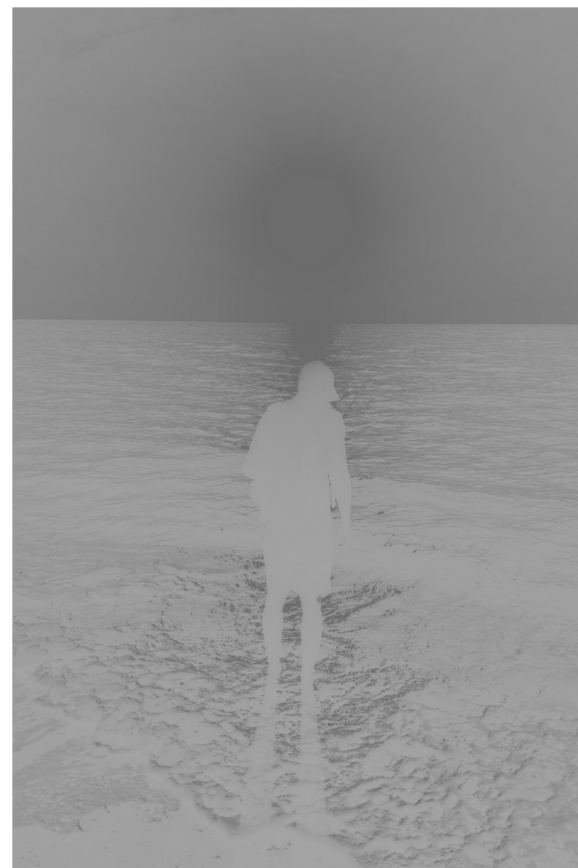




В
going home
spring 2025



1 (a hammock)

hasty absconsion behind the sun
in our haunt of dusky oaks:
with the bit of light left in my hand,
i carve your outline in broad, rhythmic strokes -
the chisel strains against the fabric of the sky.

but night's inscribing tool is the metaphor:
one fell swoop con-fuses us with wood,
our fingers with intertangling branches,
serenades with clumsy cricket leg-songs -
we cicada-shrieks surrender to a single shape.

(the crooning earth is spooned)
by a brimming moon:

but the afar twig breaks under waxing's weight:
what's confessed is passion, or its wraith

2 (a flatwoods)

in the soft impressions made in soot
so gentle the wiregrass sighs
in the print cast low and long
by the sun falling on august,
everywhere where two bodies can be found:
i can be found with small death.

"we can be summer, the sticky glow",
he, the darkening wind, begs:
"you can be june and i july,
and we can touch at our solstice"
he grinds like i want it, excavating
the tristesse pooled in the dimples on my back.

wind, i give you your last song but know
our shadows are long over the creosote.
our singe has tired past sing.
we're too near the ash
to see the grass-pink renewed.
thus to go on is to let myself go of you.

in the rapidly cooling night, the wiregrass
drinks in sips to revive. the gayfeather
meticulates its sugars. the bluestem
tries to understand what it means
to love the wind with its seeds. all this only
when death tramples other meadows.

3 (a spring run)

everywhere to go but nowhere to be:
this dark path shadows a liquid nave
whose every leadlight is a shining pool of

bedcouples, camaradas, sweat bee
smooth, metallic, iridescent, humming
with the taste of the other's ear.

