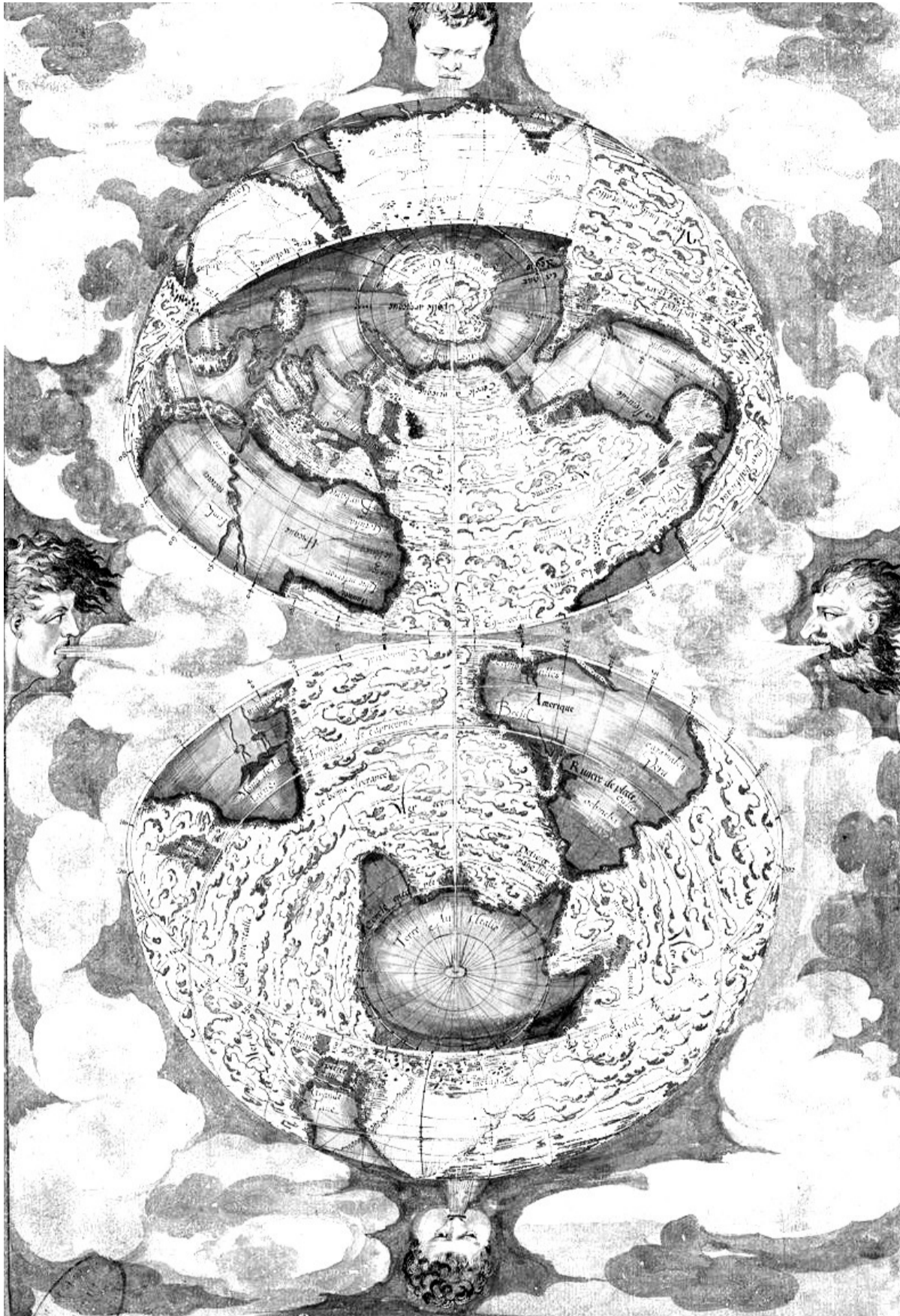


# Sea//Sons



by

Briar Moro

[briarmoro.github.io](http://briarmoro.github.io)

This poem uses a deck of cards to pseudo-randomly determine the content and placement of each of its lines. Each suit corresponds to a particular season, and each card in that suit corresponds to a numbered line under that season's heading (1 being the ace, 2 being the card numbered 2, and so on through the king). Spades is the suit for fall, clubs for winter, diamonds for spring, and hearts for summer. Each season has two lines in the grid: first fall, then winter, spring, and summer on the bottom.

Draw four cards—or more, or less, depending on your own preference—and place the corresponding lines in their squares in the 8 x 8 grid included below (e.g., the 3 of spades would place the third line of fall in the third square of the grid's top row). The remaining three spaces in each season's second row can be occupied at your discretion—if you would prefer to move a line into one of those spaces you may do so, provided the line remains within its assigned season. There is an extra line for each season, included at the end of the list, that can be substituted for any of the other lines if you so choose, as well.

A digital edition of this poem (with slightly altered grid) is available at <https://briarmoro.github.io/digitaleditions/seasons/index.html>

Thank you very much for reading.

