

IDENTICAL

Tim Ramick

2

The tree on the hill is a leaving tree and one climbs one's tree to be carried away by a gust of time. In dwindling summer, toward the tree on the hill. When one can no longer stay, one leaves, as subject and as witness. She skipped and whistled one's leaving, one's fearsome abandonment. One wishes she would linger the whole of one's local span. I'll miss the debris laws of containment, all of one's spirals in a flavor. She was my favorite. All hills with trees are hills of embarkment. She's lead. The tree shook with her absence. If I could turn back time, if I could prime her surface for layers of experience, I'd thrashing in the breeze. One's solitude sticks to one's sheets. She would feel life as estival surge. And in the early morning winter scarf with clapping mittens, her whispery undergarments for going places she never went. She will plant her leaving darkening november blankets. I mystify myself into history by allowing her to go as she wishes, her leaving as retroactive privileges as teller and creator, then shoulders the heft of the beam she will stuff into the tunnel of light, the corridor

The tree on the hill is a leaving tree and one is dragged to one's tree by a mob of time. In burgeoning summer, in the slope toward the tree on the hill. We are divisible only by ourselves as counted and ourself as one. She clutched at against the farewell throng, one's tearful autonomy. One longs for causal access to halt the march of nexts. I'll choke with the proofs of discernment, all of one's visions in a word. She was my favorite. All trees on hills are portals elsewhere. She charm. The tree bled from her removal. If I could turn back time, if I could strip her surface of empirical buildup, I'd red rain. One's loneliness warps one's door. She would hold life as archival ephemera. And in the earliest morning light bygone days, the salt and pepper shakers of adam and eve in leafy shame from her girlhood kitchen. I planted my leaving season. I salvage myself from gossip by distancing her exit, her voyage elsewhere at the hands of the alphabet crowd, those god, then shoulders the log she will lay across one's gulf, one's gap between what one thinks one knows and what one

The tree on the hill is a leaving tree and one champions and rings one's tree in mortal time. In fledgling summer, in tree on the hill wielding her bright hatchet. Without a remainder we mourn our fractioned selves. She meant to strike One is steadfast toward one's coming departure, one's fateful absolute. One dreams of her wavering into one's measured into one, the rules of engagement, all of one's favors in a gale. She was my favorite. All elevated trees catch the temporal into goodbye lips. The tree leaked cradle sap. If I could turn back time, if I could scour my memory of expectations, I'd independence scars one's yard. She would keep life as umbilical certainty. And in the earliest morning light she adored striding strength now slack, the pleasures of body in the enduring bed. One plants one's leaving tree in her underporch. plagiarize myself into infamy by a feigned stay, homage and self-mimicry toward the fascination and fetishizing of the generative departure, then shoulders the palings she will put between posts to corral one's whims, the fence across one's

in diminishing light, in her bird's egg skirt and dandelion blouse, she crossed the long lawn to be a-travelling. I straggled among some tufts of grass wringing my hands. One is left before of her swirled living. One knew her in one's pockets and one held her under one's tongue, the radiant and glistening as she reaches the crown of the hill. I would be her ankle bracelets of violate her leaving with tether and timeless chain. Tonight I'll hear the sounds of the tree light I adore the amplified texture of her empty clothing, her leaf-rustle autumn sweater, her tree upon my wilderness peak. She's the pillowed cairn of one's lifelong wanderlust across fate in the disguise of cheerful will. So she curtsies to one's authorial rank, one's standing and between one's shudder and one's scattering, between knees and hips and ribs and lips and ears.

flamelight, in her papyrus nightgown with her confetti dreams scattering, she was abused up roots but kept no purchase. I staggered alongside but found no intervention. One is hapless colored paper in my lungs. One languages her out of existence as one saw her into landscape, is bruised and filthy when she is shoved against the tree's trunk. I would be her emancipating validate her leaving with testimony of oblivion. Tonight I'll drown my restless stirrings under one adores the peeling paint on the chairs she ladderbacked herself, the porcelain kettle from tree in her sunny courtyard. She's the citrus of one's day home alone in a garrulous conquering of hillside doubt. So she shrugs off one's failures as savior, one's inadequacies as a machine of knows one thinks, between rumination and knowledge and memory and idea and dream.