to dig into glass rain is to defenestrate into

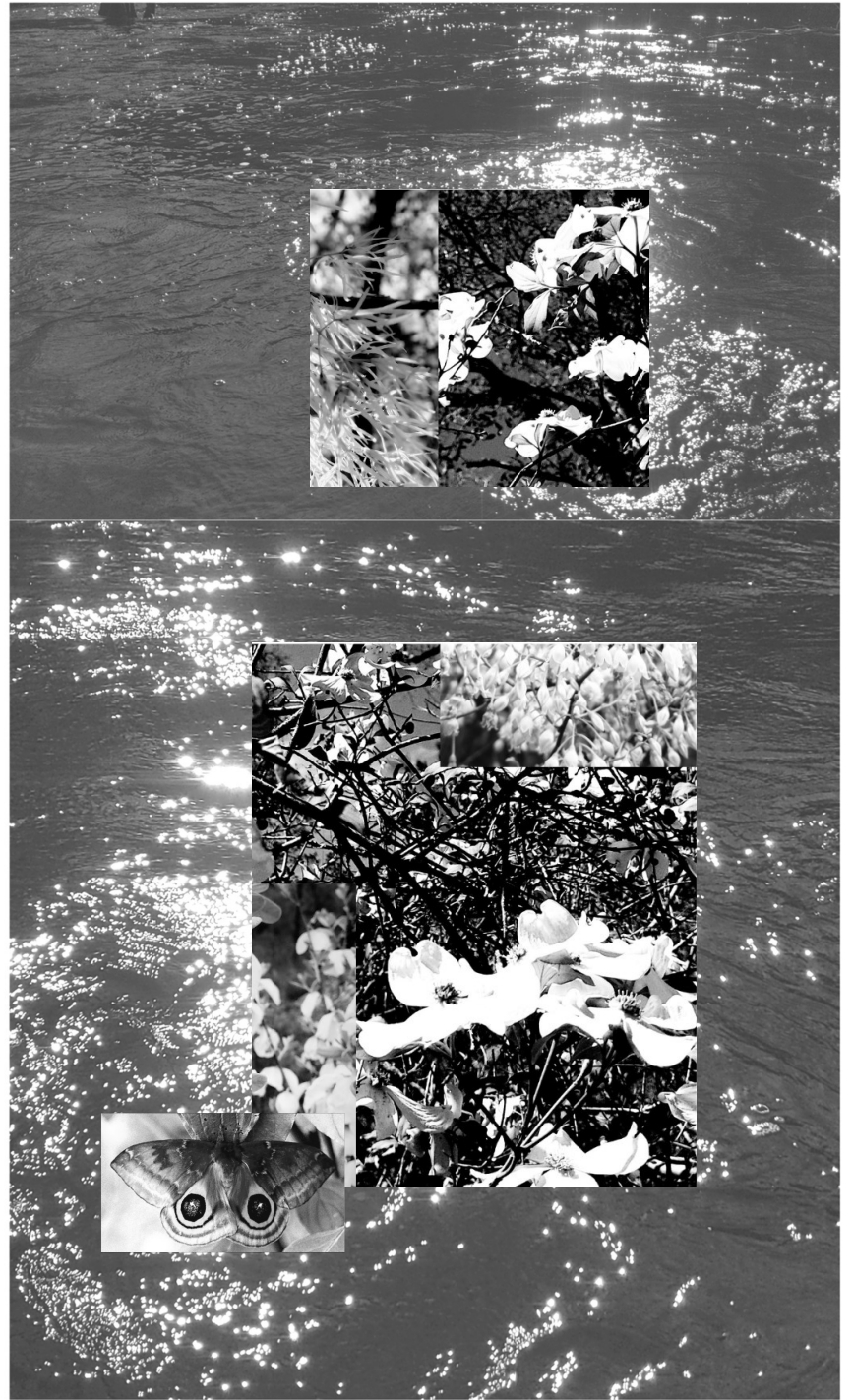
swans flowering from oak roots
swooning through the eelgrass
towards each other's spiderlily mouths

dreamfalling, going into being

comforted in the crevice of shoulders, laps,
looking at the one big shadow they cast.
anti-desire as fantasy.

i pull my hand through the blood-stained glass
grabbing at a being i hope to go to.

when the wind runs to dusky oaks,



4 (an upland forest)

i love you mothwise, and that is i
cannot go on but in the dark guided
by somniferic flowers, upon whose laps
i lay my head, confused with the lack of you

and on the edge of new-moon puddles
i divine a chasmic ocean
my arms can't ford. but across the sea
words are sheparded by perfumed stars.

(by day, i review the picture:
the white petals brim their edges)

5 (a parking lot)

deep in

our bodies pressed together to sing
mouths cracked to expose odes
my head rests on your shoulder
the rainbow spring water speaking in rings

a dark puddle i wish
was soothumor, but instead
is actually just the backwash of roots
an oak fantasizing about catkins the mottle
of an io moth's wet back, ruined.
i'm looking down at

i couldn't bring you any closer
without you being inside of me.
the union of our spacetimes is driven by
a celestial force known as gravity
(this is how planets desire)

a stain my friend says
i should wash off soon
because it has a way of sticking to you.
"what is it?"

(and what gravity exerts one body?)

it's found in an eye rubbing afterglow
the run's sunspot gazed long and longingly:
these memories are shaped by the light
i carve into them, so full that
the splinters sear and cauterize.

"that rainbow sheen is oil"

irrealises are full of white flowers
as afterimages that unlike gravity
(more like a spring),
draw stronger with distance.

6 (after yearning for before)

i cried the first time i had sex.
it was not what was left, as in
a school of fish swimming to the surface,
nor was it what was left, as in
a swallow-tail kite bound south,
it was what was left
as in

i once caught the elusive water by successfully
falling through the window into you.
once night drew us together with
a single bold epitaph,
once you pressed down upon me,
of course your petals overflowed, but i
could want no longer want what i already had.

as in, in leaving i must leave a
heavy space. as in, going home
wells up inside of me like mullet linger
on photographs spread over the bed:
the sweat bee with its tongue in the air,
the io moth about to sip the puddle, all
after(,) yearning for before.

it was always time to go home.
as in, in the constant state of departure,
the fossilized negative space rattling,
shrieking (I Long To Be Near),
in which the tragedy capitulates:
going home is always home. unfortunately,