

Line Up, Teeming

Ben Walter

The old dust was left behind;
it hatched crystals,
snowflakes,
a multiverse
dining with itself
around a table.

Heart twigs beat
against the breath and
winding legs patrol
a speck of flesh;
red neurons fire
the sedge, slip below
the iris of lagoon.

Shuffle the pool,
there are diamonds;
numberless suits,
a face.

The dry has blinked.
The tear can't miss.