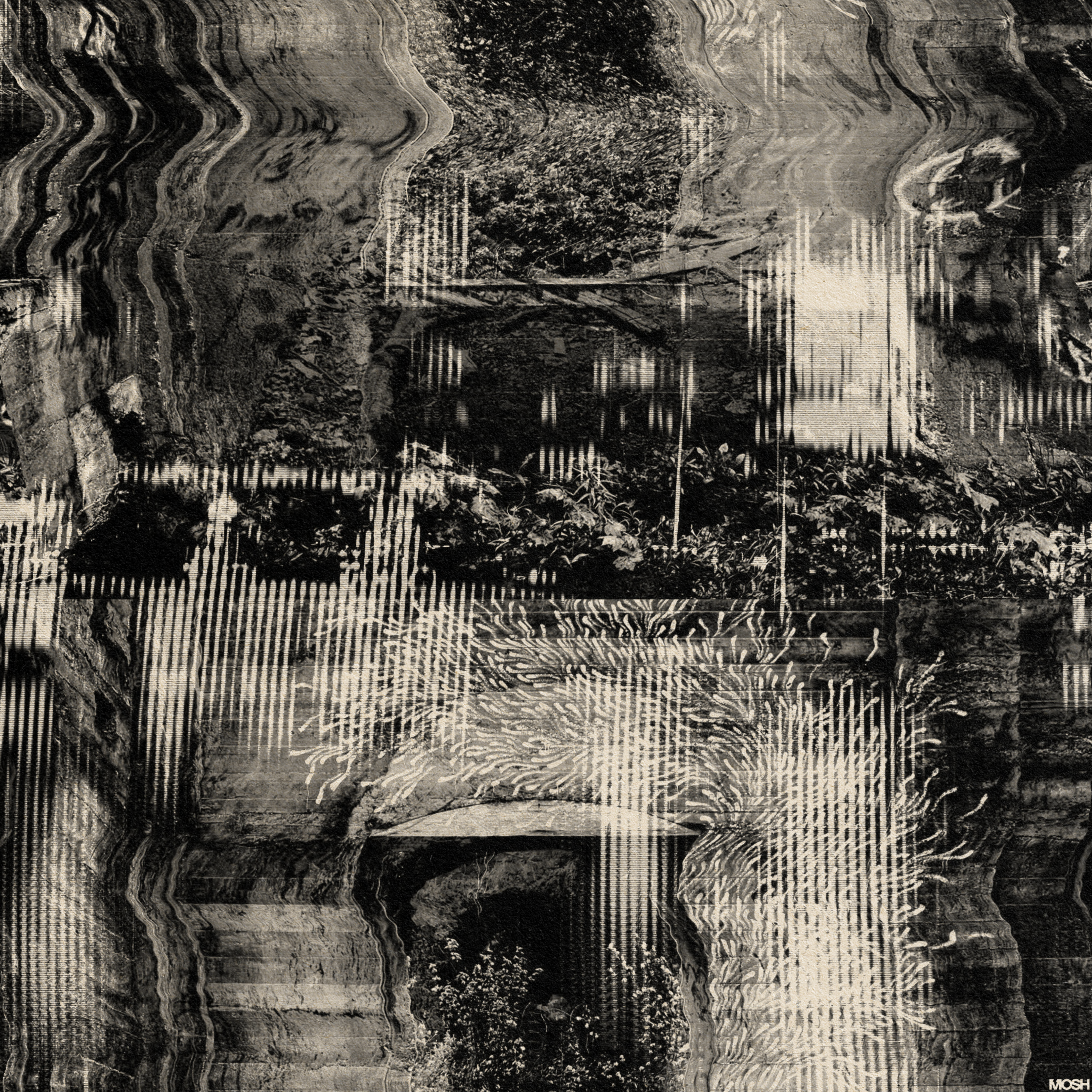
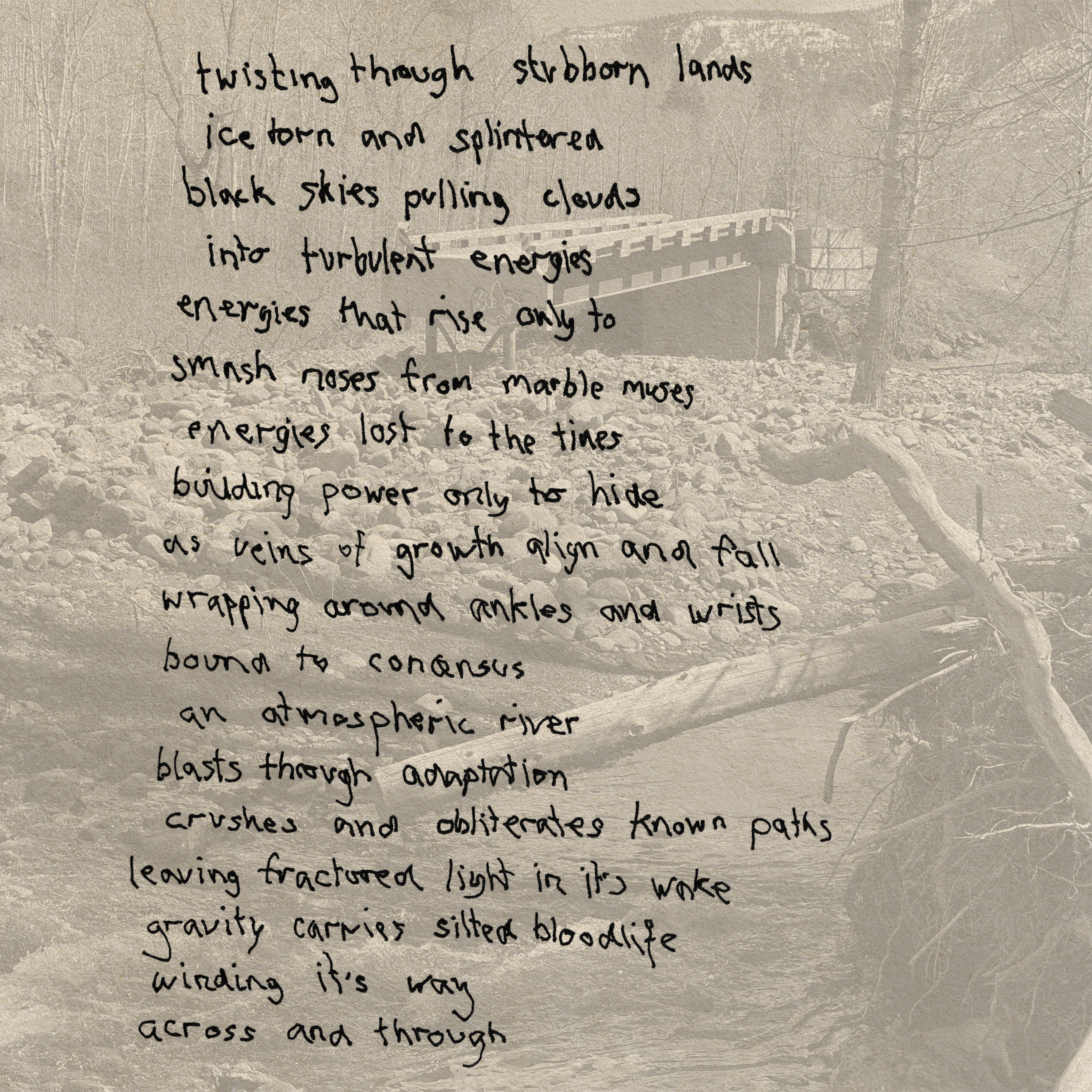




the logic of ruin

TREES CAN TALK





twisting through stubborn lands
ice torn and splintered
black skies pulling clouds
into turbulent energies
energies that rise only to
smash noses from marble muses
energies lost to the tines
building power only to hide
as veins of growth align and fall
wrapping around ankles and wrists
bound to consensus
an atmospheric river
blasts through adaptation
crushes and obliterates known paths
leaving fractured light in its wake
gravity carries silted bloodlife
winding its way
across and through



Atmospheric river

blocking, tripping, bursting
crumbling
erosions fall
cascades flip and turn
futures unravel
eons of inertia
give way to gentle unfoldings
a tension in the air
splits old paths
rearranging fractured routes
into new contours
sunbaked stone warms
and once settled dust
rises and dances
in a gentle breeze
light glints on particles
as small moments
reveal hidden truths





zones of inertia
futures unravel
as an atmospheric river
blasts through adaptation



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