



BERKELEY HILLS EXODUS

ROBERT PEAKE

Let us arm ourselves with irreverence,
cradle it like firewood,
and carry ourselves out among the stars.

Let us leave the city, all shades of grey
suspended in chalk blue light. Walk quickly,
let change stream from the holes in our pockets
words pour out from smiling wounds –

our own gorgeous teeth
stained purple with delight.

We are drunk again on jacaranda.

We want to know just this for a while:
footfall shuffling under trees, the space
it leaves behind.

Hope pours from an opaque heaven,
melts like wafers on our tongue.

Light sleeps in the valley,
curled like a great yellow dog.

Let us walk through morning in this forgotten place
breathing hot white air
into the space between our hands.