

building up

collapse into me, form a bridge
i will hold. just a wet stone's throw away.
no control, like it's out of your hands.
closing gaps of structured silence, carefully
scraping skies, a bed of sighs, firm foundation
raising us in exploration
this building up.

subtle likeness entrenched, enmeshed.
at peace this nest, the ego idol
given up, lifting purrs like wrinkled leaves
that flop like fish, their windy perch
parched and sapped, the hanging limbs.
winter's past they reach at last
this branching out.

this skyward glance
worked up like clay
spinning in the hands at play.
this reaching out, this drawing up
finger strokes, like scribbles
figuring out where lines should be
this fleshing out.

shy of nine, the mist that sheds
of skies and skin, it reaches in.
wading through this sticking to
painted on a pillow canvas.
this feeling free
this breathing out.

thoughts like swamp or sweat, inertial.
weighted down and toeing for
a leg, a thigh, dry land at last
this wading through.

coursing through the sanguine rush.
a kiss or trick, the light
the eyes, the will and wanting
this bleeding out.