

Left Chest Pocket

by Peter Erich

In a restful pasture
of top heavy rosettes,
the wind blows.
Their weak necks flex
and their afro bulbs bump each other.
They buzz,
living on frost heaved soil,
having characteristics of weight,
bent enzymes
and ruffled skin.
It is a common belief
that the gravity
in this field
is not simple
cinder block dust
in a cuffed jean.
The soil
does not rest easy.
It is anti-romantic
aerosol
and a real bastard,
mulling over itself
and puffed.
So we ride
this space potato
for a time
and once gone,
we wear white shirts,
reverse skydive,
and hang our DNA,
it hollow
and melting like a wet coat.

