

A heron calling out—I have news for you.
The sun has seared all her flowers.

Mornings are a drag, bones cracking awake
and we are an insignificant people.

We are twelve small mouths singing
“Surrender to the love club, or

eat rocks!” We are furnace-lunged
and not dreaming. The TV is a flare,

and streetlights and sterile moon
follow us like a considerate stalker.

What the clock does when the kettle’s
busy spit-sputtering out spout:

only the heron knows, but not for me.
I’m starting to wonder if I’ll ever be able

to walk in the heat. Mundane birds
accompany me: solace of a stun gun.

In the push-turn-fold of kneading—

I keep getting flour on my pants,
inside the cabinets, in the curve
of the sink. This is all

just fine like a cliff
breaking, like it's music going.
Cliffs erode, yeast rises,
and disease... I do not have

a furnace because I live in Florida.
I don't want to be rich
but a wrap-around porch, red
raspberries, foot cooking them hot—

just fine. When the light goes up
I see myself in flashes—
fingers, oysters to mouth.

Tomorrow we'll eat oats. I'm finding solace
in lambs today, cloistered in the brambles.

It's the sun-warmed season
of chalky sweat. We sat
on the porch playing cards.
Days dragged. Three generations
of neighbors on Thursday or
blursday gathering on the driveway
just to talk. It doesn't make sense—
bars open too soon, anxiety after
Zoom, a cloister fuck, a future
joke. Ask how to do up a mane
in curlers, how to make a moon
sing, how to ask better questions.
I brought you flours of heron blue
and the sound of two sponges
really going at it. This is one
way of saying just do better.

Sun over the marsh and red raspberries.
The Angel in Drag plucks their sleepy bodies
from the brambles, tucks them into
egg cartons and coos, "Smooth and silky, baby,
soothe and smilky." Twelve small mouths
in unison sing, "Squish me kindly
into the earth." We are small,

insignificant people. Our obsession with being
the Guardian is fodder for some,
a mess to sift through, but not
for me. I don't flinch, physically speaking.

I drag the old staff out of the closet, light
the end on fire, stick it up God's anus.

May the Lord flare on your desires.

The Angel cleans her berry-stained hands,
rocks them forth and back
to their nest, closing the lid.

Drag race, drag race,
filled with gender. They call me
Cloister for my casual demeanor.
Biking the curve and wipe out—
fuck. Grain motes in my eyes,
caked into nails. I'm a stray
chicken limping, sweating
in heat. I do not have
a furnace because I
have news for you: the curve
saved me, just my fingers
while the rest of me
woke up wondering why
flare jeans came back in style,
and where solace cakes itself,
how speed or mind (probably
both) break the clock.

We stand together on the porch of decisions,
where shadows rock like winter in July.

What happened to happy families? Netflix mania
is mono-fodder, a sickening brew of self-notions.

I used to think of sea shells as cloistered, one
venture to midnight ocean, dragging its heavy mass

across sand, mucus for morning to find.

Finally it clicks: whatever. World heron wing flap,

white flares in one o'clock stun light above
the long drag of brown water beside the road.

Bars were our sometimes solace. Now we're
breakdown, not safe, me: squished in a mind quarry.

A dog barks at the blue heron already leaving. We
are waiting for the wind to push us east, somewhere.

You must have been a quarry miner—
mud feet, rocking diamonds free.

The curve of your armpit in neon lights—
a stun gun dose of midnight.

Clock me with the wave of your flare jeans.

You'd like to stun me off the edge,
bake back the clock to when we were held
together by warm bellies. But I am
a porch heron. I can hold my own brink.

The TV next door is a flare
and we are waking up, wondering how
to make every surface sterile. Finally it clicks:
our president, ready, mania in slight resolution—
happy families, what happened? I need a quarry
soft enough to keep my silhouette dark.

Light gives hands to those around it,
no solace. Apathy is saying do better.
I keep walking. The hand moves forward.

Smooth smacks
blue as blue can be.
Do I spit to sky
on my concrete porch?
Heron curves
in great blue spirals,

brain: back to task.
I keep getting
flour on my face and solace
cannot curve with time.

I stood at the cliff.
I stood sterile on the porch.
In the final flare of daylight
on my concrete porch.

If I could leave
I'd leave
but instead I'm white above
the drag of brown water roadside.

A clubbed seal, a heron
flaming, stray chickens
in the bramble, a lion's mane.

This is one way of saying
sterile mind. Whatever.
Find me dancing, flare jeans,
music going at breakdown cliff.

Who among us can
I mean really
cloister? What can I do
if not you? What will be
undone without me?

I want a clock from another time.
Day job—an imbecilic notion.

I used to venture out of midnight,
mistake across the marsh—

what do fishes find there now?

White flares in one o'clock,

flare of a beak, kelp, yes, kelp.

Fireworks tonight, great blue spirals.

The light goes up in flashes—
it's me and the mundane birds.

Take your solace. I'm keeping
my wonder in the curve of the sink.
I've been heat, Lord, desire.

You think you're in the good club
but you're plucked from the brambles,
cracking awake, you're a drag.

A kind stalker brings me raspberries, flour—
Lord, accompany me.
I'm stiff limping over the marsh.

Sterile moon, streetlights
in great blue spirals. Better questions
smack blue and I can hold my own
brink but I am flashes today I am small.