

**There once was a coal mine here.**

Pentacles apprentice sunlight. Gently probing  
the pluming canopies in June's sweltering forest.

Maple  
ribbons.

Leaves lunging.

Swallow  
shapes drenched  
sequin.

That is to say, a shimmering skin has  
torn open to let a hidden  
fire through:

: another kind of light from the flesh  
of oak & birch.

That is to say, there was a burning  
whose smoke ate sky, the bodies  
of women in Salem.

That is to say, there was Walpurga Hausmannin,  
whose softness was cut up while she was  
breathing. A pine symbiosis running through the heat.

That is to say, the dribbles of light,  
the blue dragonfly telling this  
to me, are under my tongue, impressed in my throat.

That is to say, the sunshade ushering fractals  
to the fronds will make you feel the spill of  
your mothers.