Fireworks

bare bulbs twisted in white over branches
where white petals throb into pink veins that wrinkle
and weep
into foam
into sea
snowing out the memory
of salmon rutted into rust
in shallows where
these trees cut
their limbs in solidarity
w/the cedar thudded through,
the hemlock lightning crisped

bare bulbs in booths
striped blood and midnight flesh
where you take off your shoes
to eat flame-frozen fish
& eyeing squid on sticks

bare bulbs
under lettered paper
line every bridge
you cross...

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