

C. MIKAL ONESS

*Vermiculture*

While I puzzle over the light and the angle  
with which it penetrates my east window;  
while green in one house is not green in another;  
while the fat man sings his wife's cancer; while  
it might be great love that brings me here; while it's  
coffee I want; while the coed pets the dripping  
test tube; while the sun leavens my mood  
in November; while the sun brightens the mood  
of the angry never-had-been academics, plotting;  
ball of hair, ball of hair, wad of dust, wad of dust.  
There is a certain ecology at my fingertips. I tamp  
it down. The worms are making their way through.  
I arrange the light. I stack the leaves. I shit desire.