

## simple

The walls are shades of buttery amber yellow  
fields of August rye washed in golden hour  
a sugar crusted custard of coconut and limoncello  
the rum-soaked florets of a sunflower

from the ceiling, cascade clouds of lace cotton  
illuminated by the aurora of the distant north  
with the glow of a child story once forgotten  
heat lightening woven within a foggy warmth

a bed of pine needles blown from treetops  
blanketed in fresh fallen Cascadian powder  
pillows of overgrown moss sodden with dew drops  
a canopy framed from the bows great red fir

put on a record, listen to the warbles of Grantchester Meadows  
the gentle cooing of the owl from the billowing chimney  
the purr of a bobcat and its reverberating echoes  
the singing of a guitar in the hands of Jimi

light an incense, breathe the vanilla musk of cedar embers  
a honey haze rolling through hills of Tennessee  
the syrupy scent of hot maple cider and cinnamon toffee vendors  
the sweet spice swirling out of licorice ginger tea

the shelves are lined with frayed pages  
marbled with ink from lifetimes far remembered  
fox fire glisten along spines as a testimony to the ages  
made from the ancient aspen groves well timbered

from the window, see the daylight of a snowy night  
strawberry flavored sunset of the summer solstice  
the late afternoon sun in the midst of misty white

and the profoundly mundane meaning of all this

## huumm

the car window with your head against it  
going nowhere in particular

Moss growing on concrete  
where no one has dared to sprout roots

the refrigerator flicking on  
as you sleep on the kitchen floor

Snow falling over the blacktop  
and making you golden pocket under the clouds

the vents in the floor warming your hands  
when standing is of great heights

Your feet stay on the ground  
whether you do or don't

the sound of your voice in your chest  
when no one needs to listen

Crying yourself to sleep  
But forgetting why you started

the droplets pattering on the tub  
as you sit on the bottom of the shower  
Water flowing down river  
whether you feel like believing it today or not

the drone of the morning commute  
after you've stared at the ceiling all night

Studying the bare treetops against the clouds  
like they're veins feeding the mystique

the bus seat holding your back  
as your head hangs into your lap

Watching the sunlight creep up the wall  
wondering if it's been moving this entire time

the sound of the bassline  
as you get comfortable with the baseline

**pando**

to breathe  
to take it slow  
how simple

how familiar a feeling  
an existence of billions  
an understanding of time

breathe  
deeper  
grow upwards and inwards  
into the sun  
onto your rings  
into one another

dig  
deeper  
where they can't see  
how much we do see  
of what there ever was  
of what's up around the bend  
of everywhere we'll never be

look  
up  
with your hundred honeyed hands  
doesn't the sun feel splendid today  
how magnificent

listen  
have you heard the fruit flies  
zipping from one rotting fruit to the next  
don't worry  
they never make it longer than a day  
they must just burn themselves out  
happily hazed on the sugar  
how foolish

**is**

Who is there to malign the mangled maple  
to tell its waste of will  
it'll soon need to be scorched  
should have grown across the grove  
where it was welcomed  
maybe it wouldn't be in this mess  
and wouldn't be so awful to look at

Who will applaud the aspiring aspen  
for choosing to rise despite it all  
why, what a wonderful name they have  
it's the reason we keep the forests around  
they make it all worth while

Who is there to grieve on the grave of the gardenia  
to wish away the wilt  
why, they lived a good life didn't they?  
tears to quench the thirst too late  
now their body will have to feed the mushrooms  
how unnatural they always looked

does the ruellia need a reason to rise

it just is

## **battery acid**

oh, you finally noticed  
you left Me here for some time

do you notice it drip  
out My fingertips  
sorry, I got it on the carpet  
I'll clean it up  
please don't get upset  
I just need to standup

it's started to harden around my joints  
liquid salt left to dry  
I'll get to the point  
it's gotten harder to move My eyes

its folding into My head  
watercolor on a paper filter  
nowhere it hasn't bled  
maybe I'll make you a rose with pipe cleaner

sometimes  
at night  
up My nerves it climbs  
it twists My hair and pulls it tight  
I really can't take another bight  
it's all in My head, right  
it's up to My ears  
flowing out in stinging tears  
how did I last all these years

I was done for long ago  
I didn't think it was going to grow  
when I think I hit the plateau  
more seems to seep from below  
you know?