

DAVID DODD LEE & LOUISE MATHIAS

Symptoms of the Drift

Must eat its weight in nectar everyday.
Passes through the mind like an idea of rain.
The idea of rain is not rain.
And this kills us, sparks in a stone closet.
Eats petals, in order to spite the pharmacist. Will not heed.

Because the tributaries are nettles. Because
there are tender vials that no one touched.
Architects who ignore the bone structure. An arbitrary

lily in its place. That's not to say
there aren't armatures collapsing. They're darkening.
The magnolia's entrails repeat, as if
what's given body hungers for body. As if the idea of rain
on leaves is gloss and will not heed.

Mare Pacificum

Who will vouch for the jacarandas—
breath-sensitive, meteorites in transition, something seeing,
seething, beyond the derelict gait.

It's simple declarative, the body is a con-artist.

X's and O's. Transmutation
is an ethereal second waking, stars pushing

out salt, here where she sits listing Oceans,
a crushed ring of bleeding flowers. Or is her tongue a gestation.

Ultraviolet, on the lam. Maybe she is what he told her,

nervous, *The birds startled*
in the wake of her licorice sweat.

After, he can't see her for the feathers,
sacrosanct, anything but sealed—

Oh but they're immune, he is; she's a cocktail of roots,
or the dusky smell that gathers on the ribcage of a shadow.

Shaft of summer down the skylight. (She counts
the muscles of his back.)

So maybe they *can* walk under this sky, plastered with feeling,
ankle-deep
in other people's blossoms.

She's retroactively wet; he's diving up through her water.