

On a couple good concerts

Like bronchioles expanding with inhales,
The pit grows outward, widening the floor.
Then, in the same such breath, in the exhale,
The great collapse erupts in writhes and roars.
One sees and feels the arms and thinks of beams,
A great respiring structure, architect
From a distant future – though it seems
We build to no high tower to erect.
The pants and sweat create new gravity;
A superorganism terraforms
And climatizes with totality
A micro-planet – born in fleshy storms.
The lights come on, but linger does the feeling;
These bruises are the blueprints of our dreaming.