

"Frequency Hopping"

step over a fractured i-beam becoming mist into the woods
 steel blue in the fogged light impose the city's grid
work over its duff to count out components of time
 that green bird lost in your hair your green hair the
way we stepped into space the air burst walking the
slipstream blood on the frost under your tongue or
fire the yellow jacket brought to your mouth its
poison distending the roof of your mouth walking the
causeway before we sat under the sea our image fallow
in the fading sky our voice engorged with sea light