

Today Is the Kamakura Period

On the map of last steps,
I am fifty weeks distracted,
a stray to the necessity
of miscellaneous stones.

Seeking carbon from marshmallow,
convinced of the billowy,
I stand for a Buick surrounded by crabgrass,
the desire for pets, tattoos.

Long or pine, I can't discern
which fisherfolk establish better lore.
The clamsmen make an iffy sound,
disciples of lank and ovary.

Umbra and sun on the shingles,
sea birds drowned in inky teal,
such is life, the spokespeople say,
no epigraph, no dedication.

A spaniel swims, a stalk stands still,
today is the Kamakura period,
the umpire of forky plants destroyed,
a thing at long last infinitely.