

The Grabber of Love

I am an example of how it can be

Examples fall out like Mikado
or I Ching sticks
across graphene-thin atom veils

The patterns that form
are depicted and redeployed,
visible from indefinite positions in space;
frequencies singing in waiting rooms & escalators;
through vast forests and on Sunday outings

Now the day stands humming
outside the garage
and the ground tends to maintenance everywhere;
on land and on the seabed

The sky houses birds that dance & scream

The seas are gigantic halls with weightless beings
that sing and soak in bubble baths

People were a bad idea,
but can be made to observe,
and search Merck Manuals

Tanumshede & Nok Kundi
are examples of place names,
of which there are many

The day after vaccination liberates me
of ski tracks and gradual chills

As I rise
to go massage liniment
on sore muscles
down my right hip and glutes,
I don't remember exactly where the pain sat

when I lay in bed

I glance in the mirror;
look wild & old and somewhat caught...,
without glasses an apparition like the popular notion
of a stone age man; a hunter & gatherer;
otherwise the timeless victim of evolution
and the dance of the elements in galactic veils of dust,
but Anna's hand from inside the cover at bedtime
is the grabber of love
from a relatively undeserved benevolence

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