

## walking with elm-seeds

blossoms wander the sky, their idling  
engines lending the airborne wilderness  
a grainy feel, a low low  
in-the-bones sub rosa rhythm.  
an envelope - empty - jitters underfoot,  
i lift my heel and it goes  
skittering away, down the hill,  
like me, toward the  
    crossings of the steine, where,  
millioned, teeming and profligate  
the elm seeds are dancing up a storm.

tiny bits of paper, their  
folded-up voices overspilling my pockets,  
i aim them happily at passers by.

glossy rivulets blink in the gutter, while  
inklings of some molten, never-was alphabet  
ricochet from windscreens and shopfronts.  
the museum announces a new exhibition:  
'figments, fragments and everybody's love affairs'.

seen a-glance,  
a toyshop is selling all the little lost things,  
bright with memory, blankly gazing,  
blinking out from worlds-ago,  
senselessly  
    enchanting.

a fox slips behind a skip and vaporizes.  
my tempo does not slow. in the breath  
    between each footfall  
immaterial, insurmountable  
    bacteria wreck and wreak,  
etching signs of heartbreak into  
    all the eye is eating—

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