

“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.

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“woman:”

Outside, in the world
somewhere, a young
woman places a very
painful hangnail in between
her front teeth and pulls
carefully.

A tiny ruby bead
squeezes out from the cuticle
and slides down her forefinger
in slow motion.

It is high noon, and the
heat of the day creeps
upon her tender places--
between the small, supple
breasts-- behind the knees--
in the slight folds at the meeting of
the thighs--
coating them each with a thin, salty layer of
sheen.

She scratches her scalp,
digging in luxuriously,
and eats the dead skin
left over
beneath her fingernails.

“tiny particles:”

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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.

“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.

“sun exposure:”

Wait long enough
and even
the softest, most
robust rose petals
turn all brittle
and frail--
crumble to a nice,
pink dust at the
feeblest touch--
soon to be swept
away-- pretty, pink
dust is still dust
anyway.

(1:44 pm, 9/21/17)