

Iterations of Gaia

VOL III

By: BAEVY

in this respect my view of the
apartments
or rather the apartments are
obstructing my view of the green
a flock of birds pass by
for a moment their flutter
tuned out the couple to my left
when the wind picks up
I praise the leaves bristling for
doing the same

in my writing I leave out a
part of the night

Layfette Park

the trees obstruct my view of the apartments

or rather
the apartments are
obstructing
my view of the green
a flock of birds pass by
for a moment their flutter
tuned out

the couple to my left
when the wind picks up
I praise the leaves bristling
for doing the same

in my drawing I leave out a building
and paint the sky

bright blue

Grandma's Garden

The bowl sits on the ground
dusted and dry
its original purpose
now lost
curates an ordinary collection of leaves
I wonder if objects feel?
if it knows neglect?
the only flowers on the bush
the coffee that stained this page
would have rather been
drunk now immortalized
like billionaires who never felt loved
and leave behind a museum in legacy
where you're not allowed to touch



Little Duck

Bayview

if instead of pink bows
I fixed ribbons of seaweed
in my hair

would I be closer to a mermaid?
do the especially mystical ones
notice the seashells on their swim?
as I notice the flowers
or are they all that way
and no one feels lonely?

VIN



for the U.S. & grow
dusted and dry
its original purpose now lost
curates an ordinary collection of leaves
I wonder if objects feel if it knows neglect
the only flowers on the bush - lonely
the coffee that stained this page would
have rather been drunk now immortalized
like billionaires who never felt love
and leave a museum in legacy
as well as the not at all...



Barry

instead of pink bows
I tied ribbons of seaweed in
my hair
would I be closer to a mermaid
do the especially mystical
ones notice the seashells on
their swim
as I notice the flowers
or are they all that were



in the way of the world
in sense he feels unsafe
as the branches crack behind
and the passerby's footsteps crumple
beyond his view

perhaps if I valued my life more
I'd be like this instead I
dance around at night in
lingerie and laugh at men's jokes

Mira Vista Park
No Picture
Hold film to light

my dog is whinnying on this bridge •
I sense he feels

as the branches ^{unsafe} crack behind him
and the passerby's footsteps crunch
beyond his view

perhaps if I valued my life more
instead I dance ^{I'd be like this} around at night
and laugh at men's ^{in lingerie} jokes
maybe I should stuff them inside
should I instead ^{I know what they want}
tend to the
cobwebs on my heart?



Ban'ton

1 close my eyes and inhale deeply
1... the breeze whips my orange
hair backbeat

2... with every record my feet
sink deeper into the sand
exhale

3... the tapping waves crash onto
my ears
exhale

to 1... of the jet with a... my...