Tender Rills

Elizabeth Pinborough

If Gods are poeming Kolob,
if I am poeming God, if we are poems to each other,

A word is more than a destination than a path, than a map.

A word is an impulse, an action potential clanging changing

S t a t e s a l o n g mental wires slicked with myelin and sluiced by calcium.

I do not know how it works. Poems (are more than knowing) > arranged around not knowing > more > than senses spinning sounds.

Poems are alchemy: soul + stars.