- Briar Moro

# Fall

The waning moon explodes in soft light

An empty field, bathed in silence

Skulls rolling down a hill, a broken bone in an overgrown field

Leaves limping lightly down gust-gilded air

Grass smooth and tawny, birthing into brown

Hoarfrost coating the lips like a frail tattoo

The emancipation of light into azure dawns

Moths mulling about in a flurry of flutter, a writhing dusty-winged typhoon

The lurch of slow sun into evening, perpetual fall, always falling

Brittle, creaking, an ancient staircase into the sky

The old house is derelict, abandoned, cast into eternity like a caught fish back into the sea

A cold and rocky beach, empty, abandoned to its own void, motion only in the waves

Piles of bones, an ossuary in the forest, remnants of death scattered in the leaf litter like unread letters

Tired eyes lifting like prayersmoke towards moonlight



# Winter

Snow like butterflies on the cusp of an ice-caked evening

Brown branches, bare, blessed with bark like armor

An empty bowl of rough, unfinished ceramic, atop a coffee table with peeling, smoke-scarred wood

A light rain dusting our bones with the dew that threatens to wake the dead

Earth like bricks building up the Tower of Babel beneath our feet

The air echoes with the quiet nightmares of a man sleeping, unmoving, beneath cold sheets

A silent night, stars stilted, still in suffering silence

Limping rainfall, hobbled by the battering cold falling like bombs all around us

Anxious nights, empty-seeming skies overflowing with our wants, desires thwarted and twisted, brittle and base

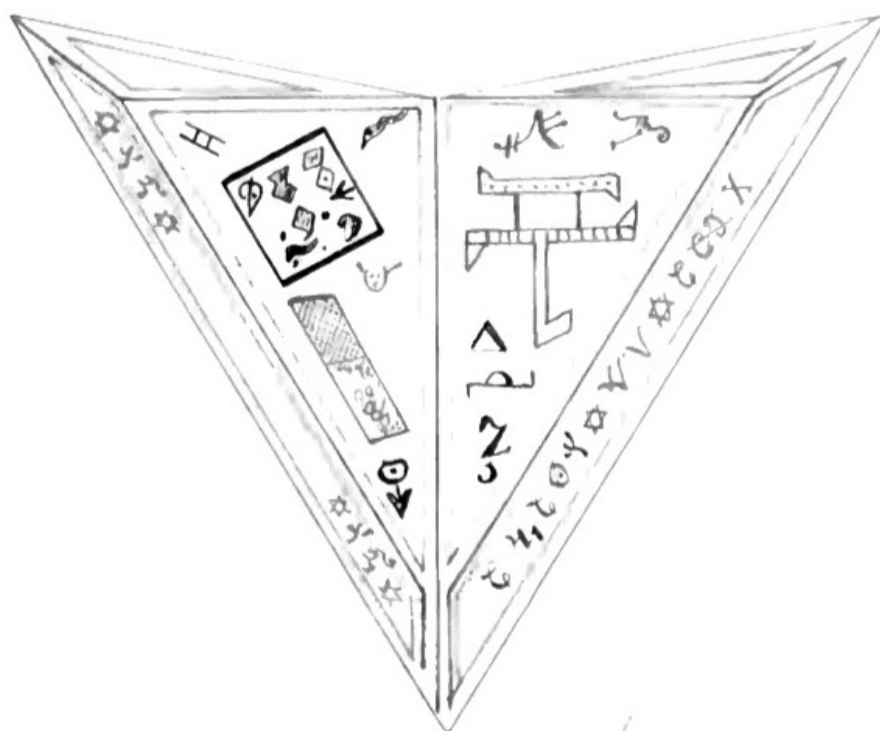
Like alchemy, the pouring of leaden ice into veins like distended frozen chalices

Elementary exegesis, explaining earth to angels in stumbling, mumbling tongues

Ladders falling, piling up in a pile of broken wood like treebones, firewood propped into a pyramid

Surrounded by a sea of dirt, of darkness, of a black never-ending and cool, like a blanket dried beneath an inverted sun

The crowns of brown and battered, broken branches adorn our heads like the last ashes of a wildfire



# Spring

Endless butterflies, in a tornado of life, all burdened and blessed with innumerable wings

Regenerated limbs, growing back on their own, miraculously, spontaneous explosions of life

Isolated trees growing out, extending roots like broken fingers mending, mending of their own accord

Fungi overflowing with love, intermingling, embracing the tired body of the earth, rejuvenating dirgeful soil

Petals peeling back the layers of the sun like an overripe orange, sucking out the juice and spitting out nectar

Maniacal laughter tears the sky like a paper screen—the moon is cracking up

And the stars spill out like joy into the night, like peals of laughter into the boisterous firmament

The darkness, even, carries light on its back, bearing the premonition of day like a heavy pack on a mule

A long voyage, immeasurably long, but our feet carry us like birds back to their nests, warmed by an infinite levity

