**Seekers**

Bria Fey Servoss

Pushing my finger into the tongue’s webbing

I find cracks where it starts telling truths

I am alone with myself

Alone as a poem

And there’s verdict in the hum of bees

settling at my window

In heavy-honeyed mouths is breath and sound

against tracing paper

In that vibration I lay open

Temple to space

The camp we share is along the edge of mineral code

and sweat-mined ellipses

A graveled canyon road where coyotes lope sideways

into weedy paths of their own

mandalic designs

Sounds bloom into our ears

and stones razor into our arches

under moonlight and sunlight onto hills dropping down

Stunning guillotines for unhelpful thoughts:

*It’s just that the world is*

*from where we tunnel out*

*only to burrow into earth at the end.*