

PUPATE

There is a growth of magnets, a photosynthesis of the violin, a meteor in the algae whispering somewhere down the mine shaft (from beneath the mushroom cellar) where my memory loosens its grip on the pebbles, and lets them slip up to the brink, until they are over the edge and carrying enough gravity to tumble trees. It is on this luscious black sand beach that the sun is warm in eclipse, the birds spin around in the inches of surf, and the shadows of the narwhales rise up from the glowing light in the depths of the water. I marvel at the lack of plants except for those which grow in the middle of the air, and live off the profusion of visions there. When the outrigger canoes begin to sketch their own outline against the peach trees in the sunset, the ribbons we wear as anklets will melt and free the primitive horses, the tiny rabbits, the soft-shelled turtles of our toes. Thus, in the oven, with a little warmth, it all rises (the oven rises) we take a deep breath and float expanding slowly with the rising kitchen, and surface into a new world, above water, clear-eyed, with wet eyelashes. Inside we would be flying fish.