

Poems, one.

- in this place -

Many

eyes | wills

- lives -

voices | minds

5Skyes, {}

Starling

I think today
We will be a starling
Our plumage
Will range from scragg
To royal.

Oil's own sheen, a molecule at a time
But despite the wind,
We bend the light around us

I think today,
We will be a pleasant invader
Not made for this place,
imported by chance
Living with the same ease
In the richest of marsh
And the bare grunge of the liminal

Starling

I think today,
I will be entranced
At the space between the dumpster
And the peeling stucco
Where trapped between
Is an island of grass
Crawling with life
My yellow eye darts
Following them
A part curious
A part hungry

I wonder, today,
How I will sound?
Will we grate and creak?
Will we trill to ourselves?
We can not help but sing,
Voice rough or polished,
still it sparks forth,
steel on the earth's own flint.

Starling

Today I think,
I will be a starling.
And when I bed and when I wake,
Shall I greet the morning,
with a last dusting
of evening stars
Still tucked into my feathers?

Seasons, One

Down the hill where winter lives,
through turns and twists and over cold wet wood,
creek burbles mix with the slow heavy morning of February rain.
Gnarled and worn oaks turn again as you pass, adding another quarter twist to their weave;

b e l o w
t h e i r
r o o t s,

Mrs. Possum spins her latest yarn to the ensemble of earth worms and isopods,
daring any to challenge the harrow and beck.

Beyond rootstock and tuber,
where old grass has trodden down to biomass and warms the ground in it's aging,

Spring curls.

Tail tucked close, bushy and mud-speck'd and slow,
a hitch there in the rise of its breast
shows first a shallowness to sleep.

It turns,
mosses lightening,
breaths leaving grace of sweet dew
hanging
from
fibrous
stalacta.

Seasons, One

It is March's first, of a litter of six, and it will wake soon.
Even now, it's tremble and blear pulses through the hyphae and into the old wood below,
sugars surging for a moment as the cambium stops to listen.

.. Spring ...

. She stirs here..

This time begins....again.

Last night,

A bird s
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to me as I walked across the lot.

A fox watched me

from a patch of shadow,

crossing down a path towards my dorms.

In the distance, a green slip of some other nocturnal biped out of its bed.

-

Sparrow, One

Oh sparrow

Swift of wing

Light upon the breeze

You refract

Soft and tender

Umber, prismatic.

Seas 1

A light mist,

clove, anise,

faintly, cardamom.

Adrift,

again,

As you drift , again,

against us,

yew creaking

you, softly speaking of

rocks us all

rocks that almost

. The sea, calm , soothed by wind's

seem

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Drifts, with , us.

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Please, keep whispering beautiful rhythms.

Wind and Sea, One

No one asks if the water enjoys freezing.

Watching the soundless pearl mat unrolling from the tops of the mountains, a hyphae of snow recolonizing the same hill after hill.

There is a queasy ecstasy in accepting the steady pace of the hungry wheel; the churn of a new truth growing in you.

It starts, as it always does, at the shore. The wind, a dentin saw, an enameled reminder of the lonely expanse between the sea and the chasm which lies above her breast. The wind. Again, that crone, one good tooth and a thousand gnarled claws; gums clacking rock to rock, the last morsel of heat lapped by a greedy tongue.

She realizes - the wind. There is a moment of ghastly nauseous certainty as lust pupates, as the wind searches for any purchase, before it tears itself open from its new truth. Spittle flying, cruel pride tears itself from its chrysalis, lungs spasmodically still seeking any scrap of heat from the stone.

But it is gone,
torn,
gnawed,
swallowed

lost.

And in that moment, the sea hardens.

She feels the change come; that hag, whose glistening fingers used to so delicately part her troughs, has now a roughness about her, a ceaseless craze. Those digits now bear claws, caked with mud and rust and the foulest of ichors, and they furrow her, crests rising, breaking pulling, snapping -

Pin.

How does it feel to fall asleep? To stay so close to the firmament that you watch the heaviness take itself of your limbs, covet your sight, carve a pad into your ashram and nestle there against your heart. Keratin and cartilage could not stop its scales from chafing against your aorta, rhythm slowing as its many eyes flicker and wane.

Pins.

Two, ten, ten by a hundred by ten again.

All along the coast a rush of un-sensing, of un-knowing, of an unresponsive tide threatens, promises, delivers.

Have you seen a wave break from below! Look again! Again! The curl, the gnashing jaws, how relentlessly do the kits play, how seriously are they but an extension of their mother's spasms?

Wind and Sea, One

To lose is divine,
To transform into unthinkingness,
To be remade in a moment, in a flash of sudden clarity.
For it is as if the sea is doing nothing
but remembering a time when it to
was a stone.

And finally the wind is still.
Her lover; stoic. featureless. Unerring.
Deep below, is there heart fire burning?
She has calcified in every way a gust can mourn.