

grey is stale white spread like gorse over hills of bone  
torn from the ground to pale dawn & staunch the tide.  
from its shoulders, factories hung by their smoke  
are shrunken to rust & drunk on oil. streets cut thru her hip  
bright as seaglass : the long night is lit a neon dream //

in its steps over fading land flooded by rich seasons of swamp

among roots of Pukatea that curve to settle bone  
light is still on cold wind. in its curls the ferns soften  
to hardly a whisper of ash.

ahi slithers blue above it  
the rain that falls to scale fire spreads thru the quiet n  
scars the street in its echo & long barbs of light

& like clay melts to skin or water thru clay  
the dawn that has aged beyond dawn: the heir of  
black fog has sunken to sand, as the wheel keeps turning  
away.

while priests of wigs and rum bleed stone for trophy milk  
& suits hang a full gut to talk shop over dust, i am  
wrinkled by ways of silence, reo matted like ivy over  
years of pendent mist, every which way the wind goes.

in this land of heaps of name of many gods that graze your touch,  
those who came to name the frost will leave with eyes against it.

like salt on the air, pour over the face sewn in mud between us  
as the new day grows thin in its step . as the sky spills back to earth  
to char the golden tides. shadow spans the black shore,  
gorged by machine idols of smoke & cools its hurried fever.

it's only you who would try to conquer what feeds you breath,  
you who've been without ends for what feels like forever,  
will come to know forever.