

high humans

Marc Doten

We built the bonfire of board
it was free like the dry kelp and twigs
and newspaper

the moon came full from the north east
over hills and highway
above the worn palisade

waves were there
rocks were there
we were a circle there howling

peninsula lights vibrated in the sky
seaweed skeletons crackled in the flame

high humans dancing
high humans dancing
everything was a circle
cities organisms

with no wind our fire grew tall
a tree of flame