

Elizabeth Zuba

When you fell from the tree

the trunk's reflection bent in the water
sudden patches of shiny black doubling over
the blinks of wet stars still green in their innards
 every heel and ear
loves the walls of a small dark room
the force of resistance
balancing leg airplane arms
your teeny silhouettes
that swim as fast as they can away from you
they open and shut over the ripples
they open and shut
who knows what they want
to say too great too quick
for the atoms to keep up with the rearranging
like a heavy tomato that falls off the vine
and my arms open
the shade of a tomato
never fight a small god
with an endless supply of tomatoes
one sun plucked from the other diving
now somewhere over the earth
plunging down the night sky
with the downrightness of fact
where the tomato falls and my arms open
 to a crack in the skin I hold tenderly
in my hands and suck at the crack.

In a snail shell, you are a crouching figure

for small hopes dust mites
free electrons aster aster that need catching
even stars start out collapsing just watch your mouth

open aster the smaller the body part
the bigger the neurological territory it's what's exchanged

wave for zooplankton you love
for their human suffering the way their jelly bodies
rock from side to side side to side

your hopeless head that shakes as you watch them
is the only motion left you

for broken sand dollars all over the beach
for your small mouth that blows
into their gaping sides where you brush the sand

away where you brush and rub
and press your lips to their missing limbs to make
to make by god a correlating home.

Silk fans are hanging and flutter when blown

When did you start eating the batting?
And now?
What will we stuff around our teeth?
How will we muffle our bleat at the sun
and destiny? That stridored sound that makes me
want to hold you and cover my mouth
with all your soft hands
advancing a common cause
we crouch over
our perfect reflection on the lake
and blow hard ripples to break
the beauty, the green that lifts its chin
the blue that bloodies the rabbits
it's heavier, it's heavier than brown
the peace that floats like a buoy overhead
when I touch you I know how I touch
in your shoes
quiet in the thicket, the tufts of fur and roses
roses and tufts of fur.

Ramp in the shape of an S thereby eliminating the need to exit

Every morning I put on my gloves

I raise my hands

let my hands

let my hands

collapse in miniature chairs; we run for cover

with long strides our hair bouncing ahead

so beautiful

sometimes we miss sunshine.

Aerially you make a crouching figure in rotation

all matchsticks have homes that meet their sufferings
pink kids and drunks to feel the quiet
of the seagulls if I could take you with me
quiet hover of exploding fire and other mortal lights
that twinkle and wink down at you shimmying
your fingers like a giant gold ukelele plucking out tears
each note as intimate as distant
and already budding by sundown
bullets and stars can be heavy in the shape of names
holding your handpainted sign for guns sparklers
confetti canons and then for a while we'll come
and run our fingers along the holes
with so many holes
it's hard to believe the net's still good at all
hard to believe we might still catch anything.