Inventions

What captain can I pretend to capitulate to, once I expose my mutinous lower deck?

My rag-dolls, caught in memory’s quicklime, are perfectly preserved. Though telling you so decays as soon as it touches breath.

Recognized the engine sound in your hum, but not its speed or destination. I could search, but not undetected, through your most hidden storehouse. The less divided my gesture, the more kaleidoscopic the impact of its touch.

There are silences, like stones in a streambed—beautiful if we don’t try to pocket them. Not silence as shield or pawn; simply bare, when I bare it, opening my arms. Here is the jaw of our shared imagination, suddenly unclenched. We might be an entire society sighting hawks and couplets.
I hear a story-noise start up in my throat.

Teach me the future intricate tense.
I’ll teach you the path primitive.

We clear away the dinner dishes, just one cup left for each of us.
I curl into mine, a small cave.
How to animate the amniotic between us?

A softer commotion now, water fretting over the stones of a brook we thought long dry.
I bundle all my slender resurrections, presenting them to you as a bouquet.

Amid tariff and back-debt, you collect, like a deranged actuary.
Offering ecstatic calculus.