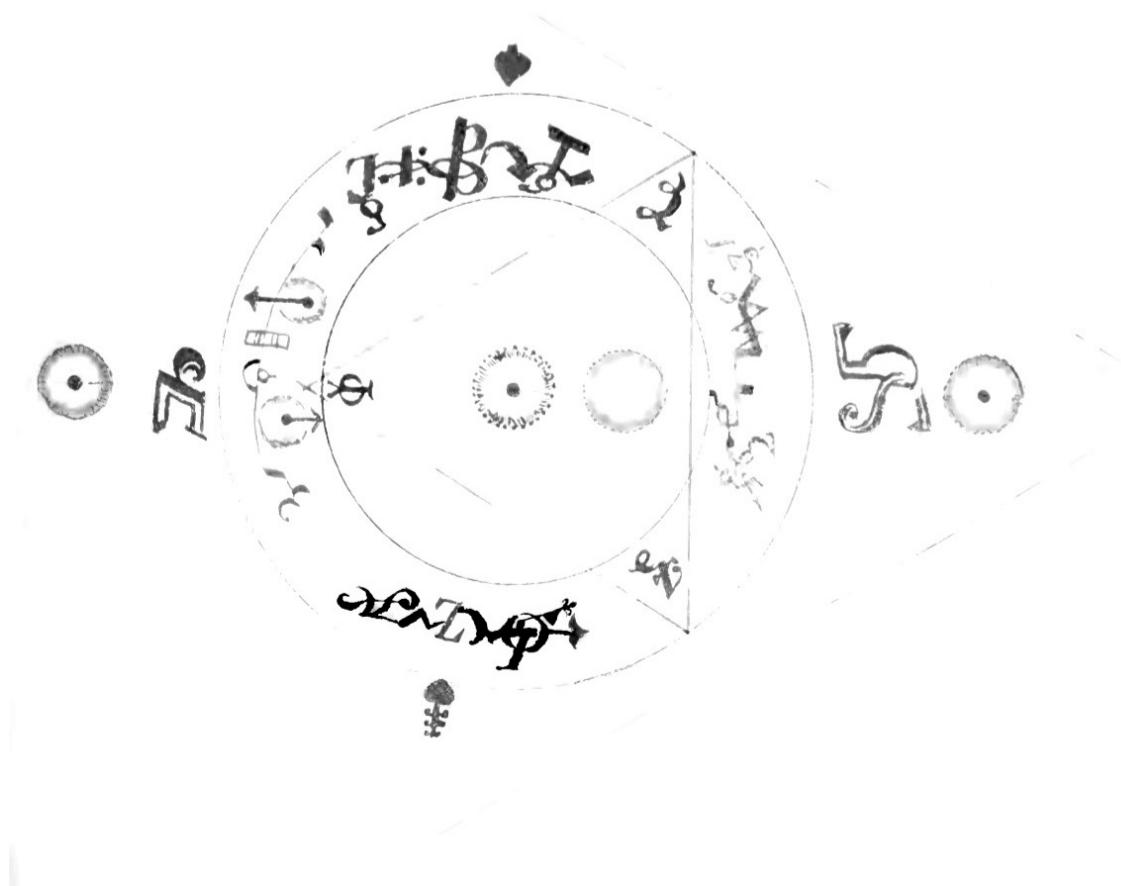
Emancipated dust motes, freed from constraining piles beneath the bed, swirl like angels around our addled heads

Bloated with life, the clouds above us hang heavy, as if pregnant with a rushing waterfall of raw, liquid being

The grass sways with the humming rhythms of unseen lips, flecked with little golden eggs of pollen

A cock-crow, sudden and unexpected, pricks the ear with a pleasant plum of enjoyable discomfort, mild asceticism of the early morning

We can know nothing save our comforts in this slow tide of ripe becoming



# Summer

Rusted iron converging on plaited plains

Crispy bird corpse, dried in the gutter on a suburban road

Dried leaves engulfed in flame, tinder tilling blackened earth with tufts of awkward flame

Milky clouds congealed, hardened in the harsh, miniature hells of sunbeams

The birds are all red, burned and burnished by the violent warmth of the sun

An emptied glass sitting abandoned on a porch strewn with corpses of moths, winged husks of sage-brushed brown

The lolling tongue of sun-scoured sky, light spilling like honey from its panting pink mass

The woodpecker's looping pecking echoes like a death rattle over our heads

A broken bottle painting stained glass across sweltering pavement, threatening bare-footed walkers, on the label a nameless saint

Our bodies swelling in the heat, rising like yeast, hands too large to fit through our sleeves

The lilting forests sing our thoughts to sleep, slowly, until our heads sink into empty peace

The sand in our eyes stings, pulls tears from our eyes like sailors hauling rope

An orange, cut neatly into quarters, swallowed in four large gulps by a child with skinned knees

Our sweat pools like baptismal fonts in our armpits, and bathes us in the grace of our unsteady life

