

Bodywork

when the maple wind blows sideways
we swallow our tongues
for the longest hour
taste copper
and lean headlong
knee bent

other times it isn't so clear
why our eyes burn and crystallize
it isn't that we don't tell stories anymore
we tell stories
it's that we don't drink from the stream
the same stream

we stoop
down to hear the soil roar
it shrieks with answer

our quintessential questions
about lust
and honey
about finding a planet that fits in our palm
letting it go