

Nestwork

Several dumbstruck traintracks converged
Leaving behind thought constructs
Not tidy
But intermingled
Like nested hair on a beautiful head:

-- Power --

the debris of daytime
Crashing in a tide of clinging
Shadows aroused
Like vine feet
That stomp, stomp to the beat
Amidst the twitter of beaks and wings
Turning that old leaf
A shade or two more gray

- amassed monsoon -

Silhouettes lit by the eclipsed moon

< one time
Condensed in the present
Elapsed moments
Danced joyously >

Betwixt until
Here/There
Discordant tunes arose
(purple-red)

and diaries looked emaciated
“drone on” cried the bassoons
Dripping eternal nightshade passages

Cutting across the countryside
and down the valley
spreading their home from every peak to cranny