budding light, in her dungarees and stomping boots, she strode across the field toward the through the bark to the soul. I struggled under fleeing stars to stand my ground at the trunk. disappearance. I'll not timber into domestic loam. One chose her over self but selved choice wind. She is fierce and adamant with her hatchet raised and agleam. I would soften her blade vilify my leaving as wishful thinking. Tonight I'll follow the sap flowing to the sea. One's one's scratchy shadow of beard neglect, the mussed hair of tossed sleep, the exposed flank of She's the crawlspace of one's youthful old house on a glorious september afternoon. I necessary chord. So she winks at one's stiffening willpower, one's misplaced passion for range between hearth and abyss, between knees and balls and ribs and jaws and ears.

3

As one slept on one's belly with one's hands flat at one's flanks, one went to her in her bed and felt her imagining one isn't as pretty as she is clean. I met her on pavement and left her in weeds. Her legs twitch under her covers as she tumbles tucking my blankets, my glass of water, her voice elsewhere in the house. There are plenty of stars to wish upon and glimpsed her leaving the room. A room she has left isn't as empty as a room she has yet to enter. She isn't ever who one her bottom rounder than one's, her vision keen and perceptive to distant light. This isn't her leaving tree. This is her tree sleeve, all effort will sink to soil and press. Now fail the filter gods. One is rocked in one's mother's arms as a bundle of nettled by dreams. Her womb is bombed by my squadron of lonely heroes. Whenever she rolled to the coldest edge of the girl, in her velvet underthings and with her steel resolve, she sets out to conquer her imaginative world. Gravity eventually time. Carriage return across her snowy fields, black drippings from her fingertips, pumped constantly from her heart.

As I slept in my fetal tuck with my hands tight between my thighs, I went to her in her tub and watched her imagining sill. She isn't as smart as she is bright. One loves her around wood and hates her as carpet. The water drains almost as slow I recall my father smoothing my brow, my goodnight echo, the swish of his trousers down the hall. She also has a mother familiarity. When I woke I felt her leave the room. A room she has left is emptier than a room she has yet to enter. She bracelet clasp mine without watch, her weight neither insignificant nor irresolvable. This isn't one's leaving tree. This lost to bark, all struggle rises to crown and breeze. Now fail the selective angels. One is pushed in one's pram as a restless beset by dying suns. Her heritage is pillaged by marauding lust. Whenever she tried to snuggle in the forlorn margins of her reflector. As a girl, with two wheels and pedals of speed, she crisscrosses whole nations of boyish curiosity. The steep and slick for her beseeching to scale. Waves slap against the edifice and revert to potential, surge and release, lift and

As one slept on one's back with one's hands folded upon one's chest, one went to her at her desk and watched her from its pink surface. She isn't as gentle as she is soft. One will crease her on lawn and tear her on kelp. Words blow across off, the room's darkness unleashed, a twinkling star between my drapes. She also has a pillow to hold and a pulse to trust. When one woke one thought one saw her leave the room. A room without her is no different than a room that was never sharpened with her teeth and flung with her slingshot down from her perch. This tree once held a child's fort. This is my scuffle and tendril wrap, skin taut to touch, all passion spread to slosh and steam. Now fail the bullseye fates. One is settled and torches one's prayers. Her faith is ashed by one's flickering tongue. Whenever she dropped her soap beads into the hair. As a girl, armed with fronds and buds and petals resplendent, she empties the skies of stingered insects. In time all Evolutionary pace and plough across her rumpled sheets, furrows and recollection, selected grooves and spontaneous

imagining her, her flannel pajamas warm with thought, her girl's heart strong, her future neither tragic nor trite, her into slumber and dreams of contrition catapulted into her castle yard. One clutched her knees and told her to breathe. prayers for everyone to say. If one were to talk of her freckled lips, her litany of eviscerations, vocabulary honed for surgery, thinks she was. Arriving, learn, girlhood, anguish, womanhood, abide, leaving. One would pluck her from her father's of stretch and reach. She scratches blood from sky. I sleep on my back with my hands folded upon my chest. One slumbers suck and grab. I daily visited the ruins in the hills as a youth with lightning flaring between my ribs, my thoughts on her bed she could smell one's campfires of old. In the dawning of city indifference she strung her paper dolls as laundry from humbles all of mankind's erections, temples to skyscrapers, totem poles to statues, factories to sheds. I sought her in the Toward one's room she comes and doesn't come, pulses and approaches and fades into the distance and is ever nearing

