Incident

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Swallowed by scarred flowers, cut by the rain,

the falling of the sun and the string and sighs

that are all on the other side of the past.

The wooden days of summer scratch,  too, and

dress, and hold the tools of dead men,

while the roast being pulled off the bone is less in need

of mending memories, and more in need

of the vines inside it, like wilderness.

After all, the telephone on this sadness is not a road.

And O God, You snapped out of my brown secret sound

and screamed Like a brilliant punch-drunk bell,

like diamond rain at midnight, still hungry,

still scratch, and sewn from seed into names,

And from names you grew song,

cracked like lightning,

white heaped diamond clouds,

while the sky tilted

on a stone;

the cloudless sky, the sleepers,

the bursts from your eyes,

From the song slipping out of the body,

How we can go from one space, one stone,

To the sound a name makes going

far away from song.