

we meant for that to happen

every so often / no pale whorl blurred upper corner
no over-opened eyes in the selfie / no selfie / somehow
we breathe into clay & *surprise* >> soaring thing escapes
untouched / our palms nearly dissolved now / pray
tell / how the vanishing occurs? we have photo evidence
of our prior existence / wet / sandy / looking at our hands
about the images >> all that can be said is we
strangely didn't know our own power in that moment
we disappearing creatures want ocean to recall holding us
ocean doesn't care / nothing deserves to exist << *this is grace*
if the ancient prayer is disinterest might as well rest
& insist ocean's gotta notice / how it falls / when
one of / us clumsy gods / drags ourselves out

an entire world depends on you consistently
dreaming yourself alive

1

soft neck skin at once a promise of mercy & power
satiated bear deep in forest belly full of blueberries
so will not devour only there will come a time when
you want to be devoured but these are millisecond
universes of thought & desire or talking yourself out
of doing what your body wants at least twice today

2

if an admission of love is filled with fear you might
consume them it's okay to rage *i am not a bear*
or female praying mantis for that matter in some tongues
everything is hesitant at back of throat elsewhere eager
you cannot count the languages necessary be weary
of any hint you are not the main character or worse—

3

they might insist *you are intimidating* especially just sitting
in your own power a little sweaty early winter late
morning on top of hips on a wednesday you can only
know yourself from the inside out explain the view of
venus to venus & it can't help but feel foreign how
can a planet know the bramble of its own skin?