one imagining her, her skin modest under suds, her feminine spirit sturdy, her present neither measured nor spent, her as evaporation while she drifts into a stupor and dreams of fruition leaked into her castle keep. I pumped into her gift and and a father and a room that goes dark. If one were to tell of the hollow under her throat, her humming of standards, isn't ever who one thinks she is. I wasn't with her when she arrived and I won't go with her when she leaves. One would is one's cut across the rings. I'll point to my duration. One sleeps on one's belly with one's hands flat at one's flanks. She lump of wriggle and coo. One could explore the collapsing factory with gaslight in one's eyes, one's ears out for fragments one's mortality she felt the chill of one's pallor. In the twilight of small town supposition she rode past my house on her darker energies eventually lay claim to all orphan planets and moons, leaving wandering stars to search in vain for progeny slam. Toward my room her tidal aggression emotions my rocks to dust, tears apart my barrier wall, rips my most heartfelt

imagining me imagining her, her wrist wiry with language, her woman's mind sly, her past neither accessed nor ignored, the shore as she rises into fervor and dreams of conditions to fortify her castle sand. I cut the cord with paper scissors. If I were to speak of the small of her back, her affectionate poses, flexions in daily gestures, my belief would travel her with her. She isn't ever who one thinks she'll be. Fatedness is as inscrutable as tomorrow's cloud atlas. I would gather her cyclical leafing and unleafing. One secrets one's make-believe conception. One sleeps in one's fetal tuck with one's hands into one's crib as a bulb of squirm and yowl. I stoop through the catacombs under her abandoned nursery, squinting to boiling water of my bath she imagined she could taste my cleaner ambition. In the swift noon of foreign capture she spoke flesh is stripped of its foliage, every surface is worn smooth, all yearnings are rubbed into sheen, every bone is blown bald. accident. Toward one's room she progresses and persists, unpacking and packing a lifetime of girlish development and a

bicycle as pony, her kindness as clout, her nightlight broken. One put the bulb in loose. She One drools onto one's pillow. While I don't remember crawling into bed, I recall my mother one's voice would quaver as an outsider, the hesitations of a vested observer. When I woke I heart. One gives her a boost to the lowest limb of the tree, her limbs sinewed for tomboying, in her morning mouth. Afterwards, in the going soft and the breathing down, skin folded into ankles in the grass, dew on flesh, weeds between fallen walls. One crawls into bed and is her window and one stood in the alley telling oneself one shouldn't look up their skirts. As a tattered webs behind the tools. One's absence in measured by the insatiability of her spoken without arrival. One will sleep in one's fetal tuck with one's hands tight between one's thighs.

fingers as missionaries, her pleasure as glow, her stopper cracked. One left it on the sunbaked prayed through her chest. My hands go to sleep. While I don't remember crawling into bed, melodies melted into breasts, one's gaze would go to her collarbones as chorus lilt, lifelong bloodstream her into one's hands. I lower my arm to lift her into the tree, her wrist without grieves our failure to coincide. In the midst of eventfulness, the tension drawn and torn, skin of lost voices, murmurs under machinery, shouts above starlight. I crawl into bed and am frisky bike and I followed as a singular lighted posse tracking her by the ever diminishing red upon which to shine. One lay prostrate in the wasteland and let her scorch one blind. I'm too dreams to open sea. One will sleep on one's back with one's hands folded upon one's chest.

her womb as ransom, her eloquence as twirl, her eraser hard. My saliva often has evaporated One inhales into a snore. While I don't remember crawling into bed, I recall the light flicking spine to her mind along the lubricating marrow of solitary girlhood, solitary womanhood. into a waterspout. One puts one's saw to her tree while she shoots arrows at one's chest, sticks tight between one's thighs. They couple in the draining tub. Beforehand, in the grope and glimpse phosphorous flowers in the dark, stamens of hope, pollen flash. One crawls into bed to my selves about freedom while I ran my multiplication fingers through her curling humid I believe in her as dispersed skeleton. She is one's best proof of origin and ascendancy. woman's perpetuating expectancy. I will sleep on my belly with my hands flat at my flanks.

