

I rise and walk to the slushy forest of drip pools and sequined orbs,
Light strains through canopy,

the weight of war and fiduciary wrangles

I climb down step by step, collaged and composite, armed with camera

drawing resemblances, word shapes in my breath, their floating sms

of hope

ruffles

digressive frills

peculiar algae

smashed, abbreviated Guernicas –

How the birds seem innocent of carnage, each inexplicable fact.