

Homo Fragilis

I have tried to remember
[dear farewell dear arrival]

I am held in place
sea glass blown into grit [dust becomes us]

I don't know anything
about solar flare [yellow blows past my cheek]

I'm not interested
in moods of honey and bee-sting [if I were monster]

I am dragged along
burnt edges of gravity [singed to white]

Here I am, winged spark and wind

One is Bright, One is Dark

As of, scale. The body, how it holds.
Its shape a sigh like grass unmown.
As in, gull caw over an ebb tide.
Of night, the mirror.
That is to say, such little translucence.
That is to say, all the species of sunrise and demon.
As in, that one god-bodied lightning storm.

I do not understand blue

What is a body, anyway? Flash
and cloy, a brother's dust. Shoe-edged
destiny, blue litmus of place and time.
How skin collides with air and arrival,
where hedge opens to crow-squawk.
Seed scatter and gathering of roots.
Will we remember what entangled
and what was lost?

Once I was Girlhood Spent

Look at how copper burnishes itself how it never
longs for sacrifice even during end times

an empty road a farmer standing in a russet field
mountains so tired of answering to every rule
your body a constellation rising

Notice how the lemon hangs itself on its stem
holding tight until almost too late
Watch how afternoon asks nothing of you
how it smatters itself against the windowpane

now the wind is coming for us fire and purpose an open maw they say
that soon or perhaps now there will be lapis lazuli blown
into your ears your lips will purse themselves jagged and blood red how
sad or happy will that make you

See how hair can be wild or white scratchy or soft against lips

there is a being called a human who was given a chance to scale
your face in shadow all evening long
who will answer the shroud of fog

Remember that tomorrow is a seedling fueling itself in wet earth
Behold the sheen on the nipple of the grape

one day the tide will upend itself
a golden box open for divining
where is my umber my birthright my holiest sentence unsaid

Send a signal to the crescent moon by piercing your own eye

we will always covet destruction
the stars the stars chase their quarry
oh poor sheep
oh waterfowl

Rules of Engagement Concerning Resurrection

You must lie humble before the hearty rain its luscious fat drops sliding along your neck and clavicle.

*I may have died in my sleep last night, straining to open my eyelids
languid slouch on the sofa two kind men have awakened me, one
leaning into me my leg slung over his.*

Covet sleep as though it is endangered, indeed it is, hasten to invite its low shallow breath and eyes caked.

*What was it that worried you, I kept asking while they kept silence. Why
did you rustle me back here to the sofa undreaming to all these questions
no one was watching no one witness to the rising was I not fever enough
not flesh enough thirsty through the night immovable I didn't ask to wake
to the windowpane thick with droplets and fog smear.*

You must forgive your windows their reflection and hunger for light their lonely sheen as they open to air or smoke.

Let me be the last to skin a peach. Let me be the last to know myself.