

Micah Bateman

GESTURE

As of a fleet drifting
Over, airplane's shadow,
Counting moments
On the beat, wearing
Gloves that suppress
Articulation though
Insulate, ordering
So many citrusy bellinis,
One plane, two plane,
Seven. A hand
Pulls tufts from the air
It is so thick with
Fortitude, but groundward:
To let planishment
Be not of fretting
But beauty, one covers the world
In the smoothest metals
Possible, blood diamonds
Giving a little blemish,
Or your hair
Wobbling in the wind
As phone wires, sparks,
Storm's rattle. As of your eye
Stacking pillars of stars,
Heavenly columns,
Fickle stars, stick out
Your foot, she trips, the world's
Crinkling rondure.