

Our embodiments caught in a summer dawn swallow. I'm in the candyweed; the cracklings, the somatoplasm, the grunted jade. I'm colouring wildflowers with a purple crayon. We just got back from our hike. Some mountain. Some edge. Some impossible heat. I'm colouring wildflowers with a purple crayon. The ones you told me about; the ones I've already forgotten. There's an illing hue outside the window of the car. It's the colour of sickness and bushfires. It's the colour of all the bodies of all our families dead and dying. It's the colour of no more sycamore scars on lightly dusted rivers.

I've been keeping things in my mind from you: Briars bright in the onyx mist.
Fizzing low light necrophile feedbags. Chainsaw's celestial strap-on.

It's me again. It's the middle of a luxuriant summer and I follow the sleepwalker's crumbs; how the grass is all gone; how the sea lions breathe porous as mirrors.

I think about the despair we've made together and watch you learn to hate your face and start to think the sky is a cavern where none can find themselves; where prison hawks' blown particles write the shape of leaves, and where you learn mouth-writing atop clear waterfalls:
Lupin, Trent, Stotan.

It doesn't matter.

It's hard to be a person in a field of small animals.

You once told me that it's hard to be a person when the flowers keep changing names. I want to watch you make a score in a field with your hands and liquify the landscape until everything dies gorgeously stereo-fluoroscopic.

I throw a flower to the ground. It's the middle of grave light now.

Incessant rain now; incandescent rain writes in air: *no more wonderings*.

I once said to you that our nesting secretions are like stylized muscles and that these muscles are a stream system in morning, a nameless lake in afternoon; and you talked about a body close to you, wading into this lake until the hips covered as slow and purposeful as a shadow creeps across the moon. There's a house up the hill from where we're swimming. The green-blue water spills out in all directions, a roughly oval-like imaginary of hawks and warblers fucking this oval outline and all the sound that could be water. I walk further into the cinema of this lakebed, kicking up cinnamon plumes of what could be grasslands urging ankles to a glossy peak. It's June 30th—the middle of a luxuriant summer—and I would have thought about snakeholding you, trying to get you changed; snakeholding cacti in the shape of a marmot.

If the line is a measure of a body writhing, then I am under the lake now, looking upwards, and begging with a childlike thunder to be taken glacially and whole.

Grab a hold of my neck. It's okay.

I'm in the liverberries now; kinnikinic fainting translucencies; I'm the witchbells, shiplessly alive. I'm colouring the flowers with a purple crayon; I'm waiting for both of us to outlove the moment; outlove our pastoralness; when we last said something I think you said: *I'm going to pee in the huckleberries*. I'm the cinamonroot now; the headwaters of our fuckupedness.

Which way is there to go?