



The inaffable blackbird, the eclipse of ocean  
and wind, sailed to stars forever...

The tendons of air with their fibres  
dry peaks of alphabet and blood and sand

The witness of alone and bound  
over the walking sun of your welcome

They have invaded the flesh of our sea  
with lichen, with raven vacuities, the kind of night

about open like the chest of a book. Cook  
the vegetal rain that was the peaks of her orchid.

Two voices are around waist deep by elaborate diet:  
Termites are visible on the ripe fruit grass of fresh bread.

The slow benediction, the angel and a faith alone  
charity is a bigger inflected by a trooper of rat grief.

He, one frank island of midnight and June,  
He, the blood of fireflies in the enormous stream...

The world's apologies amidst the catastrophes  
and set against the time of their annihilation.