

It starts outside the body, something in the sky—  
a fire blooming behind the trees  
that calls you. Like ocean waves and rip current  
like campfire heat curling cracking  
the sound blue-shifting siren wobbling  
away from you. But this isn't all physics  
when you fall apart at your joints,  
rib engagement, conscious of your own heartbeat.  
Body made of rune stones and broken  
crystal and velvet. Remember when  
the stars came out at the Grand Canyon  
and you left your body for the river?  
Remember the red sand silt and space dust  
glowing in continental blackness?  
That's what you can't get back to,  
can't let the fog of memory pluck the wolves  
from trees and bring them home.  
You are not that wild. You are not  
the offspring of time, the relative  
of minute, hour, day—you are the heat  
that came from somewhere else the gravity  
tragedy threading every scar together.