

Nerve Song

Mark LaRue

My teeth have roots
like roots in the ocean floor.
Glossal tendon
taut. Saliva.
I don't know what I'm for.

I don't know why you why you.
I don't care why you why you.
And you can't tell me tell me
what I'm for.

You bend to me like light through a porthole.
You flow into me like rain to a pothole.
One time in the night you told me
what you're for.

But you can't tell me why me why me,
and I can't tell you why me why me,
why I feel like a plant
surviving on the ocean floor,
a stem through a metal hull
rusting on the ocean floor.

Photo-Molecular

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Electric, I hold my place
along the membrane. When
out of the night you lumed
toward me, my orbit
expanded. I felt like burning.
I lost one electron
and was, I was, was I
in sensate spin.

I leaned beside me, for
a replacement. A donor
molecule began
to weep. She turned and turning
away, along the membrane,
more beautiful for her loss,
attracted many to her side.
And the picoseconds passed
like years.

I was complete
again. I had returned
to ground state, vibratory
from the reaction. Let L
equal L. Senescence
could come. I was no more
nearer you. But I
had usefully excited
the one I was closest to.
And I had nourished myself.