

Primavera

We laughed about fucking our brains out but it's true,
from the first time we fell into bed, hardly a thought
that didn't start or end or both in flesh

as if all this day to day business could just as well
go on without us, the machines grind out their goods
with only a drop of snakeoil now and then

knowing deep down, as deep as you take me in
where flesh being most itself dissolves into impulse,
that trees and fields will thrive without us,
provide root, leaf, fruit and seed
maybe even because we're slipping around
here at the crux of things, mixing our own beginnings
into the current flowing underneath this
apparent world where we show up on time,
punch in punch out, twist wrench and arm,
file papers, while our eyes revert to green,
the corners of our mouths begin to blossom again,
our brains regress toward love's first touching.