

I.

Phantom limbs and fallen branches.

Sinewy fibers coarsened in time.

Memory.
recedes
secedes
concedes
to fate,

what is—
unwinding
our shadows as luminous as our suns.

All we've lost
All we have

a hollowed core
shuddering—
amidst faceless exposure.

Do the bees build their hives,
make their honey
For you—

alone.

II.

Radial geographies of self
shoring fragments from ruins.

Words whisper in my ear
hide in my mouth—

clenched fist.
open hand.

The Body, a
fickle and fragile vessel
treasonous—
trades expression
for communication.

III.

Fog swallows full moon
hovers, moves, lifts
Clears.

The day unfolds—
And I cry.

For more.