

Casey Baron

*Of a Higher Sort*

I seek promiscuous sensation,

Minimal elven elaboration

Should Gandalf save you?

White love's confected surface

Whatever materiality I read of time

Fragile Red stripes

Dubious Blue Stars.

Something can shift, twine, and spine

I feel astonished

With gestures of green tabulators.

As the girl leans into me

She is free,

Rhythmic infinity