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Sonnet in Search of Sleep

Not the trees compressing or stretching their spines,
nor threshed leaves scratching concrete walkways,
nor a black, spring sky softly taping flowing dirt

(under blankets of shadow, irises turn inward
toward an intricate place still

moving, subtly, between a shifting sky
and an earthy stem, with anchored nerves),

but a singer unconcerned with meaning.

Limbs are stretching in the dark, leaves are cast.
Twigs and needles are loosed from rooftop moss,
fall clumsily through fighting space, then float
in earth flowing, in thick rivers, downstream:

flurries and eddies frictionless in motion.
The mind reaches, but the roots remain.

Cluttered Sky

Wooden streams branch out
against a cluttered sky;

something begins again
against a blueish canvas.

Walking — there are
estuaries of red and green

blending and receding
against each other,

silhouetted by dewy light
that is glowing faintly

between the interweaving
of wooden webs laid

against each other and curling
at the touch of gravity.