

**MOTIVE**

Collin Bunting

Believe it listens from other rooms  
in form like a womb at the edges  
of windows, of water,  
batters itself against an image  
as flies do,  
green and see-through and hungry.

Believe it tries  
shamelessly in dark hours,  
watches its body like a thief,  
keeps records of what is missing

in lockclick,  
in tiptoe;  
it has feet of baby blankets.

Believe in morning's pink striations,  
morning's little box, from which all  
treasure hunts descend.

Believe it will smile a tank of black.  
Believe it is a hollow throat,  
waiting to pull a voice into itself,  
a web fashioned from tinsel triangles.

you me it.  
you me it.

In blind sunlight it performs  
like a Catherine in the garden of eden.  
It says

I am.  
I am.

Picture ripe summer,  
a uterus like a nectarine.  
It needs

sentences chewed at the ends like soft explosions.

In the afternoon  
it brushes the grasses from your back,  
tells you everything you ever need  
is

entangled,  
green.

leaving.

Believe it reinvents itself  
 over and over and over,  
 the voice, your voice,  
 pinked and smooth and spinning.  
 You'll know what it intends is pure —

the everyday words, the swollen dots,  
 the unrecognizable ink blots.  
 Imagine what this is.

The insecurity in a face.  
 Telling a story.  
 Hoping for laughter.

It is a gentle fruit that hatches.  
 It is ice and fire.  
 It is both beautiful and the destroyer of ages.

It smells of

Yellow.  
 Fields.  
 Orchards of mourning.  
 Glory.

Picture dinners of fork orchestras,  
 the solidarity, the conversations  
 burning. Shameless,  
 it listens from a core of brown and rot.

(who I am.)  
 (who I am not.)

Poetry comes from this.  
 The fly from the fruit.