

ARCHIVE'S TALES I

The forest quakes at  
three, birds scatter  
soil frees  
its tree roots  
and loose trunks  
go bounding toward water.

Under the flesh  
of Sedona mountains  
ladybugs and worms  
marry, grow  
old. Those  
of us above  
ground leave  
footprints on  
their chuppahs, mar  
their birthdays with  
half-hearted calls.

Too much space, say  
those who listen beneath  
and dislike voice  
as it travels. Too much  
space between what  
we speak and  
what our quivering  
mouths demand.