

i toward the fruit  
belong            held  
feet        sure

that does not  
in my hand  
as whips

do not take the fruit  
nor see the fruit  
but know it is near

the wash stammers against  
water pummeling stones  
safely enveloping a mouth

\*

in the next dark the tree  
contains

is barred and birdless  
a spectacle of scorpions

again summoning ,,  
the glossy tabernacle

the angel deterred ,,  
pours whiskey upon the cracked cheek

let the fingertips to the chest

be the chest consuming hours

\*

the canyon harbors  
their wide sweep gleaming

an oracle of bones  
moon-vernix

the after-image of horses

licked flat as dust

by the storm

by the sky-seed