



deeply
DUSTIN WILLIAMSON
rooted





deeply rooted

for kari hensley

firm in palm malls
lit up w/ alma mata,
we created unseemly clouds
when constructing this
part of the world.
the kind of world
where you drink
in the middle of the day

on a plane,
irritating the air
then flying into
every part of it,
the nothing we call nothing;
that is more something
than most things
that enter & leave me
or we to shelter ourselves
w/ our head sounds
that we're not listening to
& worry when the BART
conductor so obviously is.

there's no reference
to this historical disease

in the historical disease
reference library;
there's fashion
changing as fast
as I can sew it.

so what that can't—

I have an iron
& it's plugged in
w/ unclad feet dabbed
w/ shallow mud,
a country home away
tied to the warrior
by turbulence
as the ambulance passes

the ambulatory peak
picking mixed nuts
out of the cashews.

when the airplane dips
so do we
nixing the cash bar
from the hewn hedge,
squishing the hoagies
against the wrestling mat.

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