

## Periphery

We would fly

right out of Shakespeare's pages & find a bath in which  
to go into a trance, maybe ant ourselves w/ a caught  
ant

or splash of vodka, vinegar

speaking

the name *Mortimer*, metallic are we tearing about the sky  
above the city that feeds us, splitting in two

connecting by a field, or a membrane, or a star force, vulgar  
our last name, but darkening the sky like an

avian motorway, funnel cloud above looking for bugs  
roosting in a masculine perch, shoving off

the females and adolescents. Zinnias tower above us.

Unafraid of the hawk or eagle in bunches would scare  
Hitchcock  
shitless here we are

only understanding each other, borg-like in our power  
of the collective.

With a taste for cherries and daytime dragonflies becoming one  
with that celestial tone we learn to mimic

and the needles that feed us, & fix our flow, help us to celebrate  
and remember. *Take a picture of this* she chirps

and the flock advances, escapes, goes as far west as possible, into  
direction of ancestors

is it they making our cues? Is it we tuned in to a field that's  
occupied  
by someone from another dimension?

Is it black cod barely cooked through, or goat cheese followed  
by sake? Are we remembering all this or is it

another inspired improvisation? This city of our heart does  
grow  
smaller. Diminishes before our peripheral vision.

Becomes a blur when I focus on your skin, or your exotic  
plumage.

And I grow into you, protect you from every predator, beckon  
prophets, bird baths and real estate angels and  
somehow

somehow, we never collide.

12:22A – 2.19.10