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# All Awning And Bugles, Still I Hope You Nearness

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CATHERINE BLAUVELT

*All Awning And Bugles, Still I Hope You Nearness*

Light Light Vert From Mud. The charming flash  
of grass flowers here on earth, the whiteless  
flames without risk. My mystery flower  
you walk, raise your head. As it happens,  
Mad Grass Wants Us By Name. I wanted some  
not much. A light strobe wedging a way lint  
green, a place to put our heads. Only not,  
time refolds the bugles' leak. Constant is  
the view of Delirious. A hunting  
sound. Lightning on a blond ocean went  
the hounds in thousands for pure grass. Two blue  
jays for a moment disturb their aim, knocking  
the shadow out of me only once to go out.