PHIL SPOTSWOOD
KLEINERT AVE

is a mountainslide of angels I stream
against—father, mother, carriage
& wheels spinning fruitful
Meanwhile the oaks dump pollen, cum brood
& I can barely
breathe through it
Father angels ask
if I would like to behold
their sun amassing gargoyle
Mother angels hoax the carriage
into ventilator lung—
This budding will pave our way in gold—I think I hear
them say, though by this point
I'm dripping,
clogged fish-mouthing
By this point, spot widening
on a melting map, I never
know what to say
My mouth a silent siphon
of angel gut sweeping past

*

There is a sickening
somewhere
overflooding mountainstream
the oaks know
decay, excess
& spring
a body
out