

Moving Machine

Grouper

Circles, turning shapes upon a sphere
Working a pendulum swing
On the edge of a hollow twisted ring
Making patterns in the clouds

Buried a waterfall in your shoulder
Carried your body along the
Sing about watching the moon go foreign
And making patterns in the water

My love, the rising of your chest
Watching moving machine
Carry warm breath into flight
And making patterns in your skin

And making light move
Across a surface