

STEPPING TOWARD MELTDOWN

I sit on a clearing favored by grass snakes

weather is their motion, a blossom in the mouth of each snake's

purple-black tongue

taking pleasure in infinitesimals, the discarded, overlooked, discredited

drawn to the unfinished, the impossible to finish, resistant
scraps half-eaten, scratched out

tracks or scat scattered reprocessed mouse bones, gnawed manzanita berries

60

blinded, blindsided

as in entering brightness from the dark or the other way around

don't imagine there is another paradise than this

lost place, nothing split off

from God's blow-back, nor apparent disregard

nor love left out

in the open