

Conveyors of a Loosely Knit Etheric Build

some mosaic flame rained down
fog rolling o'er the floorboards
 -- the *breath of bees* --
and voices-on-air inquiring
if this hyper-psychic duel might
soon commence

to think that mouth I so oft kist
is now biting into earth

our nine rainbow tears are dropping
onto wax papers

o my human
relatives is not the language
of the invisible world some
grand display!