

Song

In the midst of moving out I craved a driver, and you were her.
You were man, woman, child,
older, brick and tune.

We took your long hair and wrapped it in yellow cloth. You, my trippy ethereal
loved one. I was writhing in the window, in the back, attached to a head bone.
Outside, pollen marries nonsense until vocal, until all things are not
shaped like cards. These are blue flowers under salamanders
under foot of the gay scene, that blush when in the way.
A moment overheard, its touch minute, alkaline dust growing colder in the panel flooring.
Mr. Curvy showing bad teeth to his wife.
He is a figment brushed by a tip, like the branch of a tree touched by a riding crop.

And there's more to be saved, more comfort stricken twice and underlined
in the endzone, beat to a pulp inside the ear canal.
I almost wonder what makes us consider at all, but then I see you moonbeam
flat-out mystery and song, arrive in the quest-making
just as diligent as the baker and the mom
looking into the spirit of community, how demanding it is,
the peace of economic chaos relations,
the past of wood on bodies. Mills and salt.