

Ecogodliness

FELICIA ZAMORA

You trace the sundogs [think of Emerson & yellowing words on yellowing pages] imbibing through your permeability; your eyes lick atmosphere in semblance of washing the impermanence refusing to clot anywhere that might resemble a bloody something *to* clot [all you still refuse to acknowledge: *to to to*]. All hacks & limbs of you; yet save the gore for another witness [& we do witness]. Of all the nouns you sift through, it's the *somethings* that haunt you most; their precipice of acts acting: a whisper heard behind the ear, until you realize: the ear itself whispering. How the sweeping of concentric circles wears on the body: how a gerund masks its own verbness with desire to noun [how the nouning *O the nouning* becomes the lust] [aren't we all a type of blaze placed haphazardly [yet designingly] beside another type of blaze?]; how origins tempt us: a type of reminder—all fleeting from & all shining iridescent—brief, now briefer still.

