a reverberation
runs through the recitative
like a kleptomaniac
through a mall
the tree flows as a circulation
integrates the correct answer and the flaw
the uncertainty of the spiral
merges into its form
the tree, unbothered
unanswering to the unprayers
of the upward facing world
and the spiral
chases
its inexistent axis
to grasp and to call
*dewy is the world*
*the meady mingle*
*the puffs of dust*
to talk about the unceasing song
and quiz and play of it all
the thief stops to breathe
at her morning walk at the mall
like a bee that knows where to turn
to know another thing twice