

BIOLOGICAL ASSESSMENT

I make gestures of thriving.

Start with what I know, kneeling.

Cells spun in long hollow strands.

Held together, this dance into form.

Beside it more lichen, blue green algae in there
breathing light. I make gestures of belonging.

I know between fallen leaves there's more
lichen and moss and turkey tail mushrooms

I know their action *will harm sensitive, threatened,
or endangered lichens and/or their habitats.*

Kneel here to memory, grey green, soon slain.

THE TEMPLE WILL SEE YOU NOW

In the temple of sunflowers
petals do not waver with breath

In the temple of sunflowers nothing
is found wanting, wanted, or wan

In the temple of sunflowers
disc flowers angle with ochre incisions

In the temple of sunflowers
birds scissor up green folds

In the temple of sunflowers
bees seize anyone who screams

In the temple of sunflowers
sunflowers mock the sun

IF WE ARE LOST IN THE FOREST WE STAY STILL

hold our position
in the labyrinthine center
(waxing north)

ericaceous faces upturn
(fecundity holds)

mimulus
map yellow nebula
in their spotted throats

our fovea centralis
herds this, hears this
so we hoard light

a mist separates
in stellate hairs

spindle fibers
tease us

apart

I'M READY TO TELL YOU ABOUT THE BODIES

I brought the bones of my own
but not theirs. Metal and belongings
bringing them planar with or without pollen.
All wings and thorax and mandibles
made flat. A smattering of mouths
and mounts in stillness across arbitrary ends
of Montana Idaho Washington
Oregon and California. I'm collecting
bodies in lines and lining large
and small splats with sculpted chitin.
The carved scales of damselflies
and split adders and beetles and bees
and the bodies of pests and pets.
A cemetery near the intake and I hit
the button to recirc what's recirculating.
What about these bodies flashing black.
Bodies across a distance walking
would take days and mean no bodies.
Bodies upset and past.

AS FOR THE BIRCH

death like that
leaves upturned
and the browning
her eyes say
this pale blue
enough to
shush the asters
sing wind like that
mere matter
the asking
of color of life
bracts between fingers
what stays
she says
enough, entropy is
everything, or at least
so much becoming
petioles spinning
enough to gather
she says
leaflessness
wild like that
wresting to let go