Their occurrence

We came in folded bodies in inner tubes roll downing lawns

We came calf-bruised

as fell chestnuts hair clover-full Bled white

like milkweeds

Coughing up cotton bolls

We came damp as nightcrawlers our restless creek mouths

staining rooms with waterlines and mellow babbles

We came when we weren't looking

We came to ask you to stay to never not arrive

Our cricket hearts have that ascending effect on aural landscapes

But what do you call a crescendo that never breaks

We came to keep climbing blister heavy-handed to take the air

from evaporate

knock some solid into squander

We came as proof of life

and we're holding it

plum-heavy

to your ear or lips or eyes

you decide