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**How Feels the Fine Mesh of Space**

(adagio for thrushes and woodpecker quartet)

Whatever is a legally sanctioned free-speech zone,  
    whatever is social  
Networking and riot gear, whatever is thrown bottles,  
    metal  
Pipes, rocks, spray cans, and burning flares, whatever  
    is

Clubs and shields and barricades, zip ties, and transit  
    buses,  
Whatever is rubber bullets & protest routes aligned  
    with CCTV  
Infrastructure, videographers on scaffolding and  
    cherry

Pickers, whatever is computers running artificial  
    intelligence  
Software and analysts sorting data in real time  
& archived, whatever is arms linked, simply watching,  
    whatever is

Flood lights on towers, thermal imagining capabilities  
    in tents and  
Sleeping bags, whatever is breathe in, breathe out,  
    and a steady  
brrriiiiiing, brrriiiiiing, brrriiiiiing, beep, beep,  
    beep.

## **Full Fathom Five**

(nocturne for loon and full orchestra)

Sit where you are. Lie. Breathe in, breathe out; #  
lookcloselyatacrackinthewall,itmightaswellbethe-  
GrandCanyon,  
A land that regurgitates its inhabitants, beginning late

In the afternoon, the perishing day, #thewonderofits-  
massive,-  
Fragile,heavingbeing, the perpetual present of the  
coming  
Tide, the glimmer of an eclipse held in the lungs,  
into

The evening, sometime after dark, shortly after  
Midnight, #conqueracountrythewayheavenis-  
conquered,  
#theplaceofthepartingoftheseamsforalltheearth,

In the early hours, like the occluded sun we're  
tempted to see  
As the solar system punctures itself, a quiet  
jumble of  
Mind and matter, at three in the morning, just  
before daybreak.

