

bloom

we fall between blades of grass.  
    mesh with its shag like leaves.  
        or sticks.  
the point is we are between thin lines  
where only three have mouths:  
the ants, the sky, the god.  
we are between them like glue  
    between paper  
        between time.  
        i rhyme.  
the sky is content,  
but the ants are pacing.  
    they crawl up our legs now.  
        they do not bite.  
footsteps are all they need.  
    where is god in this?  
        is he happy there?  
  
at night, our eyes see colors deeper than blue,  
    so i hold you.