

unspun

earth and sky's trial separation
hush to hear if history's still breathing
hold here hard and hope to press a pulse

what white lies might weather tell today
the frost erases earth and sky a veil
what lies in wait to kiss some hidden face

who will rise with the rays
and who will rise with the radio
who will buy lace by the bolt
and who will buy lightning
 or try to buy lightning
who will buy spools to stitch
 the sky the earth
the eyes of the dead
a tent to weather winter
a dress in which to wed

wind slides notes beneath the door
wind tears the day's last drafts to updrafts
wind scatters ashes like a mourning child

the field feels
the wind run
its fingers through
to shake
the seeds
to shake
the season free

the moon submits
a contract writ
in light
for the trees
to sign
in shadow
for the trees
to sigh
and sign
in shadow

suppose
the end

were unafraid
were able agent
could choose
to re-ravel
not tangle
not fray

what tall tales
might wind
spin today

suppose one rose in love
head over heels

what's over
our heads
is a question
of weather
wet to enter
the eye of
what's over

what we call
let out
what we call
took in
a stitch slants
skyward
holds onto either
 onto or

what's our
other answer
heads or what
never ends
is how we hope
what ends
never ends
what cuts
never cuts
from this scene
to another

look to the lie
of forever look

to this scene
from an other

cut

to the mouth
of more

of moreover