

Trevor Calvert

### Forest

Once cursive led those in the forest and its curves mirrored their own. Celebrations were held wherein foxes and other “divers creaturs” leapt from unexpected mouths. Some as late as the 16<sup>th</sup> century attest this still occurs and shall do so in the future along certain meridians and in downtown studios. A history of books and a millennium have gone missing; certainly a forest was involved. Voices massacre numbers, so even lost academics hum vague idolatry. O loneliness!

## Heart

We walk into these woods. You incant a small "I love you" but it's quickly lost in the trees. There is a lake that looks like a sidewalk, so we slip off our clothes but before we can dive in, we're already drifting away from each other. We are losing our shape and becoming clouds, or falling leaves, or at our most minimal the probability of a forest. I can hear your voice but am uncertain if it is an echo from before or what you have become.

## Heart

Better simply to cross that bridge when it explodes. Someday we'll make it downtown, and it will be the downtown of our ancestors and we'll finally get the chance to tongue each other up. Certainly we have been referred to as a "flurry," a "smattering," sometimes even the coarse "flock" but these are inaccurate. We can only be seen in conflagrations and rockslides and pounding drums and we'll steal the holy bejesus from any who come between the deeds of our hands or the hopes of our hearts. Out lungs hurt every morning.

## **Grimoire**

O moist fable sprouted scion  
almost several oft-killed,  
mist-ridden and seventh son  
of teeth and wile: severed  
curiosities open  
mossed books of peculiar  
hoodoo coherent bon-mots.

## **Grimoire**

A woman's breath is read to invoke ghosts, then catalogued. Indices have been stolen to locate and conjure treasure: a "clerical underworld" robs both rich and weather alike. For all we know. Language, incidentally, is like pointing at a painting of a mirror. Under no circumstances is it to be trusted. Senses were made for delicate tethers; never follow a ghost to a higher level; never listen to talking foxes—especially those in the guise of toys. Such were the rules that made this country of ours.

## **Forest**

Morning swiftly gifts static. A tree can only stand so long, and thieves can only hide behind a tree for a small sliver. The tree and the thieves seek food and will take their hearts' content from where they can. Is anything ever not stolen? So some sweet-talk first. Carve a twined name with yours. Sunlight is a harsh operating system, true, and a forest really comes in handy when there are fools to rob. Don't drag love, the cold will be here soon so start wooing: "unto the day, its due."

## Forest

Wolves always slip into verse. They feel sexiest in that dress, and they are right. Their paws are so small and so sharp they cruelly cut the loam beneath them, and this is probably why they love to run. Wolves will eat anyone, but are friends with women “in the know.” You cannot follow a wolf, you cannot reason, but if you bring a small sacrificial loss, you will be rewarded. Sometimes they will still eat you, but it’s pleasurable.

## Heart

Ecology everywhere niches  
spread like sexy martyrs  
nowhere more so than prayer-  
books of cunning people lost  
so long that breath diffuses  
to atmosphere: an illicit flux  
where even vespers try  
on different radio stations,  
get it on in the scuttled rubble.

A fleet of foxes, chests a' heaving,  
sculptural as a kingdom of blood,  
of future joy, of future love,  
run, run.



## **Grimoire**

Quilted leaf, pneumatic

limbs of lambent light. I am

pierced! Cumulative questions

loft into lilting conflict.

Electricity has lost

and seven small winds

sweep the pines, speckled greenly.

## Heart

In the center is space—

everything is here;

A story exploded to blood,

continuance of a heart

as fecund as sex immense

as a forest made of stars:

un-mappable complexity

rhythmic as death as: