

Fable

Earth was and then it wasn't

all desire, like salt, the quiet life of sweat
in a billion small cuts on the earth's bare skin,

arms, legs and groins, our minds grown
from this field

and we ask for reason while microbes
could doubt that we are human in this world

to spare the children who plea to us
from the marrows of dread in this field
the last knowledges of their nerves
in the shallow work of naming *needs*
naming endlessly this graft of minutes...

to the crows fleeing seas, crowds storming
the seas always exceeding now
what love is
to premonition
some have refused to declare at borders

but the fruit bats and all the small-skulled animals
have witnessed all of our burdened and bevied
comforts

what have we to make of those of us who seek answers

our ceremonies pointing to the busy syn-
chronicity of jubilant flies

such evidence of mourning argues something

though there isn't much to stop
this world pouring in at 6 pm, the day officially dark—

in my mouth, my throat
the clock remembers
ticking like a pulse, its offerings
scattering the pedigree of bright lambs
already spared the blade

besides, here, all the windows shut
out the gnawing light that can ease
our metamorphoses through winter

in the colony still moored to the slowness
of warnings or promises that live
under the rug for years

these make weather of our names

like cobwebs recall
the things that bloom in spite of all self-praise

or confusion, like words, words confound me, too
they are rust and solid, fume
and bitumen where I am in want of something
fluid in them
 where I have watched the trees
 pulled and pulped
so my poems could reach you

so maybe the trees want little with me
trees rooting with words in my head

can I be soil against odd depths
where dreams, like songs, begin
even at 8 a.m. on a Monday

while I am prone to starving
and my mouth is full of screws for teeth

this world of a perfect private album
could raise someone in a future tense
in disappearances, perhaps in the strangeness
of all moments that cover the past

with water, the suspense between two bridges—
who do I, above the sound of five centuries still
in an oblique decade—thread to the dead wind(s)
 the disturbed waste against our sore temples
 troubling these roads, these records

instead look at this sky

its pale distances, or a view for gathering
our drifting bloodlines, elongated minutes
someone's chin and limbs—the difference of inches come
and gone, in a school of fish, the breath and surge

of salt alive in sweat

the torrent of a billion small cuts
 along the earth's resplendent skin,
its lungs both water and forest, speak our raised heads
throw our minds before the correct language of any field
whose spores are luminous before our wreckage

we bonfire all our longing in this life

and we hope, after all the bells have hushed
 their threnodies

and we are full of the soundless noise of fireflies,

watching the hurricane
dazzle overnight

there won't be much to stop us waking up, too

in this world pouring in at 6 pm, the day officially dark—