

The sonnet sleeps on the moon #1

i don't remember much: just the inconsolability.

*

in the time before language every expression
needed their gestures. a chaotic silence: we
assume it was. all the wants diminished &
the needs tired by noon time.

*

in the absence of precision. here is a bird
and there are the bees. *And the trees?*
blow silently in the knowledge-less wind.

*

wind-burns on the pear skins. a voicemail
cut off between the apex and a valley:

*

everything I do feels small and inconsequential
says the ant leaf-back-ed and all that.
We have to keep going some sound responds.

I know.