

Lawrence Revard

INCANTATIONS TO THE SUMMER TREES IN MISSOURI

1.

If they don't scream, they explode.

 Their swelled brains

bust up horizons in my county.

 Sublime hell.

It is a long movie! A montage

 of a million arms!

A silence of punctured ear drums.

 The folds of gloom.

The forests disgorge a local's tale

 of vanishings.

A mulberry night. You can't sleep.

 Green beetles

take quick walks on your eyelids.

2.

They burst cyst upon cyst of earth.

 Their mesh greaves

handle the air like a barbaric weapon.

 Observe silence

like invincible plums. Osage oranges,

 such horror-eggs,

are festering without an audience.

 Molasses gargoyles,

you might exclaim. Articulate blobs.

 Our balcony, suspense,

now that the hour is late. I lean out

 to whiff the sweet rot.

Flesh not of my flesh, and blood of light.