

and the red oak
spoke to me
saying:

look—to the north
open the bones

take your chances
with the sun

the earth leans

breathe

consider the dung
at your feet
—how it feeds
the soil

you spin
and dig

you are:
bowel
bone
matter

no more
than dung

you cannot
unwind
these veins

nor cause
one synapse

to snap

you are neither suture nor cell
but *salt* *dissolving*

this well
is a black hole

yet you
stand at the edge

—wanting

~

how many eons have slipped
through this clutching

do you think
marking time will help

~

every morning
is a drop of honey

the bags you hoard
prove the gravity
you fear

that's why the dervish

spins

—to throw off

this *prison skin*

put your ear to the earth!
even breath

is an echo

dawn

lifting dark
—edge of morning

one silent stem

her head
—a noble nod

how
can i drink

all of this

through this
—cumulous

of indigo—

the breath breaks

—a swift
& crimson

rise

no gravity

can stall this
flight

~

above:
—the mossy
field—a wet

slip a soft
landing

~

wide her shore
& emerald

—a push—

no shell
can hold

•
()

—the wind
shifting
the dunes

you cannot
be sure

of anything