

## THE GREEN CHOIR

I lost myself in the marsh  
Heard a green song  
Lost some bones  
To that green choir  
A plant-throated supplicant begged  
With my voice  
And a panther  
Dew-slick  
Gauze-covered eyes  
Walked with no human wound  
Moistening its taut back  
Kill or be killed  
The big bang dropped us in it  
The big microscope priests  
Pressed onus into every cell  
With sermon and surreptitiousness  
Respectively  
I bent my head loamward  
To eat some seed  
Craned wildly my unbreakable neck  
My body flashed gold  
Into the Gauze Panther's cotton-covered eyes  
And the panther crouched  
Inside me  
Waiting for the smell  
My first carnage dive  
Found dirt in my nose  
Inhaled ground up  
Entered my head helically  
A popped thought wasabi  
The clarity of a clean green breath  
Breathed in at the genetic level  
The marsh writhed inside me  
One century: a ball of worms slick and mating  
One century: a menagerie of ice bright lightning  
This century: a manufactured rumble  
Envelops the big air  
In a flimsy plastic microwave package  
And the loam sucks in  
Humidly  
For a growl

A *planet* growl—  
*Planet*, the word itself a collaboration  
Conjoining phonemes  
Can you even say it without heaving?  
Even *you*  
With your ludic glasses  
Can you really hold a word that naked  
In your holy mouth?

## THE TWO OF US

I wake naked  
And the planet wakes  
Naked with me  
Once a writhing orgy  
Of membrane on membrane  
Without caring why  
Now my thigh crevasses itch  
My hot hair itches  
The antlers  
Strapped to my head  
Are a violent helmet  
I hide underneath  
They whisper to me  
In a bone syntax  
I can't understand  
The golden gazing Gauze Panther  
Found me again  
Pinned me to the ground  
With their arcing dewclaws  
Their sandpaper tongue runs  
Against my hairy nipple  
This morning  
Euphoric boredom  
When I knew they wouldn't kill me  
I forgot *slow*  
Could be this empty  
Without fear  
O how the marsh laughed  
Danced at the base of the bonfire  
Fire ant hill for feet  
Lilly pad for waist  
Mango root ribs caging  
Hearts beating in spider webs  
A symbiosis ink can't cover over  
No the gauze are not over my eyes  
There was water for the kelp  
On the pond's shore they fell near  
After the first vernal explosion  
That shore dried and the kelp became ravenous  
I pet the dirt on all fours  
I bite it softly

Soil falling out of mouth  
My new green limbs dull to brown  
The kelp does not care  
If I live or die  
I apologize to nothing for nothing