

Geoffrey Nutter

11:03

This cardinal moving, mother, in the tree.
This profusion of cardinal, this redline, mother.
Never look at an eclipse.
Because the Earth is telotactic.
It feels the light and reacts with cabbage.
The mother, the sun, and the tree line up in front of tall blue hills.
This syzygy in summer, this eclipse, the cardinal darkens.
Mother, Love, moves, and the hills react with shadows.
The cardinal reacts, it reddens.
This is a summer evening.

11:39

The warmth on his back, red pentagram.
Sitting in the sun, the screen of him.
This is when they made the pact, the sun and him.
But did it say he'd be a bit rich or a rat bitch.
And that's not all.
He looked into the sea; the crystal creature swayed.
A snarl from circling birds cut into blue peace.
"Maybe it's time to step back from its promise, pale blitz."
Could that be the whole flower come for him.
Brandishing its warmth across his back.