

Future Rocks

who is in the future, rocks?
The future, who? Air &
ancient oxygen. Future
face, the roiling sea. Is it
empty, hot future / not-
future? Will the future
(always) be there
(for me)? “be grow,” “be
come” (root, foot, “future” “you”). Who
are the poets, future, in
there? Atom, granite, stone, bone. What
are the words, future
words?

eat ate spank darkdank
Orangutans’ back-throat water-bubbling
talk-talk? who else? frogs’? birds’?

you? \ \ drunk skimmer \ \

alive will we flower forever in the future
in infinite fiery night
(or) into silent fiery day

I cast myself, rock, to you

/ Eleni Sikelianos

Two Mandarins from Ojai on the Lawn

—after Amanda Berenguer

orangey
easter eggs in the moss
communing in colorways with the rusty
head of a screw holding
the rainspout (world) together

two orange boobs, nipling
where the stem
once held the flower

I never saw the glowing
fruit — (its own radiant-doubled sun spinning
around the milky way as we sped
round it) — on its
home-tree,
never saw its kissed
dimpled skin against
the future nor the forest
of green it fed from

here it is, plucked & pouting
in agreement with the rainspout

“the red-
cheeked peach which cannot aid the dead,
but eaten in time prevents death” did not help

the woman I saw
orange-colored
bloated &
floating in the east river, halo
of hoodie around her
long spreading black
hair, how
could I eat an orange now, peeling

the skin — what color
the cloth of death?
the truth?
“a jumper,” someone
in a blue uniform said — is it

me or does the word
and its fruit cast an orange shadow
in my palm ? — if the world is
relentless color \ \ or

“the mirror/shows the body spreading, orange in time”