

KRIS CHRISTENSEN

Anger Triptych

I

Knocking would be too obvious.
Rather, a sound of bones itching
underground. A fingernail scratching
itself alive. The respirator's throat
opening.

II

Or softer. Bird wing
thought of height. Hiss-flare of flame.
Clicking white machine. When flint
found the Columbia Plateau
it made a sound like this
before moss caught fire
and branches began to glow
ten thousand years away.

III

Or maybe it's more
the rock in flight, tinder hush
before a spark holds, electrons
poised in copper wire. The no-sound
of transformation itself. A tree asleep
under centuries, inventing leaves.