

ARCHIVE'S TALES II

We talk above stretched  
linen, barely  
words to pass  
back and forth,  
while those who wrote  
long before dug through soil  
to make, fleshed  
their minds into forms  
latent, awaiting, watered,  
then arrived.

We live our instincts through  
story and the language  
of the earth chimes back  
we are nearing  
that which came before.