

# THREE PEACES

(POETRY)

by ben bunting

## I.

Talking can terraform  
Flatten  
The tangled topography of the mind  
Into flat verdance.

I can see what's coming miles away  
Nothing jumps out  
Nobody screams  
Even at night the shadows stretch out  
under the moon  
But now at least I can see the tips of  
them.

## II.

The edge of the shore  
Water running  
Into  
Up  
Over the pebbles  
Pulling them  
Pushing them  
They roll as they rest in that  
Interminable but  
Gentle grasp.

Fireflies at the edges of my fingers  
Abdomens nibbling at the night  
I'm fighting off  
Cold  
Darkness  
Corporeality

All at once  
Giving form to the sky  
While being cowed by it.

The stars are coldhardbright  
They eat enough of the sky that  
I feel like I can grab them  
But I won't  
Even utmost beauty  
Perhaps especially  
Utmost beauty  
Seems perilous to touch here.

I stretch out on the rocks  
A million peas hiding a mattress  
From this angle the sky is splintered  
By the spidery fingers  
Of a birch tree  
Leaning out over the beach  
From the closest green spot to  
The fringe  
The edge  
The fire's light is almost invisible but  
I can see the smoke  
Curling  
Around the tips of my toes.

### III.

The moon's loud enough that it's night  
But not night enough to sleep.

The riverbed  
Long since abandoned  
By anything that could give it that name  
Lies sepulchral  
Dappling the moonlight into a thousand  
shades.

Rose, for love  
Pearl, for age  
Silver, for time  
Blue, for the sky  
Which is still blue even when it's too  
dark to tell.

