

10.2.10.

(on the subject of devotion)



Analogue in the voice of Peter Dinklage

Does one know whether the planet  
exploding & growing? Saturday morning  
sun is so bright that the we  
at water sticks thinks about not  
or vigorously jumping. As in a play  
still the hierarchies are shuffled.  
The dawn is so that it looked  
me while; also smudged colors  
a calming influence even surround  
day, low incoherent red  
shape by the thick lines I block  
the trajectory around the diffuse  
I remember the planet spinning

How terrific to hold together while the energy sputters / whether it is the body separating in

brisk explosion, / in outward push but to still revel in the fact of movement. // Or else

propelled into a healthy growing of happy / Saturday morning & the sun is so bright that any we /

in the glare of a return to individual experience // is blank. As in: the chaos can only be

soothed by smudge / as a local familiarity: serene light on sheets signals action. / Can the plain

senses of some lonely one ascertain // what new quantities wake them early with hope? / Entwined

under sheets, drawn to think about placement, / while the incoherent red flares against the lines

that seek // like a wish for purpose in the corner. Remember the sunflower / of summer scatters.

Remember the planet spinning / that left home, one hundred yellow arms blazing & wild // to define

it. A prayer for trajectory in the dim blather. / Launch each one of ourselves hoping to get past

the surface. / To find themselves celebrating in the new air of anywhere. // Anything is still

possible & the hierarchies of day are shuffled / to the soft bodies reluctant to sever the last

unity of night. / Depth is only sometimes a lie so we keep believing.



or proclaiming the dawn.  
experience a new way of seeing ourselves  
each one of ourselves  
I believe we want to  
stretch & live better each day