

The Greener Grass is a Little Lofty

by Jack Ales-Oruam

concentric rings
are an art
a finished poem
in a victorian landscape
sent
a drunk
amid worldly boundaries,
fizzled personality
begetting ire
in a zealous tribe
of course
focus
on the flying
genuine reader
taking shape again,
a mute cloud
following the disorder
of the winds
His puzzling breath
trauma below
to the unbroken
heart:
a consciousness
periodically devoid
of oxygen
a sadistic style
that is all but
guaranteed

a rabbit-hole
of relief
from the annoying
anthropic
struggle
the presence
of water
is a pedicure
in value
trembling emotions
are frightening
and prove
that life is easier
to live
in the cocksure arms
of an almond tree

