

TREE CLIMBERS

A night of glowing souls,
a zany troupe of us;
we' re all friends of the best days.

Light spiral slashes the oak tree,
colorful glass stirs the atmosphere with waxing warmth:
a heat lamp, a firepit, a cloud of fireflies pouring to puddles of glowworms—
neither creature lives here, but we' re all excited to see guests enjoying themselves.

I look at him, looking like he' s looking at me, who, she, they, we all see—
cross-pollination: acknowledged body, grin stems, eyes bloom, unfucked love decants.
We' re older but still innocent;
the shooting stars still aim for us.

By 11 o' clock we' re collected in a heap,
dug into the night' s promising stories.
I fancy the elbow of the friend beside me
and kiss the next few hours after missing them for so long.

Behind my house all the universe' s summers mess around,
looking fly in moon tones,
like him, I, we, they all stoke the embers:
logged drop of mallow as gooey as the sea cucumber' s first kiss.

We start the cheering in the mountains,
our laughter mistaken for coyote song,
the canyon itself a flute of nature' s proportion.

My, your, our circle revolves around the stink beetle:

coleopteron, astronomy's basket of iridescence.
We all watch the projections on its back,
the way we would peer through our scopes
to catch star signals from teenagers in an otherworld.

Early morning dark, branching prints of lung tissue woven onto the walls.
A mattress series, all of us stacked eight high,
watching *The Last Black Man in San Francisco* and each other,
lounging, a place above—
Thursday reading Friday's script:
we, he, they, I'm swooning my youth like Newton's cradle,
part one knocked out by part two, identical,
identity gaining and losing its senses;
the blind mole knows itself best.

myself, yourself, ourselves, our forests are patient,
impervious to storms,
nurse birds that will never fly,
dropping hints like pine nuts—
the secret lies in how many flakes of wood you pry open until you find one.