

Rose Zinnia

THE GINGKO, G-D, & ME

*What a hideout: holiness lies spread and borne over
the surface of time and stuff like color.— Annie Dillard*

Another intractable coven of ever.
Earthlit moonwobbling glitter-song.
I lose my name every five

seconds passing. Goldfishing
in my gunnysack. I tread the highways
looking for coyote corpses to reanimate.

I think sometimes about blowing up
the reactors in the 1990s first-person
shooter computer game *DOOM*,

which is set on the moons of Mars,
and in Hell. Often, the main objective
of any level was to obliterate the level's

infrastructure and get out, alive. I think
of copaganda and how my mom
has a crush on Bruce Willis.

I think of the Baal Sham Tov saying
*if shells imprison the divine, then all we see
holds holiness.* At the donut shop

a drunken man throws a Diet Coke
into another drunken man's face
after an exchange of sounds

& the perception of their meanings.
It is a miracle moments can be
committed to long term

memory. Each paused parcel of time,
this one too, with you reader, listener,

an eternity being passed through.

I can't remember my mother's
voice some days. I suck my thumb
straight off in this dank madness.

Will we all be ok, thumbless, like this.
Does this gingko tree acknowledge itself
in/as me. I press (1) for *Yes, I am this*

gingko. I touch her (the gingko, g-d, & me)
now. I breathe quickly, directly onto her
leafen helm. I kiss the footprints of every

desire path, hoping to pay off my debts. Forgive
me: I give me. What would be my name
if I never stopped unfurling into you?