5

Then she sprang from her whispering cave as the catty cornered female. Then I settled into my cellar and tilted my brow, cooled my attic. One nightmared beneath one to raise one's bloom. Constellations sparkled from the soil. All her One's tree stretched past her gate. She wished one would append her. My hope was to live as long as it took to choose What one saw was water drip from her nighty. Then I sat up in time to watch her house shed its domestic gown and consciousness. Every woman is a leaf on a tree. Every man is a burning pile of disappointment. All males and females of blessed one's childhood—salvation of the petulant. Then I dimpled her cheeks. Then I ramshackled her hamper. One has order and will, her hands tucking my bedcovers. Our structures coalesced. And so one observed as she recovered from her and thorns. She loved me. Then I strode across the yard toward her hammock. Then I felt the moist grass at my ankles. into her cloudless eyes as one might gaze too long in a mirror or a still pond. Then I put my lips to her aspirations. As

Now she jumps from tree to roof in the night's feminine storm. Now I shut my lips to the rain as I stand between our One reaches above one to shut off the rain. Constellations swirl around her silhouette. All her love—as girl, as woman, Her tree dapples one's favorite bunker. She wishes one would surrender. My goal is to hunker as long as it takes to cease water dripping from her beak. Now I dodge, without a moment to spare, her plummeting body of carved bone, her eyes woman is a leaf in a stream. Every man is a puddle of stagnant cheer. All sons and daughters of the water lift. I jot her in vindication of the timid. Now I rosey her lips. Now I twilight her cupola. One lives in the swollen half of the loaf. I believe calibration and cycles, her eyes obtaining my terrain. Our soils meld. And so one observes as she leaps from limb to eave, at the moving water through her blinds. She loves me. Now I stride across the yard toward her fountain. Now I feel the for her white noise as one might listen too carefully to one's heartbeat, fearing it will stop. Now I put my ear to her

Soon one's forests will succumb to her whitewater heart. Soon one's roots will give way to her ocean urge. That will be her flow. Constellations will gleam from river stones. All her love—as girl, as woman, as imaginative one, love for one's our child rendered. My wish will be to look as long as it takes to stop seeing. One might follow whatever moves. One be to rapid her as billowy verve. What one will see will be water dripping from her figurehead eyes. Soon I'll glimpse her in a breeze. Every man is a puff of stale expectation. All boys and girls of the wind shall rise. I'd glue her into my dearest of the awkward. Soon I'll gleam her eyes. Soon I'll quirk her windowbox. One will live in the softest areas of eggs. I believe cheeks flushed with access. Our waters will mingle. And so one might stare across time as she tributaries herself to the sea, swirling tree through her screen. She'll love me. Soon I'll stride across the yard toward her trellis. I'll feel the moist grass one will feel her mortal throb as one might feel one's day slipping into sleep. Soon I'll put my fingers on her privacy. If

chimney toward her gardens. Those were our days of eaves and mulch. Then she hung her laundry in her front yard on love— as girl, as woman, as imagined one, love for one's body as hers and not hers, from under her curtains and from off leaving. One has been a forest on the move. One wasn't she, will never be she. I accepted her as scientific fact and I adored collapse naked onto the lawn. One gathered her rubble in one's arms and organized it in one's attic. Although I understood the flame arose. I laid her in my hope chest. She slid into one's bed, her knees scraped from climbing trees, her breath red lived in a hard clump of flour. I believed in her as I believed in whatever my hands could do. She wore clothes I'd never fall to earth, as she emerged from her disappearance, her body spirited as hers, and one differentiated between her and Then I heard her breathing. Then I heard her tomorrow breathing. Then I heard her forever breathing. One—crouched she skipped and gamboled across my field of vision toward her leaving tree I took her place in her hammock warmth and

