

practice Death as you play

Fight till the death

YOUR WORDS

are sunlit musical gestures. helioteic
peeks through the clouds
that strike my eyes as pizzicato

strings. they shine stridently. high beams
rolling over a hill shut
off with howling delay. hesitant
owlsight circles forest treetops when
a nymph dies

in luminous blindness. they ring truthfully.
car speakers deafening on full
volume at your eardrum impenitently
overstayed. I struggle to locate a sundial
in your chariot of gold

as reigns fly away. gods hear them.
watching. until light makes understated
acquaintance with greenery around
my crash site. a practice of delusion or deceit
I play dead.

Fight till the death

YOU CALL OUT

in the forest, too, excitement as a bird
takes flight sky bound like the sycamore
it called home. find me in the verdure

brewing a witch's concoction
open trunk catching raindrops
leaves and fruit ferment the place
invoke reflection of my face with
magical posture not yet seen in my life.

a squirrel sips of the pool and stumbles
through the decomposers with new height
finding mirrors in the soil, seeding petrichor
making drunken grips at tree bark the animal
falls and squeaks like a dog toy.

moths make hastened landing with
the ground. then darkness. coup
of the sun lets danger take aim when
I can finally hear my good boy. play dead dog!
play. Dead

Pulling Green

The kind face peering from outside my garage
has green lifted eyes that scan me like
branching tree roots seeking
dirt brewed water. He wants something to do

with me or the flower I'm holding.
He picks weeds like partners: quickly but
at the root, shook a little to let the dirt fall,
then pat the ground so it never happened.

On the ground he dissolves my sighs
like leaves seeping back into the Earth.
He says a lot of mundane things
about the flowers while his hand crafts words

grabbing at stems and stones
underground. He's so much of a man I
can't seem to leave the way he does
the plants every day. Not a week goes by

when I am towered with hesitation by
a tree there. I guess I never noticed
the thing: big, green, and faceless but
surrounded by weeds.

Calamity According to the Witnesses

i.

i remember red.

wine-bleeding beef meeting heat in a pan

that he cuts and chews and

chases with ale any chance that he can;

fuel for the flame of drinking loss with injustice

is just a prick of your skin to bleed into the man.

still scarlet stripes of tears ferment

my freedom enough that i write it in the story of how courage began!

ii.

i imagine white.

the way the sun of all colors blinds us so we paint it yellow,

and say it is not a star but a circle of gold:

a directionless crowning of one hue above others.

a son of this land, my color is wrong too, I'm told.

still witness the pride of black matter, my brothers,

with our historic resilience to the whitefrost cold!

iii.

i think of blue.

across these rippling oceans bombs make greedy exchanges with loose turf,

land rains in reverse and the sky crashes with shrapnel and metal and

the worst of the nature of humans on earth.

the drone of machines that bring us death and famine

will not drown out our belief that we are more

than the chaos and are more than the rapine

my true bones of blue shake with the blow of your hatred

and no thought can explain the misery invading my sight.

still i think of my mom and my land and the things i hold sacred

and hope floods through my veins as my body takes flight!