

It's Going to Take

I walked out into the
sun, no longer
content to watch the green
breathe from behind the mesh
screen, desperately wanting to be
the eyelash blown from your finger
tip on a wish for air itself

I was old
at the beginning when
the whirl of pollen on the pond
was a galaxy in your eyeing—
is it going too far to
say I hope to drown in it?
Time swallows itself
so it's no shock
the speed
at which you appear
to leave me, even as you stay
in my mind where a wild avowal
endures the way weeds furrow
the floor, disarrayed by windfall,
peat, brushfire ash, & any
return peels back some never-
ending upon