SAMPLE POEMS FROM
dáyo
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BONES ARE SEEDS

But now the stark dignity of
entrance—Still, the profound change
has come upon them: rooted, they
grip down and begin to awaken

— William Carlos Williams

The island greets me with satin clouds and light rain, parting as the ferry docks at the cove. Rough as the precipice, my mind careens to the chimes of a concertina: and my heart begins to grieve, “Here he is, the man without love, country or soul—forgotten, abandoned, buried with no tomb.”

But now the stark dignity of

remembrance. Tracing the ebb of history, I turn each pebble and seashell, awashed in time and polished with seaside reflections: Your breath is home, a shelter amidst the plague.
The coastal forest is a testament to your banished footprints,
a welcoming totem to your life’s entrance—Still, the profound change arrives in the form of a deer traversing slopes of wild berries and fern to bid farewell. For now, I use the North Shore mountains as your headstones and the sakura blossoms for candles, while I pray and offer a song of loss and rebirth. My feet, too, are planted in a land that is not my own; and the tide has come upon them—uprooted, they find themselves in hostile shores like driftwood carried by turbulent currents. Unable to return, we learn and adapt to numbing rain and snow. They do not know where we come from bones are also seeds—even in barren landscapes, untended, we flower. They can cast us in a crevice, nameless, yet we continue to survive, grip down and begin to awaken.
FORM AS A LIVING THING

The aratilis grows in the empty lots of demolished homes. It thrives often where the toilet used to be. Form is the act of blossoming in unlikely vessels. *displacement and immobility.* Omniscience from confinement. If not a writer, then a tree. A planter or a pruner. A harvester or an indoor cactus admirer. Absorb and release, breathe. Spread like moss in gutters. *bodies out of place.* Form is the leaf that sprouts from your toes. The scent of grass in your hair.
A two-meter cylinder with moon jelly, destinies swirling in a measured galaxy of glass & steel. There’s a constellation of red acne on my chin, mere specks in a world about to collapse. I don’t want to be asleep in apocalypse. This morning, on the bus, something sharp scratches my left cheek. Nobody pauses to notice. Passengers continue to glide, arms flailing like tentacles on Pacific’s epipelagic zone. When forests burn down in a heat dome, atmospheric rivers submerge the suburbs, lake water reclaiming its bed from concrete.

Everything is saturated, luminescent blue.