



## PSYCHEDELICS

Turns in as it turns out :  
the burning bridle paths of the senses  
cast swine on the waters & lash a bacterial script on the sky  
The stones are loaves of cold fire  
Wind tosses through the telepathic grasses

Burns in as it burns out :  
the woods are hydras stroking runic spectrums  
are cilia seaweed in the womb  
The stream chokes up with spinal jewels  
Pure blue flashes glimmer high & throatless  
The dead leaves are electric : yes

Words are birds falling black into themselves  
Their flocks fold laughter in the rain  
(rain in our eyes we do not comprehend :  
rain shut in old closets)

The huts of the senses are falling in flames  
breaking up molting glacier walls in the inner ear  
which crash back into the dreamer : yes