My friend’s marriage rots at the stem end, 
a peach left too long in the bowl, 
yet the flesh of the sky drips sweetness.

Welts itch on my arms, in the damp socket behind my knee. In the house behind my back, the ducts are speckled with black mold. But it’s beautiful, the sky-rag dangling beyond lax power lines and lichen branches. The sun’s last word is an orange beam flung past dirty clouds. Yesterday, 

My son and I bumped a dehumidifier up our knotty pine steps, one at a time. He’s growing strong and kindness sings through his bones the way tree frogs chant in our damaged maple. Tonight, when I lie awake, alone, frog music will infiltrate the room till I can barely breathe. At once near and distant. A chime both steady and shivering.

It begins now, disregulating me, gorgeously thwarting understanding. If there’s pattern in the clamor, it cleaves to some inhuman measure, zoosporic.
Notes

Thanks to *Subtropics, Dialogist, storySouth, Southeast Review, 32 Poems,* and *Rattle,* where versions of some of these *Radioland* poems first appeared.