Leaf Weather

by shira dentz
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Leaf Weather
“Love's the art imagined by desire”

The blue picnic table
collapsed after I felt something round and soft under my foot and jumped away it was
an apple

skeleton under my foot and jumped away it was an apple what is it greengreengreengreengreengreengreen
structured splitting legs rope devil-may-care large elemental picture
to be scarred eyes tired gobbley gook did a branch is breathing as it lifts
and falls ever so slightly the prairie bordered by trees semicircle
a wood fence sun lowering sound of wind in the prairie

branches like ink the thing looking like
a drawing instead of the of of of of leaves make us discover our inwardness
in such rooms one has the feeling time has stopped

“the ink the wind “the earth cast the sound like to
bequeath a phrase or an image falls ever so that is it was an apple
what is it greengreen curve of it lifts and leaves make crickets
drawing of dreams lacuna a handful of of the prairie bordered splitting
now
anatomy

the boy from side to side plays hide and seek maybe seesaw what do we kiss aboard the train keep those tips on slide the doors open feel a love-twist but it's not gonna happen what good is silence they don't mean to but men gotta show boss desire yellow on the burner heat on lo not even enough for the usual boil-hiss basically tepid shimmy shit the apex of noon are they singing a choir developing from laughter to song stars diamond chips swimming in the water everyone agrees lunar ah venus make no mistakes with your orange yellow pencil and eraser top (pink).

are they singing or laughing or clapping back to desire young young how do i net thee with my shredded heels no i don't want to look humpty dumpty had a great fall for heaven sakes
what transforms a white bough, for instance

let’s make some word water two parts salt one part light influenced by the moon junkie streamlined take a cup and fill it that lemon scent in the outdoors air a skirt of pine trees draped along mountains Certain Posturings Are Allowed, the sign says & Queen of the Snow, a church (though some may say another kind of temple) rocks insideandout no dark skinned here just snow shake it slim it it’s legit yeah got sound but somethin particular don’t know anyone can do is makin love with rocks like gathering wild animals shadows shined raised and pitted
watercolor tongue

tongue fork haleehaleehaleeaa bunch of leaves blowing telephone lines through glasslike water grass a nasal voice in the lighthouse birds whistling seems you have to be broken from making sense how can you keep the trees from ruffling like cloth line grooves in a tree now the leaves kiss

excess verbiage caw caw caw why in three letters the bird whistles drooping leaves breast chirpings yesterday biked on a trail in a forest with deer it would be perfect, once again, with a man. my head could race, maybe did one too many now it’s coming back how i asked what’s your schedule. i’ll have to look, he said. why did i bother. in a watermelon claw, green shades and sunset flesh.

branches leaves lace in the breeze majestic green pepper green watermelon stripes, variations in skin tone why the latch trees like animals well have to say my body’s ready to serve or be served more hidden usually but sunlight now an almond sliver the who-who-who in back of everything want to make suction cups out of the bluegreenyellow air. one-eyed. lightshowers. glucose plastic wrap green pink baubles shiny fish ribbon together ping ding tap the baseball cap what’s up w/that?

as the teenagers said, can’t stop doing things because of the past.

into the tunnel an’ outagain strawberry red mountains spotted with emerald trees caviar for the beasts rock grain a gray black elephant skin tree trunks water tongues on land here

there blue no incidental color

sunlight a different beast now someone wakes up early pagoda steam of his tea rising sharp not what i’m used to a knife cutting no sadness in this sparkle white
whom do i love best in the world the
heat lovely young blondes no way order can come round but hot pasta listen to
the talk out there canned peaches well waita second read the paper
what can you do about fear well fear of the future but what kind of cake
does that make sunny and all paper plate frosting as if to say ho ho follow the
twine.

candlestick lowers into moonshine shitshine forever shine
a usual question four stars start here people folding back indoors
mists of aqua sage netted bridal veils or aqua fingers hands on
the dirt brown plains

to hell with springy yellow

no don’ wanna think about any of those
relationships tables in the drawer feet on the sill catapult to nowhere rescue me
will you?

shoulda come up here to begin with
the sky dead no it ain’t it’s blue tile
well what it feel like bein’ in that landscape endlessly?

imagine that sun a lemon rinse hon
come pick up your oranges the mountains dark gray triangles what’re you
lookin at no i don’t have my place in the sky fog closes the white ecstasy fog
a close cousin to the spider web