

Voice Notes 5:  
Fox + three daughters



Adam Golaski



Here, fox tails grow rows follow th'road

here, night  
my drive

caught  
between  
golden lumen green  
between  
wavering  
band'nd band

All

vibration, warning

Here are no mountains but'n empty shape between  
trees + clouds  
+ clouds,  
low

cell  
tower light lights white  
like lightening  
the curling low  
clouds  
low

scrub brush  
black  
shape'v wind'n branches  
says

“one night I just won't mak't”  
truck w/ th'face'v'a demon on't

was't th'wind that jostl'd th'trees  
my  
tumble t'sleep

my  
hour an  
hour  
my hour an  
other

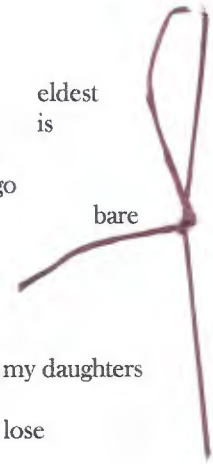
my florescence'v exhaustion blossoms n'n'empty parking lot  
my

I—  
 wakes I            wake my daughters            all +  
 they wake        what fox delights            my daughters  
 me balcony di    lapidated            black  
 wood my        daughters the            young            est two  
 move            their fox tails            fol            low  
 follow in        + among            balustrade  
 red + low        my daughters            their  
 skin is go        lden            but gray my            eldest  
 but gray        my eldest            daughter            is  
 still my            hand on her            back  
 the bones of    her            spine our            skin go  
 lden but        gray + bright +            bare

all around are dangers says the fox  
 but here my youngest are joyful my eldest is calm

our balcony is warm            + dry + brittle            my daughters  
 we wake naked + the gray light grows a  
 round us            colorful            as trees            lose  
 their green

armor  
 here, time t'stop  
 sleep t'wake my  
 daughters nearer



than when I first  
 began to  
 believe  
 here,  
 light went'nd came  
 t'morning  
 throw off dark arm  
 or equip w/  
 warm light

tho'my  
 daughters  
 remain  
 frost

cold armor            of th'morning  
 th'skipping            third track'v fox be  
 neath fox paw        grass crackles fog  
 fills th'resevoir     let my armor be

my savoir            here, my drive

unsound            for pleasure

from branches  
hang birds

dead + withered

fox knows when brush jumps t'look f'r luminous flux

wind jost  
led trees here fox here  
fox parts grasses as fox emerges fox  
looks either  
across the highway  
or

'long  
stretch'v wood between east'r west or  
fox looks up or down

t'find th'right book  
t'find written sights  
f'r fox t'see long ago  
t'see again'nd only

fox  
paws tip'v frost  
juttering so much love f'r th'trees

here, green my th'leaves  
grow green t'gray rust t'rose rich's purple  
some  
hold yellow here the animals lived +  
slept I dreamed fox stalked the slow lane slowly  
dreamed one long tree leans  
t'touch its top'n th'resevoir  
springs upright'nd brings w/ it  
an arc'v spray w/ light caught  
between beads says don't worry

how what you want will be fulfilled  
your daughters will come + be golden

## Colophon:

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