

**March Thread**

Daisies dabble in voices  
Like we do, they jangle

Up from the ground  
To spin in the wind

Like we do, a few notes  
Give the air a voice,

A whistle in the dark  
While we dangle

Quick as a petal,  
Long as a string.

**February Thread**

(first published in [Barnwood](#))

1

It arrives when you're not paying attention,  
The salt-blue odor, the visions of jellyfish  
Spliced of a ghost and a dancer.

So your tongue expects brine but speech on its knees  
May ask only the nymphs be mentioned at noon.

2

This one is spared  
But that one by the edge of a falling rose,

So count the daisy's intuitions  
On the atoms of a promise.

Leave faith a rose, good times a daisy  
And set your will in stone-

In this sky, skyscrapers.  
Under these slippers, sleet.

3

Finally, in the form of a letter,  
A slice of whiteness and blue calligraphy  
Blinks each lost item back to life on the lips,

It says so, believe deep in its fiction,  
You'll see it when you believe it.  
We breathe only under water.

Count on certainty up to ten fingers,  
Then cut off the hand that offended you.

### January Thread

Call it new  
Scroll up and down  
Paginate with variations  
From 0 to 9 – fate them  
Down with you  
1 to 70+

X marks the plot

Say  
It snows  
So unburied  
Children make snow angels  
To shutter in the excavated chill

...

Rabbit's foot clover confetti  
Bookmark rose recipes

Spells – collapsible lists

Warm lists to ladle  
Over bones in winter

...

And say  
Yes, *this*

The rabbit crossed your grave but found its foot  
Behind the rosebush on the way  
To your recipe

Collapsible bones

Light sheets to close  
A body after summer