And begin to emerge. From their long floating. From basements of sleep. Here on the earth’s wet stage. Hair and leaves mixed with leaves and hair. Vision sloughing to make room for vision. Two figures and caesura, a space of longing. Bound by the unwritten. Unwakened,

their eyes done-in. Open-mouthed and presymbolic. Her great toe tenses with vegetal slowness. Their heads upturn, throat offered each to each. Elocutionary earthsheen. The fibrous muscles in his thighs twitching. As god pours into the creatural. Still supine. Strangely receptive to and flush with ground’s swell. They do not move in the same world in which we observe them.

Risen, they are at risk. Her neck pulling birdwise against her shoulder. He wobbles, spasmodic, toward her, through invisible web. Her in-bent arms spread like a cormorant’s. Emphatically angular. His hand, his hand feeling for her face. This is a love story.

This is a love story. His hand, his hand feeling for her. Face, emphatically angular. Her in-bent arms spread like a cormorant’s.
He wobbles toward her, spasmodic, through invisible web. Her neck pulling birdwise against her risen shoulder. They are. At risk, they do not

move in the same world in which we observe them, strangely. Receptive to and flush with ground’s swell, still. Supine. As god pours into the creatural. The

fibrous muscles in his thighs twitching. Earthsheen. Elocutionary, their heads upturn, throat offered each to each. Her great toe tenses with vegetal slowness. Presymbolic, open-mouthed, unwakened.

Their eyes done-in. Bound by the unwritten, two figures. And caesura, the space of longing. Vision sloughs away to make room for vision. Leaves and hair mixed with hair and leaves. Here on the earth’s wet stage. From basements of sleep, from their long floating. And begin to emerge.