

Poems by Micah Cavaleri

a leaf (a dying)

a leaf (a dying dead Christ) erects a tree
(a romantic) (tree) yellow speaking to green
here you are there I am (strum theremin)
to disencumber (discover) lightness in fall
or some season with [an/the] absence of water

in this holy fragment (a romantic)

these holy fragments (and)
in these holy fragments
in this holy fragment is written
layers of numbers under words
on numbers then words
of (a palimpsest of) ancient languages
to reveal the eschaton's true color
a bright blue
it follows on a dull green (a palimpsest
is not a tempest, this is a tempest)
sky, a dull green sky
(a romantic) revelation

a piece of holy wood

a piece of holy wood, an aromatic (a romantic) piece
of
wood. a grotesque piece of wood
is a wet offering
of my lost heart, my lost heart

augustine's conversion

now, in my hour of need,
my Lord on a wood
cross (on a tree)
remain(s) hung

i hear children
singing to pick up the book
and cry. i am weak.
i am weak. a grown man weeps
tearing his hair over philosophy
entities he's never seen, truth-values,
the adolescent romance of heaven.

if three words

If three words escape my mouth
most Green you, the Yellow field,
 O! A plump buns
Your tree lifted in pain

up to a raging river hiding
 shiny, deep hidden things
shiny surface
(a romantic) surface of water

(escapes me)

China

I set out to find a romantic voice
in China (a verse) beside a green (verse)
~~a~~ river, a (yellow) river man
gave me a yellow ~~(poem stitched in a)~~ robe.

Under the river, the silt buried everything
but the day, and the swimmers
 a group of boys and
girls swam in the water, the river
as the day ended. The tree on the bank
bent in front of the sun. The boys dressed.

the idea of a leaf

the idea of a leaf
that is spoken from a lip
with the slight spittle on a point
that is spoken in nothing
is a blue sky from a wider view that
(closer/closure) is barely visible cotton
 on the head
 of a dandelion closer/closure
closely slipping from the lips
speaking
with the spittle catches the edge of a leaf, invisibly

the closeness of ~~the word~~ (the wound)
under the blue sky, ~~(is)~~ the spittle is
blown over dandelion cottons catching on a leaf

these songs of delicate girls

these songs of delicate girls
recapture a romantic verse
as dark as water rushes
through sedge overflowing
beaches, the muddy banks
of exposed tree roots that
hang in the air like tree limbs,
the bottom of the silt river
buries a small light in its
indefinite soft flesh, their singing
their lost white limbs

these songs of delicate girls

these songs these songs
of girls these (delightful) songs
of delicate girls to recapture (a romantic)
verse...

(an aperture) (romance) averse

to twins and rivers, and naked
in May, and the snow's still on the bank,

spying from the wood, my eye
is a sin (a song) of longing (a green)

romance (a romance)
(a yellow ~~romantic~~) romance

