

Orb Poem

Glades
Green,
Glass.

Spirit bottle
Tipping fields
Of orbs in sky?
Are they in the sky?

Nocturnal awakenings: nocturnes. "I
used to write well," they say of their music. Orbs

Glittering faces, vertices, axes. Like hanging from lamps
Changes hands,
And pockets

Return
Renumber
Regather,
Stealthily as only folded orbs. Win
tight nugget. Bite.

Something emerges like cloud of off.
Patterned
Smokestacks
Flay,
Circus

Music from afar: "Don't go"
As if
Three-step.
Tapestry: blue and hung.

Tap at his house.
Panoply, Senate of Taps
Spiraling directions
Map of exits and entrances

Arranged
Like quilt
Fingers
Where?

Borders in glades. Flying walruses (spacecrafts). I never told you

Friends. Gather. In pews, if needed.

The church will open threads of firecrescents.
Delicately.

Its hand against a house's windows
steps the way rain seems to animate trash.
The alley clocks on display want you
trash, almost for that. A hinge,
a hut (or roof of one), eyelashes around eye.

Yellow grass. Stars in space. Hands of clock in big clock.

Up, downaround
Lever, lever (lever).
Blasting.
Abundance.
Shiny end of stream.
Field mirrors sky.
Hardened into a resolve.

Inside-out or outside-in?