

*That Which Cannot Be Contained*

Once there was nothing

Then there was something

Then there was d<sup>i</sup> s<sup>o</sup> r<sup>d</sup> e<sup>r</sup>

And then Things began to Organize

Then the Organized became *galvanized*  
and

one thing  
became two things  
became four things  
became eight things  
became thingamajigs & thingamadoodles  
& one-hundred thingamabobs & thingamajacks & thingamajills  
& thingama-adams&eves&steves&stephanies  
& elephants & willows & orchids & wheels & pulleys & legos™ & the harnessing of fire  
&

**STDs and condoms**

And then the abstinence movement

\*

For every tadpole captured an angel loses his wings  
but a feminist cherub sings  
and women can wear heels in the workplace

rather than barefoot in the kitchen  
to fuck men on granite countertops they purchase  
and get knocked up anyway  
by men who knock on doors  
like it is the most natural thing in the world

And so it is when two people love each other—

*BANG BANG BANG on the door, anyone home, oh just you, a lock looking for a key to the universe's unanswered questions about life & death, an egg looking to be fried sunny side up or perhaps doggy style & though some die, seems like the world just keeps growing more & more till one cell becomes two becomes four becomes eight & zygotes evolve into blastocysts like some primordial Jesus fish sprouting feet&fingers&10—can-you-believe-it!—10fuckingtones & one second becomes 9 months & 18 years later retirement funds have become stretch marks & wine cooler money at some girl's themed sorority party & she looks a lot like you & about as smart and/or stupid, smarter you hope & hope turns into grandchildren & grandpuppies or adopted life partners & things so chaotic*

Once again  
self-organize

But once, there was nothing

It could not be contained

*Enabled*

We were crutches without legs,  
leaning against together,  
fighting gravity for support—

waiting hard wood on wood  
for the broken one:  
a messiah more crippled than we,  
more immobile and shattered,  
yet insistent with purpose.

Intent breathes feet upon water;  
feet mouth his life upon death—  
Pinocchio's legs deemed real at last.

We were oaken, clumsy,  
born without legs or bones.  
This broken thing between us begets,  
somehow propels us through.

*Awaiting Nourishment*

I hear the spiders in the clouds—  
whispering encouragement,  
awaiting nourishment:

an Icarus cartwheeling from the stars.  
Perhaps from the heavens,  
perhaps like some sort of moth manna.

Perhaps burning webs... bridges.  
Perhaps, awaiting rain.

Stay quiet, and the thunder won't find you  
hiding in the eaves hunkered down on eight legs  
devouring the lost promise.

This is the end of the measured mile.  
Here is where the hajj begins.

*The Promise of Bees*

Flowers grow to the height they are given, awaiting the promise of bees. It was the time of goldfinches and mustard blossoms, manure and grass seed. It was the time of distinctions between the potential and the real. It was the time of weedy violets crowning the domestic head of bliss. It was the time the yard grew too ragged, run feral on whispers of Spring.

This stirring flew like yellow feathers across the pillow of the lawn. Her head rested on the tucked corners of the lost suburban forest. She heard the bees buzzing in the fat king beside her, an enduring snore that awakened the memory of dreams. This dream was a coronation, a swearing of an oath: *what is more important than love, than a weed that blooms to the height it is given, than to service the stinging of bees?* It was the time of manure and grass seed, goldfinches and mustard blossoms, feathers and fluff that fly across the air.