

## Poems

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### Love Song of Existence

We are and that is everything.  
    Minute, and also infinite.  
Defined, and beyond our own comprehension.  
    Every pattern and symbolism,  
    Yet, unique and unmatched.  
We are the flesh and the seed.  
Each apple as it falls, collapses into its own decay,  
    Marries the earth.  
Each blossom born to bloom, become new fruit, then ripen.  
    We are here, and in a distant universe,  
Dry, barren sand. Each grain and the whole.  
    Soon, too soon, ice glaciers will melt, and sweep  
    Over us, destruction that will drench us into life again.  
We are also these glaciers that melt to ocean, every drop, cohesion.  
    Our own undermining, death, and reincarnation.  
    Some deny our warming, but it is no illusion.  
Neither is the coldness that spells out our universe, or each  
    Extinguished reminder of burning, that burned hot  
    Somewhere in time, and in our eyes, burns forever.  
Also real: every fragrance, taste, touch, sound, and each feeling  
    That we say is another sense.  
We are darkness and every sky, pinched to nothing and expanding.  
    That is how little we matter, and how much.

## Pollination

It is all pollination—  
Creation—  
The most fertile place.  
Deep recess,  
Soft petaled vibration,  
Sun-steeped  
Exploration. Discovery.  
Pollen on stamen.  
We dust our feet with it,  
Dance  
The shape of language.  
Hive and lace  
Every surface, imperfect,  
Yet perfect.  
Every barrier, an opening.  
Geometric.  
Slow rush of destiny within  
Honeycomb.  
Inflect of tongue, golden,  
Brought to womb,  
A room, inner chamber, a lair.  
Percolation.  
Every sweetness, every fruit,  
Every root,  
Owes itself to this obsession.  
Each generation  
Much improved by the last one.  
What will happen  
When we bees all die, are gone?