

wander

crawling along in this life as the dog bunny hops through.
here again in a field at the end of the world.
my singing has dulled in my own ears,
my useless fortitudes threaten blood with dust.

then I break into a run. I'm running to no where, for no one
in particular. I am running and the hairs on my arms stand up,
stand up where they are, like antennae on a queen about to leave the hive
with her swarm, and follow the sun to a new life.

dear trees, please sculpt the byway; dear breeze, whisper a map;
dear magnetic field, make of me a sail in the solar wind,
that I may unwind into the light of my own throat's longing.

oh praise the one that enters me
I am the child of Audre's coal.
dissipating in her mouth.
turning on the axis of her fist.
I arise perpendicular to the plane of this incident –

so plasma so melt
oh so metal so river
so gristle so petal
oh so alive