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felt tongue (102)

Guy R. Beining

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felt tongue (102)

by Guy R. Beining

a scattered bit
of print &
from under foot
iris stems.

the milky way
spills before an
early breakfast.
enough of this day
waylaid, rounding
platter of our speech.

the apple is ripe
tucking toes in.
the bed was
an offering,
lilac into lily,
raindrop lifts as
the drummer comes
around again
fetching the long
lines of summer.

We, on stools
of other stars,
wasting the loom
made by our breathing
& what you write
frames something
not really there.