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A Wait to Be Found

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Let slide ladders ring on steep staircases.
A curled formula: there, always. I sit
bayless for the first time, a river to
lake they all imply ocean.

I curate bodied land, tying gray steps
when they stood self-reflexive—a glitter
listing to control the tide. Glued together
beat envelopes a contorted wishless list.

Stomped current, I expand waves' breaking—fractures
furthering long waste inside landings. Drawn
lines barring direction to ebb, expanding
together the slanted straining of horizon.

Flat mist-stained texture bridges every
trapped hue under troubles: iron hours
spring foam. Pleased in-flowering circles
a cursed rapid, turns growth into foreign bricks.

Crashed on sharp rungs, frontiers slid buoys to
distance. Slips are a box of implied silver.
Promises a hint of height: an edge. It said,
“gather on that edge”