

Radiata

an hour to dusk, lightning
fractures the grey
slash of the pacific,

lifts the sudden stratus
of my hair. the cat glances
the fence and blurs

into the evergreen.
hawkmoths flicker
in the culms of heavy bunchgrass

flooding the lawn. I slip through
our muddy boundaries below
rippling sheetclouds,

which, in our tropical stretch,
presage *hurricane*.
you set syncopations of wind-

flutes, low whistles,
and spanish chords of
lonely sphere reverberating

as waves of foglight
and foam collapse at us
from two long sides, slicing

vapor against windscreen.
you rise with your entire self
from this like any surface,

taking level steps, soles hot
against the wooden floor
as I sound the sky.

gathering in the wild-eyed animals,
we turn and whisper home
before the rope of storm

whips tight. my ligaments unlatch
and slowly warm
to curves of counter-stern –

unseal, so that when you fall back
and tap your breastbone with one hand,
I press my face to resin,

pinewood. weighted jasmine
bows beyond our dark peach glow.
all the wax and heavy rocksalt

a reach above you (when I look up)
becomes the thrumming everest
of an analog earth.