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Green Noise

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GREEN NOISE

Oh you crazy baby.

Indemnify the vertebrae.

This strange shore of staying.

Isn't a form of motion, void
inscribed in the eyes, outcast
from your apostrophic dark.

They keep the luminous in further
zones of rooms, spatiality of the body.

Measures from, to. Are wrists
and writs, *pulsi* inscribing
the blood-bloom—surface foam.

Skin hum. I pressed my white hand
to the bunchgrass, it stung me.

There and then. A quittance, known.

Wind-scribbled cedar
enunciates the uproar, tidal,
perpetual. Ocean, mother
of numbers. Articulating
system—archaic vertebrae
or baby z.