

Glenn Bach

in their specimens:  
let them compare  
pinnate or palmate,  
crude sap with those  
of the stem

brought from the roots  
into the cells, into  
the external air. Leaves  
these green expansions  
outspread in the light

palm  
grove  
eternal halls  
cliffs  
junkyards  
of quiet rest

an uncommon good  
filled with all the  
color. These tiny  
changes into sharper  
relief. The humblebrag  
of all time.

the tubular-  
funnel- or bell-

lepidote or

elepidote

in the same breath  
partial or dappled  
the riot  
of color that a well-  
place

an airy

look a canopy

for being hard to grow

out like the fingers

and the seeds are the small keys

the hand of a baby

self stunt

leaf out

least high

light    bloodgood

All lakes have fish

fresh

accession

for ash heaps

the marshes dried

whitefish    yellow

perch

*to put stories to places*

*and what joins them*

white pine jack

pine jack oak

red pine

of cutover to jack pine

and aspen

its spike of

flowerets

of the tamarack and spruce

bogs of sedges and rushes

when a cloud obscures the sun

these woodlands once noted

all but gone

An activity that is a no-  
activity:

in sleep the moon  
appearing,  
the peaceful  
roof

in all the groves and soft  
sand that there was a next thing  
to do (all our tricks laid bare

at our lowest who is a paradox whose work sees bliss everywhere.

Broken idol of a generation) *science and time only made it worse.*

Life is a gate and the sea. And the sea is life and God. And does God  
abide nowhere is a gate like the gold. Like the land of gold. Of land  
nowhere abiding.

Gold is the land is the old pirate coast of our magnificent dreaming.

The best part was being able to see redwoods. The best part was the beach-  
red dirt and a flowery trail it is beautiful.

The best part and the breath taken.

we walking day  
beautifully online  
past a gateway  
sloping

Verdugo  
Wash old spent fields  
vistas. Dear  
grand and dead rambling  
of palm sings  
of Coast (from our  
balcony

leaning trees  
perfect grazing past the bluffs  
streets craving the road  
desert

restless loss  
or the beaten old  
days. A wind on foot blows  
not sharp our framework  
for

fabric of