

JAE CHOI

IN THE ROOT NOW OPENED

First I was element.
Then I was fish in the element.

A heat, overspread, shook
the clouds into de-seeded chambers,

trenching, forked-down
asymmetries. I was, in excess,

dragged downstream,
a cabinet of soaked leaves

rebuffing a chopped wave
west. Would I clear

where I was stepped
from oiled iridescence?

Finning matter to matter,
immaculate desert,

the mounded parities
came tilting in steep risers,

air-bubbling-after,
and I was adrift.