

Languidly

The paper hangs,
Of trees but not like trees,
Intestinal, a year's worth of
Paper draped, light and heavy,
Copper mesh, glinting in the
Shadows, desperate to be
Something before
They fade.

Appropriately, it hangs around the corner, inevitable.
If they're supposed to be trees, they look like sour
wretched roots of them, sun scoured, blighted with
heavy metals. She said it looks more like a digestive

tract, and she's right, and it feels right. For one year
every piece of packaging and junk mail shredded,
digested, added to mesh casing like so much ground
meat. It never should have come this far I think,

watching the dead weight of these entrails hanging
from the ceiling or coiled on the ground. Nobody asked
for this kind of destruction. But the longer I look, the
further from here I am, I'm back where the winds

are muffled and the air is rich with life and decay
and birdsong, and in that place I think to myself how
easy it is to breathe here for some reason, as if
this is where my body wanted to be all along.

Languidly

The paper hangs,
Not trees but redolent
Of them, a reminder of how
We take that which sustains us
For granted, and how much
More joy a tree gives us
Tall and wide against
The clear sky.