

Grips

An assembly gathers to discuss the appearance of man in her head

One, two, three, four, five

They turn their marble heads clockwise and counter-clockwise

He appears everywhere except in the flesh

Initially, he is a wall

The invasion of calcium-rich

Agitated near shoreline sedimentation

"Silicium" --which may be nothing

She says

As she crosses the threshold without knowing

She is passing from one wing to another

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He started as an apparition in the karst

pooling quickly and withdrawing into

shade. He is underground and walks

with laser focus to the corners.

He's a clast,

a mere franchise style deposit

buffed in and then exhumed.

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The Assembly presses by sheer numbers
an accumulation
making her go
first backward then forward
then right and right.

Under the archway
they can see she's gone
for a chunk or grain deposited
inside the monument:

Chert

Evaporite

Bed Load

Graben

Sticks and branches
against columns, piles.

He is standing in their midst
shoulders weighted, hands.

"Define Chert,"

he says,

So suddenly she is moved

Outside, where she'll note,
this museum, its façade,
has been etched
with the motif of brain.