

Blue Moves

for and after Fay Jones



Scott Thurston

I thought in this universe
you could be my friend.
I am in ideas of the body,
a human standing in *wu-chi*
as the trapeze passes the constellation.

Gesture is how we mean in movement:
when I look out to sea
I feel the earwig climb my shoulder.
We provide the routes that animal forces traverse.

In our mangled desires
we lift out of ourselves:
tongues dart out like fishes,
two arms meld into one.

My science is not stable.

Why can we never balance
these aspects of our natures

before flying off the handle
into the dog's dinner?

My layers enfold
your dreams enfold
our layers meeting
the animal in my dream
and rolling it into yours.

Can we be bold and free, you and me?