

Under the cover of corpses, she found
a message. And every corpse was
actually old growth to me
Ghanaian neighbour asks
what r wilderness killers?

Pick up the knife to kill :
and turn it upon the Repeater!
What is re-known but a sorcerer's
gestures wilderness killer
Anchorites Cum!! Talk to me!!

or would you rather taste steel
Peace is silent and solitary
making it more like death.
On a wooded hillside

the lynx lays down
to die.

A raven's cry chastizing

the bob-cut blonde
to tell the truth of trees.
Now we experience the expanse
of orange-floored forest

Tourists gilt in an unseen veneer of guilt
And we are all wilderness...

from a spiral section drawn in Poland, 2019



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