

Broken Stocking Suspender Manifesting

Two glass buckets
of tin rain
receded
quickly dregging
countless wagers seething

is this teething
again

or is golden pear pulp bleeding?

the evidence so perplexing
who/whom is needing freely
a willow now greedy

its the sky that's weeping
fo(u)r the seasons
eloquent rhythms
changing contingent

- "natural" -

pillowscapes breathing

But: is "now" no more
than a lantern mantle
- torn -
collateral
by this tepid vision

there is no rhyme,
nor reason (as Kant would have it)

just existing...

(stocking suspenders manifesting destiny)