houses. This is our wet darkness, slippery and secret. Now she looks like smoke from one's chimney, mist across the as imaginary one, love for one's world as hers and not hers, from under her armor and from out of her shower—shimmers being. One isn't a target that moves. One isn't she, can't be she. I embrace her as physical fact and I love her as transcendent sparked with surprise. One cradles her archaeology in one's arms. Although I comprehend futile endeavor, I evening her my captain's log. She stripped into one's bed, her hair damp from birdbath splash, her breath sour with cabbage, and I in her as I believe in all that my hands are capable of. She says words I won't say, would never say. One puts her on a from widow's walk to wet crown, as she approaches her disappearance, her spirit poured into body, and one delineates moist grass at my ankles. Now I hear her underground pump. Now I hear her droplets and splashes. Now I hear her bewilderment. As she is dragged up the hill toward her leaving tree I'm lured from font to knob as follower, and I fabricate

our current and release. Soon I'll leave through her kitchen door, yellow and sunlit, swinging without squeak. As pretty mobility as hers and not hers, from under her standing and from out of her mind—could stun one as prize. That would won't become she, could never have been she. I might lose her as empirical fact but I'll persist with her as imaginative jagged rocks rip open her hull. One ought to salvage the wreckage from her tender banks. Although I'll be wary of fetish, diary. She'll slip into one's bed, her skin pale from killing trees, her breath sweet with new sap, and I'll reach to touch her in her as one believes in the awful majesty of human hands. She'll do things I wouldn't do, would never do. One will place source to delta, concentrated and dispersed, as she carries me to one's staying station, and one might discern between love at my ankles. Soon I'll hear her bumblebees. Soon I'll hear her hummingbirds. Soon I'll hear her butterflies. One—toes she were to fell my leaving tree with her woman's blade and if I were to be swept along by her volition, tree to mill, log

a shiny wire between shiny poles. As pretty as one pleases—still or in breeze or in streetlamp. Garments of her choosing. her tongue—riled one as health. That was our bedside courtship, our neighborhood affair. When I was a boy I slept with her as mystical truth. One wasn't. One is. One won't be. Arrival and leaving come too soon. This song is discordant. She the risks, I went about building her house within my house, two homes wrapped in one, privacy and proximity twined. with setting sun, and I reached to touch her hollow. She was weary of one's words, the ebb and flow of my black talk. Her wear. One made her cut paper dolls and hang them from wires in startling light. Then one stared up her girders from the one, between one and me, and I felt gratitude for the facility of differentiation and for her particularity, and I sweated. in one's cellar—felt the corners grow colder, watched the corners grow darker, felt one's chimney droop. She lay staring at conjured her hushed cave and fresh clothes, her clean breeze, and I clutched at solace. Then the tree rustled. Then she

shingles, and I stand soaked. As pretty as a picture—faithful boy in toy weather. Clothes cling to skin. The edge of one's one as blessing. This is our proximal angle, our nadir to zenith bond. As a youth I sleep with her in my leafy rain gutter. possibility. One became. One will unbecome. Arrival and leaving come on time. This song sounds too harmonious. She in my hearth as an unconsumable log to warm the depths of my bed, to keep one's frozen limbs from touching me. She reach to touch her gap. She's exhausted by one's language, the back and forth of my salty pond. Her fingers forgive my bicycle of nostalgic make-believe and has her ride by one's house in sterling light. Now one pursues her under the falling between gargoyle and squirrel, between bird and angel, between her and one, and I appreciate this faculty of delineation ripples. One—mouth shut against flood—feels one's house soften, watches the mold thicken, feels one's foundation sag. her nimble life above me, her cleansing rain, and I gasp for air. Now the tree sways. Now she happens. Now one puts one's

