

INTERIOR WEATHER

I followed the rain's blushing bullets through to the back
and there the light snapped gray shards over every single thing
these are the shards I was trying to talk about when talking still made sense.
The climate is collapsing, whispers the anemone to the phone cords of mid-century.
I watched the factory mass produce tiny charms of these phones, suitable for necklaces
in all weather forecasts, a plastic pop reminder that we can, and do, and must commune.
The rain follows me through to the back behind the back. Back further
and still, some wires. And still some shards. Did you hear the recording of the icebergs
breaking. A frostbitten toe snaps off in a dismayed hand. Dismembered
on the commune. The rain is genetic, shards collapsing back as disembodied sound.
Among all the things left here to cherish, I cherish sound the most, dry lips parting
to take water in, then water rushing through, four billion years old, at least.

SIGHT

i have seen several ghosts
manifesting as slamming
shadows or moved objects
figures above me
or watching from the foot
and once a white light
like walking a path
extraordinary amount of fried

when eric woke up once
and i said me too and he said
what he saw was exactly
and so he believed
confirmed so now we were
sighting or more likely

i don't want to put my finger
i don't want to take a picture
of the door opening
came from inside my head

across time and spaces
doors and floating quarters
channeled messages
or smoking in the doorway
of the bed or just weight
filling a small room
laden with scent
meat and cherry blossoms

saying he had seen a ghost
describe it i did
as i saw it earlier
and then someone else too
three was the most satisfying
the least

in the wound on his side
i want the reverberation
and the voice i know

PURPLE

Sometimes when you sink
your hands to earth

you touch shit. And if
your eyes are on the river

glued, the light ripples elementally.
The light is fire.

The ripples, air and water.
Hands salt licked and water washed.

Dust to shit to dust.
Dusk rippling in a dirty river,

an earthy river, that
thunder whips to lavender cream.