

outlaws: boreal

out here we
shoplift the highway we
give birth to chickens
out here we greenhouse forts
we slip a saw into the thin flock
of birches and how their white
dusty blood papers our arms.

out here we are nails bleeding the birch
bodies, sooty and slick leeching
in dark creeks beyond hot meadows.

out here the gravel is singing ninety-nine
names of god to our bicycle wheels
that, hurled from our desiring, spin slower
until we with salmon hearts
pink up the water do you know
we breathe the saltwater we breathe the freshwater.

out here the sheep ride us through floods
on our thorny backs the greasy wool combs in firm
they are bleating for soapberries dogwood yarrow any
white plant to bleach away horror of
ram in autumn.

out here the bonfire is a remedy for endings
falling from tree we are briefly balanced above in rising air
then fingered in and begun into the birch bones.