

## Aerial

Views are dots:

This planet, that other-----

Perfect circles, perfect space &  
the calm so absolute with every hued  
orb intensifying the gigantic black...

Ball after ball, I lay down & pray to this,  
the symmetry, the distances, the teeming,  
Milling intricacy whose fibrous cells  
I also love...

Give me asteroids, their random gravitational  
pull. Give comets as bull's eyes-----

Clouds go over like the music of ivy,  
a Brahm's sonata there in those stems,  
Brahm's meeting the international, multi-  
cultural, the jazz, sitars & hip hop...

Hop, hop, I am loose & I am hip  
over the earth's variations & what lies beyond  
its skins-----

Eyes as flesh, every pore as silk, as sifting  
deserts, as Kilimanjaro snows, & we all  
warmth only, one more mass energy

simply Significant.