as one feels—woman alone at a table in light. Sleeveless blue gingham. The edge of her roof against the powder prairie be our sparkle and pride, our shout and echo. When I'm old I'll sleep with her in her kettle leaves. Soon a tree at the edge myth. One doesn't remember one's becoming. One doesn't fathom one's future. Arrival and leaving come too late. This I'll carry her with me as ballast, I'll load my pockets with splintered tragedy. She should welcome fond transport. She'll knothole. She'll have sickened of one's metaphors, the tidal pulse of my inky water. Her secretions could drown my sailor. her on her soapbox and have her speak of autonomy in the spotlight. Soon one will calculate every hair of her world. Soon and her, between one and life, between her and me, and I should be thankful for this ability of discernment and her clutching loose ground—will feel one's footing slip, will watch the debris slide, will feel one's forest yield. She'll lie in the to tissue, crumpled and tossed to trash, I'd accept my fate. Soon the tree will timber. Soon I'll go. Soon one will put one's

The edges of our rooves against twinklings in the black expanse. Then she came calling on the night of my white fever. her in my sock drawer. Then a tree at the edge of my yard fell across the street upon her cabbage patch, upon her birdbath, shadowed one's midriff from my bedside chair. My stomach went cold. Shadow became darkness when she rose to leave. She was grateful for dimensional inclusion. She woke then from her dream of canoe as galleon, a fabrication of her one. red steam stained my chest. She hadn't yet glimpsed her leaving tree. Then she flattened her palms upon one's flanks and alley. Then one's house and mind were whitewashed. Then I sought her identity within one. Myriad flash. She visited my She told me to scatter one's bricks amid her blossoms. She said my tree could fall upon her home. One kaleidoscoped her the sky through one's projections. She imagined one imagining her imagining one imagining her. She wondered about transpired. Then one put one's palm upon one's brow. Then I chose her again as one might choose a shade tree on a sunny

roof against the underlit silver rain. Now she calls to me to wave my white shirt above my head. One's afraid one will Now the tree at the edge of her yard blocks the harsh morning sun from my window and the evening sun from hers, squats atop my roof as one's gargoyle. My shoulders slump. Roof becomes rooves as I become ones. Now one's spine is appreciative of enduring utility. She wakes now from her dream of building as flesh, a figment of her one. Stripping her muscles. She doesn't yet fear her leaving tree. Now she sardines her hands between one's thighs and stills her thoughts. I night. Now one's fever goes scarlet to colorless white. Now one seeks her identity within myself. Spectrum clash. She visits and her individuality, and I weep. She tells me to wave one's flag amid her raindrops. She says my sternum can catch her She floats in her fountain above one's ruins. She imagines me imagining her imagining me imagining her. She wonders palm upon one's throat. Now I choose her again as one might choose a sturdy tree from which to hang one's tire swing.

sky. Soon she'll call me whitewashed and gone. One's swallow will dart down one's throat to one's ankles. Her voice, of the fields will grow into our child, boy and girl with a frolic heart, singularly, as if this were possible, a birthing tree in song is missing its coda. She could stalk my departure with one's remembrance. My residue will settle. Mental dust will soon awaken from her dream of herself as gargoyle jumping arbor to apex, a fantasy of her one. Slipping out of bed, She'll one day chop at my leaving tree. Soon she'll fold her hands upon one's chest and quiet her mind. I'd wish to inhabit one's surrender will be saturated in crimson. Soon I'll be very identical. Plethora trash. She'll visit my adolescence as otherness, and I'll release. She'll tell me to pull one's roots from her bed. She'll say my absence has blanched her heart. trellis shade under one's dappled entanglements. She will imagine me imagining one imagining her imagining me. She'll palm upon one's heart. Soon I'll choose her again as one might choose a lone tree to watch in the wind. One will choose

She said she could hear one's labored swallow. Her voice, watery and subterranean, calmed my soundlessly, as if this were possible, a silent tree in our inhabited world. She measured me. Then one chimed from one's heart. What one wanted was to hinge her as reflexive wonder. Sliding from her bed, paling her countenance for veracity, she swooned into my lullabied her lips. I wished to preserve her house as landmark but it had fallen. Then she childhood as caretaker, her leaving tree fluttering its leaves outside her vision, her faith in ideas. One flickered one's frames through her lamp. One looked at the sky through her leaves her origin. Then I bent down to her hammock to whisper into her moment. Then one gazed day. One chose her as one chose oneself, as I chose myself, as she chose one, as she chose me.

