

It was about cinnamon roses, Josephine  
and a leopard. This was about more

than the hotel. In each of the three languages I'd mastered  
I was another man. You only took one sentence on trust

and everything was lost as everything flows, and falls armored  
into the trap of our senses. Defiant of the paradisiacal plot

it turned into supper of the nightingale and its tongue.  
Only judged because one loves.

Now you meet me again. I will be another man  
firmly on bread-soil and up for a sweet crescendo.

## **Hundred indications of a cord**

On the eighth day he went ashore.  
But every drowned word insisted  
to prove tenderness. We stayed naked,  
swerved timepieces, entitled

only to travel to the future. Yet, future came to us  
colored by the scent of sweet berries; but after all  
merely foreplay of the war. Clairvoyant agents made  
strange circumstances talk. "Drink me",

said the water coyly, under obscure conceptions.  
Later we hoped to reinvent ourselves in every arena.  
Too little poison left, to teach survivors gratefulness.  
False messages sought victims, while those, between

sickly crops were trying hard  
to wrench themselves from the clutches of food chains. Hunger will come.  
Oh, how he was imputed with everything and innocently handed out stories,  
as if he were a fish in knowledge of the sea, as it was love.

A new child of God, I saw rhyming  
as if all flesh was misspoken. Time and time again we taught  
each other to find no end, neither in March nor later.

**Swallow our playful book before it sings**

Snow will fall. I will have  
walked on legs of ink. No longer a place to seek.

Everything will be re-named. She'd only given me  
Minutes,

So, to maybe fall asleep. It's a tipping point.  
As if I had composed a symphony from noises

and as if my hands were dipped in honeycombs.  
I could write, but no creature wanted to fit it's given name.

Suddenly it's too bright to cast another magic spell.

A warming gold will poison my heart  
In the garden where nothing ever was meant to grow.

## Vanishing Point

Hunters eviscerate sentences. Earths burnt red  
instigate the perishing of soil.  
Germ languages floated in farrago  
And kept us away from the legacy of  
faster clock hands.

Do you never beat yourself to relieve pain?  
At idle, growth rings in red grieving  
tree barks,  
when maps still spelled the whites of  
the lands,

while the sixth sense was already  
asleep, and our animals  
futuristic creatures.  
Mutes reveal, who draws the trail-lot,  
or lathers time capsules under the magnifying glass.