Incantations to the Summer Trees in Missouri

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INCANTATIONS TO THE SUMMER TREES IN MISSOURI

1.
If they don’t scream, they explode.
    Their swelled brains
bust up horizons in my county.
    Sublime hell.
It is a long movie! A montage
    of a million arms!
A silence of punctured ear drums.

    The folds of gloom.
The forests disgorge a local’s tale
    of vanishings.
A mulberry night. You can’t sleep.
    Green beetles
take quick walks on your eyelids.

2.
They burst cyst upon cyst of earth.
    Their mesh greaves
handle the air like a barbaric weapon.
    Observe silence
like invincible plums. Osage oranges,
    such horror-eggs,
are festering without an audience.

    Molasses gargoyles,
you might exclaim. Articulate blobs.
    Our balcony, suspense,
now that the hour is late. I lean out
    to whiff the sweet rot.
Flesh not of my flesh, and blood of light.