

The Blue Moth comes to visit

At the crossroads where you died

I could hear the chanting that pulls

the direction of plants away from the sun.

The wheel turning in multiple directions.

The fox on the road waiting for my chest

to say something. The daises breaking

the shape of veins into the concrete. The clouds

Like skeletons of fish. A farm dogs curiosity

on how a mountain stretches its tongue.

I want to tell the fox *I'm sorry, my eyes*

have turned against me, but my tongue

has killed itself. Kept the candle lit

in my throat. Making playlists for when

the ghouls come to play. Deleted apps

that make me feel like nothing. Little moons

have kept my body assembled for this long.

I spent the last showers of rain serenading

to my spine. Finding my centre on the easel

finger-picking its length hoping you'll play
my back softly like a harp. The heron flies

like a river-dragon and gives me snail shells
worth of sunlight. The blue moth has come

to visit and your making graves for abandoned
dead beasts, like your just beginning.

We fashioned feathers from chewed
Ginger hairs and bankers marrow.

Built battle-cry hoodies, banners
from spirals in the ice. Coffins

with the names of oil companies.

Smoke from our palms. A dust cloud

misery we navigate with mutual care.

Coalescing wretches to un-whiten
the sabotaged bloc. The deer looks
at us, understanding our closed hands.

There was nothing I could do for the man
who showed me a picture of his dead friend.