While Terrified of Branches, Making Fun of Moon

Various methods for torture must have been divined here. Why else would the branches look like that.

Like they deserved a body, for being so sickly. Like somewhere, there is a hotel room full of them—branches—and they can’t even smell the fire blistering on next door.

They can sleep like that.

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The moon is adequate. The stars, adequate. When the oak rots out, a little motor starts, spiraling down into a basement of wires unconnected and glorious.
Someone will sing about this on the radio, and she doesn’t even know me.

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The birds wide-awake and anxious.

No one wants coins on their eyes, to receive my greeting card, the collective consciousness I’ve copyrighted: the moon is still out, wearing the wrong hat, the wrong nose.