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At Arm's Length

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ARRHYTHMIA: WAYS TO SEE
THE DISSONANT HEART*Supplement*

what did he tell you of the snowfinches I know
it is still summer but I've been preparing
I folded the sheets I stood up

they are pale birds typically fearless
they are simple repetitive songs and I am small
weathered the weather changing the light
suspended below the surface of the lake
 the dew that trembles in the grass

and it is nearly fall what does he know
about tattoos about nests

the typical clutch is from 3 to 6 eggs

Apology

I would have liked to keep you
at a fair distance I was not made a forest
by choice you know

 these kinds of things are accidents
but the dawn has already risen here

the simple repetitive songs
 cling so tightly to the body

and it's all too far abstracted to be truth

it's peripheral it's a fair distance
and there is more than one of everything