

Spectral Wonders

~An ekphrasis stirred by Maya Lin's Ghost Forest installation~

1

Rib-lined groves, slender fingers of interlocking sounds in prayer. I cannot hear
colossal lungs fill and deflate, fill and deflate. A baby's breath playing
hop-sotch on a simile
like the old zoetrope image of a horse running
spinning, round, same sad image. Gasping

heaven stretches in upward motion for callused hands with foresight
Hands open, palms up and stretched. Palmer flexion creases
taut as gesso drying on a three-dimensional briny dying snowy plain
brush held, pencil position, between thumb and index finger, skyward

copse of woodland bursting leafy green.

Sun, backlight to its veins

2

Atlantic White Cedars, a thriving tapestry of trees
erect on sandy coastal shores of Pine Barrens
Hurricane Sandy crumples and carry
beaches, sunken vessels, high tidal cycles

blows all fresh water metaphors out the door
down the porch like a casual sigh
off knotted wood planks
we footstep down, and crush

brackish winds sketch blind the seas and scratch the whites of eyes

mud-spatters loamy mixtures, fertile soils

I cannot see

oceanic vastness

3

In this natural ecosystem of New York City

212 Starbucks corner the market
166 Dunkin' Doughnuts brew 'America's Best'
1.9 billion polystyrene foam cups, Hot and Iced

1-1 Ratio - Java Bean Needs to Human Cravings
1-2 Ratio - Chain-Store Locations to Dispossessed Anguish

4

I do not walk through passive landscapes

I open my mouth to hear your bodyscape

Northeasterly winds generate
post-storm damage and deafens my ears. I cannot see

Blades of Black granite, 58,000 sapling blades felled

etched names shimmer back our faces, this war

on nature

5

Phantom Ratios

Plant: Pollen

Predator: Prey

fades grey to greyer

In this Jungleground of siren sounds and concrete mixtures, Spring arrives 1 week early

6

White fungal threads wrap round dendritic roots
tender roots, fingertip-to-fingertip barely touching

congregating spirits, a fresco painting of god's creation
splayed on a ceiling as if conversing living breathing dying

soft woods and hard woods shape
a lattice nervous system
lit where no one can see the below
buried and sending fungal valentine's
smoke signals to vertical neighbors
hissing secrets of volatile hormones and invasive pillagers

roars reverberate after each naked deforestation

7

Orchids and black walnut saplings hack the system for their own gain

Sea levels rise, saltwater infiltrations a snake's venom
fangs footed, winged, finned and rooted a grave
reminder when withered roots silence
conversing mouths standing
branchless leafless rotting

open sky under 50 ashen Cedars
amidst bosky Madison Square Garden
for all to see
or not