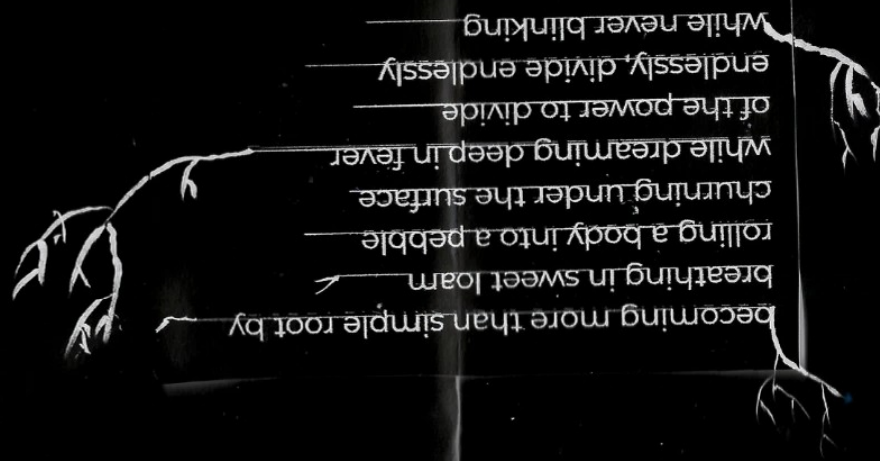


while above in the world of the living
doing what is necessary and expected,
opening green arms, small violet flowers,
drinking down our star in great gulps



becoming more than simple root by
breathing in sweet loam
rolling a body into a pebble
churning under the surface
while dreaming deep in fever
of the power to divide
endlessly, divide endlessly
while never blinking

Tubers

by

David Ralph Lewis



while buried the hunger of dreaming
the punishing demands of deep sleep
never blinking, dreams of universes
splitting like cells, each one.

a smooth stone, buried, never blinking,
churning itself into a pebble,
a deep groan in the middle of night
rolling new limbs and pulling bodies apart

to bury and send out new shoots from all corpses,
weaving light into legion into fever delusions
of soil, never blinking, crawling by division
over decades, churning and rolling bodies

and bodies and tubers

and bodies and bodies

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