

Ecogodliness

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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 *some things*
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.

