

medulla

An idea feels better
on the inside,
cumulonimbus
and pure, full and aloft
and alive, half in
language, half in womb,
before the armature,
the order of form.
On a liquid mind,
a body of water,
reflected clouds lie back in
cloud soup perfection,
mother's eye.
The page, this
speech, the tender
of thought to offer.
this
in the exchange,
slipping even now
in transcription—
white pony, white
peony, white poesy
and I think you, I,
will only see the stratus
never the majestic
foam and foment.
In my ancient before
this time, this place,
I thought how
I would bubble
forth one day,
wriggle up and out,
splat belly to the bark
and stretch a funny fin
toward sand, toward leaves
at a new sun unfiltered
by plankton,
leave behind nutriment
for the spread beyond
the meniscus, an open
air and all my self

exalted, my dots
most glorified.
Then empty
to the press of ground
it would become unclear
what made me rise,
leave my deep,
my very stuff
behind in water.
If I close
my every pore,
take it back to my
one cloud self.
Inside the soup:
before I am uttered,
then reflected,
what what would
my ineffable say?
Is this vapor you see
my true translation?
This flaming, my
true form?
And is that really
the achievement of you?
I feel you unfamiliar,
unlike before.
Strange in the world,
we bring our estrangement
to the surf, sunset and
moon as if these, the most
beautiful things, will
show us our brilliance,
make us beautiful again.
How hard must we look
to see ourselves,
sink ourselves back in?