

Plants | Knowledge

in dense benthic blackness, I awaken,
sea and cell swirled by circadian urge
in each membrane, time's circuitry curves,
jellied anemones sprout polyps of glass
resin, metal—mind emerges from thorax
of hard protist-facts, of lurid purple spurge
that tissues, seeds, and filaments the floor of
federations before, flumes of bacterial surge
coding chloroplastic knowing, breath bending
to bloom bionically across abyssal depth
I am ancestral memory, an obscure vitality,
a repudiation of the photic zone,
a bright thought submerged

Plants | Body

and once the flame of his grief consumed my
plum-red petals, sizzled, seared to charcoal flecks,
the substance of his catharsis—charred flower flesh
when the fierce fiery sun flashed talons overhead
my naked limbs flexed into medusan forms
I knelt at a clear pool, licked oozing wounds
smudged cooling salve on blackened skin
Do what you wish to us—the respiring orchid
will wilt, wither, and reawaken, the homunculus
in the mandrake will breathe again, in the traverse
plane of a fig fruit—tender, bloody, tear-shaped—
there are miraculous tales, a great pharmacopoeia,
a sympathy of bodies, pulsing synchronies

Plants | Landscape

for two nights by the Xiang River
the goddesses wept for their lost husband,
caustic tears drenched the rhizome-dense earth
beneath me, then, just a sapling wisp, I ascended
to perennial heights, internodes creaking in passions
of growth, stippled culms becoming as resistant as
riverstone, tautly pliant like the drawn string of an
archery bow, the million monuments inside me
germinated, grew strong, grasped in the fingers
of master calligraphers, nourished by the bitter
tonic of concubines sobbing in sorrow's throes
and when warm mist mottles my viridescent
skin, I open my pores to let their grief in

Plants | Time and Space

if you ask, what does time matter to me?

I will tell you—time is arabesque symmetry
of jagged cacti posed like statues within desert
vacancy, surreptitious grit coating a houseplant,
feelers of a potato piercing upward through velvet
on barren floor of a synthetic green pasture—listen!

do you hear the lisp of a seed capsule
dehiscing? this is the whisper of time in your mind,
my voice quivering on fringes of your very thinking

of me, time that is brittle like a column of glass
shapeshifted to tree, time shimmering with singing
of distant sisters entranced in forest ceremony—

I am the time you just spent remembering me