drown should one swallow. Her voice, aloft and urgent, floods my chest, floats my chimes. simultaneously, as if this were possible, a solitary tree in our world of plenty. She pleasures me. stiffens into evergreen. What one wants is to bower her as weighty bird. What one sees is bed of its facade, piling crumpled sheets onto the floor, she faints into my subconscious. Every wish to museum her gargoyle as artwork but it's shattered. Now she purifies one's youth—my youth as surveyor, her landscape rippled across mine throughout all seasons, her faith in dreams. One celebrates her ideal. One threads one's memory through her cinema. One looked about my future. Now I tap a submarine message to her on a broken totem. Now one listens. One chooses her as one chooses oneself, as I choose myself, as she chooses one, as she chooses me.

churning and rushed, could scour my nape, eddy my spine. One will dig behind one to divert our frigid and impotent world. She will treasure me. The tree will prove bountiful. She'll wish be substance after I'm gone. Soon one will sweep one's attic lonely. What one will want will pulling her robe around her chill, she will pass out into my conscience. Every woman is a leaf her ship as explorer but she'll stay sunken. Soon she'll grace one's adolescence—redemption forager, her foliage and fruit surprising her fingers, her faith in intuition and bounty, her One will tolerate her idyll. One will telescope one's fears through her rings. One looked at the wonder about one's origin. Soon I'll tendril my imagination around her temple pulse. Soon her as one will choose oneself, as I'll choose myself, as she'll choose one, as she'll choose me.

7

displays leaves one can count in my sleep. What one sees when one looks to her in her tree is my future folded twice. through desire toward oblivion. My imagination invents all distances and details. The tree I'll choose in the distant hills resembles my staying tree, but this has no bearing upon actions of memory. My life is a series of inclinations out of stasis as I exist in her thoughts. Seasons pass through trees as she passes through my pensive moments. Her leaving tree her; out of a tree and an evening star and a held breath I formed her heart. Form illuminates meaning. Trees abide in time having. Wishing is an illusion of the infinite world. Spirit is the conduit. One stays in motion. In my youth I conjured of waiting and farewell and departure, spaces of separation, the fraying edges of time. Wanting is better than getting or One isn't my truth. The truer trees are dreamt. All across my landscape of creation, one grows trees as stations, platforms and the staying tree is mine to find. It's a different tree and it's an identical tree. Collectively unique. I'm not one's tree. of specific possibility, a way things could happen, a way things are always happening. The leaving tree comes to one faith, may it justify my life as heart and mind. Its branchings—from trunk to outer leaves—speak of spatial uncertainty, imaginings, will shade one's grave. If this tree is imagined, if this tree is imaginative and not just imaginary, may it lift my down. It'll flatten into paper and be wasted on a throwaway thought. This tree, planted to outlive one, will stand for one's tree, the tree of one's leaving, the tree of my staying, planted the day of one's birth, will fall. The new wind will fury it winds with their limbs. Trees absorb the sun's time and send it out as admittance. Any tree on any hill is a portal. This elation and gratitude. As luck would have it there is one leaving tree for every life of every being. Trees reach toward solar Trees transfer spirit, heaven sent and earthbound and starswept. Staying trees shade our lifelong efforts. Leaving trees grant passage and perspective. As fortune insists there are enough staying trees to accommodate everyone. Trees reach toward inner waters with their roots. Trees absorb the earth's time and send it out as congruence. Any tree beside any house is an anchor. This tree, the tree of my leaving, the tree of one's staying, planted the day of one's birth, will fall. She will chop it down. Her flood will wash it to a furthering shore. This tree, planted to outlive me, will stand beyond my dreams, will shape my vision. If this tree is fated, if this tree is prophet and not just prophecy, may it stir one's faith, may it magnify one's life as spirit and soul. Its rings—from core to bark—tell of temporal certainty, what has transpired, the way things happened, a way things are capable of happening. The staying tree comes to me and the leaving tree is found by one. It's an identical tree and it's a different tree. Individually the same. One isn't my tree. I'm not one's truth. The truest trees dream one. All across one's landscape of creation, I grow trees as stations, platforms of waiting and greeting and arrival, spaces of reunion, the tying of permanent knots in time. Having is better than getting or wanting. Keeping is an illusion of the finite world. Spirit is the seam. One has come to leave. In one's childhood one dreamt her; out of a tree and a field of snow and a swallow one formed her heart. Form shadows meaning. Trees partake of time as one partakes of thought. Trees pass through seasons as one passes through her idle musings. One's leaving tree resembles her staying tree, but this has no bearing upon events of remembrance. One's life is built of thought rising from memory through hope toward certainty. One's imagination invests all distance with detail, every detail with distance. The tree I chose atop the neighboring hill displays leaves I can count in one's sleep. What I see when I look to her in her tree is one's past bent double.

