

**Moment Of**

*August 9, 2021*

Cut off cut from  
cut down and down  
past speed and metal crushing  
shrieking around you sound  
slashes out of control  
the other car  
runs the red light  
between worlds  
coming to  
your arm starting  
to float away  
your fist grips and grips  
to make it come back  
you can't  
even whisper  
*alive.*

**Seven Crows Land on a Branch Watching  
End Making Itself From Existence**

You will die while I am planting a seed,  
you will have laughed again and again, kissed

your husband on the lips, cried over all of it  
soaking to bless. Married for just so many days.

Everything is magnified. All we can do  
is look through the lens. Now you are the lens.

I give the seed water. May you die on a day when  
wind slows to the pace of your love for Joey. Naked

in the air of your death, you will turn to it.  
Not far from your heart there is a lake.