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.