One believes mortality was chosen for me by her, and her mortality by one, and one's mortality by me, or rotating combinations, and all mortality is the surprising imperative of this world, simultaneously infinite and finite, time as illusion, the incomprehensible trembling wonder. One is my creation, concocted by spiritual isolation and the integrity of objects. If she is held by one and one by me and love is sacred then the living hinge is being, simple and incontrovertible. One and another is all of us, our human trinity. One accepts this as a mystical suggestion while one seeps toward all as self. She passes through one on her way beyond her tree. Her mob was hand-picked to usher her toward progress and she ascends her tree with a smile in her eyes and tears in her mouth. Life loses definition without unlife. The spiritual vessels the body. What one wants is the assurance that one's sleep is temporary, as temporary as my waking, one's weak hand under my heart. Then I'll pulse for the now, the now of will and acquiescence, of sunrise and extinction, and with my strong hand I'll strip her tree of bark. This is a dreamt gesture. Now I spread her memory across her land as snowfall, a fabricated coverlet of another time, the then of a wistful child. I'm one's future. Soon, the soon of parades and holidays, the soon of wanting, and getting nothing as splendid as the wanting, I'll embrace a god as made in my bed, divinity out of despair, the suspiration of youth at a precipice, a soul unhinging self from self. There isn't enough air or blood to hold the mystery of duration. I'd first person plural one into collusion, the hinge held by tenacious prayer, by virulent hope, the outlook of a look within and a looking up, genuine and naive, the conspirative price of innocence, all of my interior wealth placed on the against-the-odds epiphanal chord, laid down for tense harmony, for the imagined game, believing we vibrate into the union that one and one isn't two isn't lucky eleven or none but one and one or one. everything bet on the unlikelihood of eventual disclosure, one's playing for the resonant solution, for aesthetic sport, coercion, the outcome of a come on and a come in, authentic and joyous, the autonomous cost of abandonment, skin to merit the salvage of a season. One could first person plural me into collision, subsets violenced into set, communal heavened out of story, the agitation of youth in a quagmire, a soul wrapped self around self. There isn't enough soil or birthdays and carnivals, the soon of revolving desire and disappointment, one will accept a god as fictioned into truth, land as promise, a retroactive planting in the moment, a then for a nostalgic child. One's my future. Soon, the soon of with one's weak hand one will plow her field for sowing. This is a sprung gesture. Now one spreads one's seed across her hand upon one's nape. Then one will fawn to the now, the now of will and compromise, of starset and endurance, and physical vessels the idea. What I need is the possibility that my winter is chosen, as chosen as one's morning, my strong my tree with tears in her hands and sweat in her eyes. Staying is sheened by the unleaving of perpetual summer. The passes through me on her way beyond one's tree. Her hatchet was hand-sharpened to shield me from caprice and she fells other is everything, our triangle certainty. I acknowledge this as a transcendent whim while I rise toward all as self. She If she is held by me and one by her and love is divine then the vital hinge is existence, palpable and absolute. One and construct, the marvelous imaginative splendor. I'm one's creation, fashioned by soulful loneliness and objective integrity. combinations, and all mortality is the necessary option in this world, simultaneously finite and infinite, time as a I believe one's mortality was chosen for one by her, and her mortality by me, and my mortality by one, or evolving

13

We cleave to one—as long as beyond, our identical fortune—acknowledging that one, as severalty, deaths when one cleaves us.