Surrounded by bone, surrounded by cells, by rings, by rings of hell, by hair, surrounded by air-is-a-thing, surrounded by silhouette, by honey-wet bees, yet by skeletons of trees, surrounded by actual, yes, for practical purposes, people, surrounded by surreal popcorn, surrounded by the reborn: Surrender in the center to surroundings. O surrender forever, never end her, let her blend around, surrender to the surroundings that surround the tender endo-surrender, that tumble through the tumbling to that blue that curls around the crumbling, to that, the blue that rumbles under the sun bounding the pearl that we walk on, talk on; we can chalk that up to experience, sensing the brown here that’s blue now, a drop of water surrounding a cow that’s black & white, the warbling Blackburnian twitter that’s machining midnight orange in the light that’s glittering in the light green visible wind. That’s the ticket to the tunnel through the thicket that’s a cricket’s funnel of music to correct & pick it out from under the wing that whirls up over & out.

