

NICOLE STOCKBURGER

The Woods Are a Glass Replica

of woods. Of your knees in the afternoon mud.
What can bring us back? The bottle marbled
with visible insides: leaves, soil, slugs, piss, twine.
Now that's a universe if I ever saw one.
Lips pressed onto glass bottles—how many times?
Unknown. There's a lot of deer shit over
this way. You lost service so we walk back up
the ridge. The woods are a monument of stones
as if in a gallery, surrounded by heaps of trash.
Of bark-popped balloons covered in a swarm of bees.
I'd like to stay in the country of many absences
for a while longer. I want to show you the tree
with two upturned branches—a seat for a child. To say
this is how I understand my looking, my outline.
At least some of the time. We are both too fragmented
for words now so the rustling sound
of our bodies combines with grass. The tobacco barn
is split open by a lightning-struck poplar,
bloated with more sky than before. It's like that
and not. The woods are a container for our sense
of similarities. The woods are also just woods.