

UNTITLED

Does the sun shine out of your mouth?
sometimes the light can crack
the roads bleed into land.
hold back winter with your teeth
arrogant in shade
so long as we can breathe
and your mouth keeps opening.

Before the hoggin paths were laid green hands built dreys
ankle wood ants
beech weight-arc'd
limbs strung out on nails
with the weight we drew the clouds
cleared leaves with blister-thumb
pigeon shit louse fright under bark
a den for legs and cigarette butts

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