

ANGE MLINKO

GRANULARITY

A sufficient diner; a fish tank in the middle of it
to put the kiddies by, and distracting it was
to notice a guppy methodically mouth up burp out
as we ate
single grains of blue gravel

—The spruce holds its breath until its cyan needles scatter
like a shattering of compasses
at cascading Polaris.
Weighted with orbs
it's realigning its spine; wound with strobes,
it's a brain + electrodes.
Amidst the miracle, poetry went on scrutinizing itself.
A *yet* and a *but* halted us; I said it was a *chime*,
he called it a *propinquity*; over my shoulder
I heard a voice say, "Well, it was legal
but cumulatively it was bad business—"

Christmas. Away in a managed a centrifuge bed
twas decided one zygote
had the stuff to get—granular,

and I am more granular and more apparitional
with every annular
veer of the geese; there's green in the leaf litter,
one obese squirrel:
winter's abundance abundantly clear,
getting clearer,
even the snow is stackable