

CATHERINE BLAUVELT

All Awning And Bugles, Still I Hope You Nearness

Light Light Vert From Mud. The charming flash
of grass flowers here on earth, the whiteless
flames without risk. My mystery flower
you walk, raise your head. As it happens,
Mad Grass Wants Us By Name. I wanted some
not much. A light strobe wedging a way lint
green, a place to put our heads. Only not,
time refolds the bugles' leak. Constant is
the view of Delirious. A hunting
sound. Lightning on a blond ocean went
the hounds in thousands for pure grass. Two blue
jays for a moment disturb their aim, knocking
the shadow out of me only once to go out.