

kah kow

mother-trees ghost for clouds
in the Rio Azul basin
a pod remembers its relics
lures itself into ripening

faceless fingerprints scoop seeds
fermenting the bitter past
into the candied present, the future
a fiction, oppressing tomorrow

a Blue Morpho flutters
appearing and disappearing
chaos gains momentum
a revolution of ritual

on a copper skillet DNA slaves away
conching and blooming;
seeking to decode itself
unearthing antiquity

time simmers
is tempered like chocolate
devoted to the next moment

