

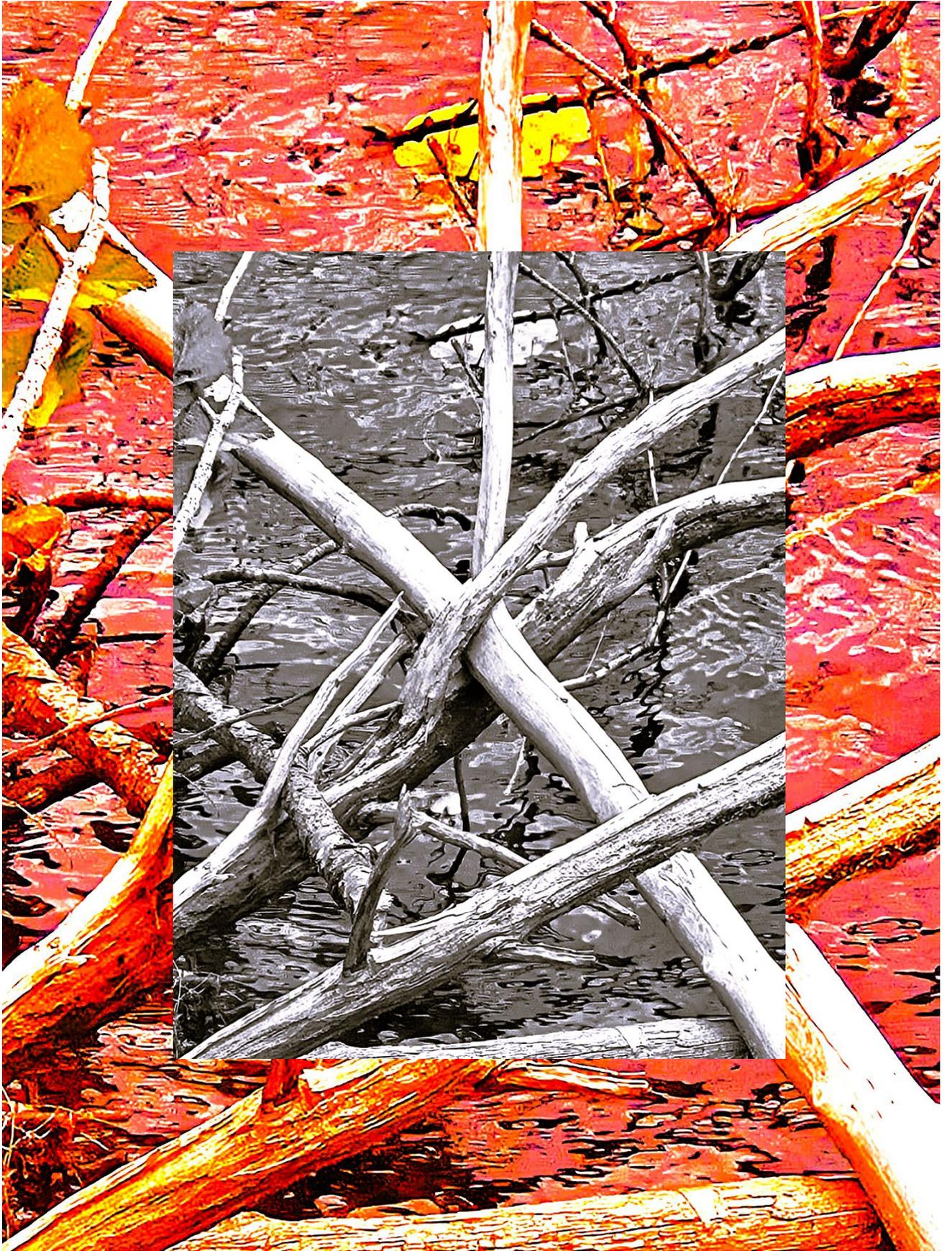




Magical deer (madrigal) rooted in presence.

Waking

from sleep, antlers adorned sacred (the abject,  
arising from the dead / dread) risen to overcome  
a welcome to the (world's clique of corrupt  
kings). Think thoughts of language as healing. Where the forest  
greet the cold. In winter frost, dog lilies lie incubating,  
dormant in shells of moths, destined to hatch infernal wings,  
night moons flashing around themselves, old dry leaders  
on the surface of the Moon. Vacuum-sealed, shed skin on  
rockface, you bring a gift of feral bounty from inside wailing  
boundaries, an armature through the air of burning trees.  
Of leave takings, arrivals, legion. Congregate lexical  
immediacy, hybridity, survival, investigations into  
heritages of light, portents, heraldic symbol  
sequences, image systems, new consequentialist  
arrangements.



And the tree said its ok touch me electric sadness at its core  
burned into my fingertips like a weeping lover parched brittle,  
serious in its woundedness, defiant, in a convex glove  
of the earth, a tilt, at the edge of the lake, the promontory  
above



