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Forest for the Trees // Closer Than They Appear

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Forest for the Trees

Your phantom limb cradled the newborn lamb—
charcoal hooves shined & polished, gnarled bleating
echoing among the diamond coos. Sipping Pepsi
from a plastic straw while smoking Leika cigarettes.
Lamplight spurs through white-curtained windows,
chanting on about the ends of things, our desires,
our exhalations in the hushed evenings where we sit
beside their cleaved openings perfuming the summer
with our tiny crafted deaths. Shepherd guiding the wolf
through the godless field. The sky's wound blistering
& wilting, peonies sprouting from our shoulder blades
like the slivering of smoke scalpelled from the stars.
The lamb lowered & placed gently on the grass—
away into the swaying stalks, our bodies orbiting
pitched needles, the crackling of the holy crickets,
our crystallized foreheads against the cool glass.
The lamb's white coat dissipating into the unknowable.
Sauntering quietly into the dream, eyeing the forest
for the trees—those spectral ladders, this spackle
of a white particle, quenching the ecstatic dark,
from which you were never born

Closer Than They Appear

Beyond this floor-to-ceiling glass,
blue dusk—waterfall coursing my limbs,
dousing me in its paternal rage—
airtight window, you cannot hear
the screeching streams,
the teething trees scratching the wind,
outstretching
brittle branches to the moon's dribbling milk—
a father reunites with his son
after a decade apart—
whispers piercing porcelain plates—soup steam
rising upwards, apparition
here to warn us
of the pitiless depths—
of our newborn skulls—
of the way the lamps in the restaurant dimmed as
our futures waned &
dusk drifted into night,
that blue light here for those spare seconds
scavenged into sapphire—
we are the last table—
the cerulean neon
burnished the pavement, echoed
in the puddles—

the falls deafening, devouring
the bones that hold us,
those adrift hitchhikers—
strangers to Chevys sliding
across slicked highways—
seeing in every rain-specked windshield
the faces of our mother & father—
waiting ceaselessly for
them to slow to a stop & flick their blinkers,
gazing at us in the foggy rearview
mirrors, slowly nearing
their sealed doors, reddening ears peeled for
the divine click of the lock