

Or Pufferfish/ So Dandelion/ Careful Notes

Or Pufferfish/So Dandelion

Or nothing is impossible but only a little is radical, pelagic tricks

So burnt ice in your hair, perennial taproot, thirsty. Might have but won't

Or male pufferfish documented carving large geometric, circular structures in the seabed sand in Amami Oshima, Japan. Unpinned

So won't blowup anymore. Between the pappus and the achene, there is a stalk called a beak, the beak breaks off from the achene easily, separating the seed from the parachute.

Or unblue but boxed with the other blues we can sing you to sleep the dwarf puffers court displaying the crests and keels.

So unbelonging blowballs or clocks but oh so ghosted

Or you've got the same you're waking or you're almost still sleeping the males will guard you

So the dried petals and stamens drop off, the bracts curve backwards, and the parachute ball opens into full sphere.

Or fostering red berries the bushes that waxleaf over them they lead the males into plants, moss or other forms of cover,

So I'm able to move my eyes independently. The parachute always drops off the achene when it strikes an obstacle.

I'm not sorry when we know how to do these things.

I'm not sorry when one pattern supersedes another.

I'm not sorry there's a glitch in our dna and

I'm not sorry several astronomers are studying us.

I will not feed you poison I will not feed you bitterness.

Careful Notes

There's an astronomer,
and this astronomer
is so far away
she is from the future,
and she has this
amazing telescope
she can watch all of us,
she can watch us
while we're courting,
she can read our lips
before we kiss each other,
her telescope orbits a star
hundreds of lightyears away,
so one of her hearts
feels wonder at what she's seeing,
and another
is breaking all the time
because we're stuck in the past,
and there's nothing
she can do to fix things,
so she watches
the dandelions grow,
she follows one pufferfish
until it's part of a school,
she wonders if it feels safe,
if it only has one heart
no wonder
it puffs at strangers,
she swells just thinking those thoughts
she takes careful notes
of what she sees,
her response
when we look up
and point
like we know
she's watching
us

*Text: Hugh Behm-Steinberg
Image: Mary Behm-Steinberg*



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Or Pufferfish

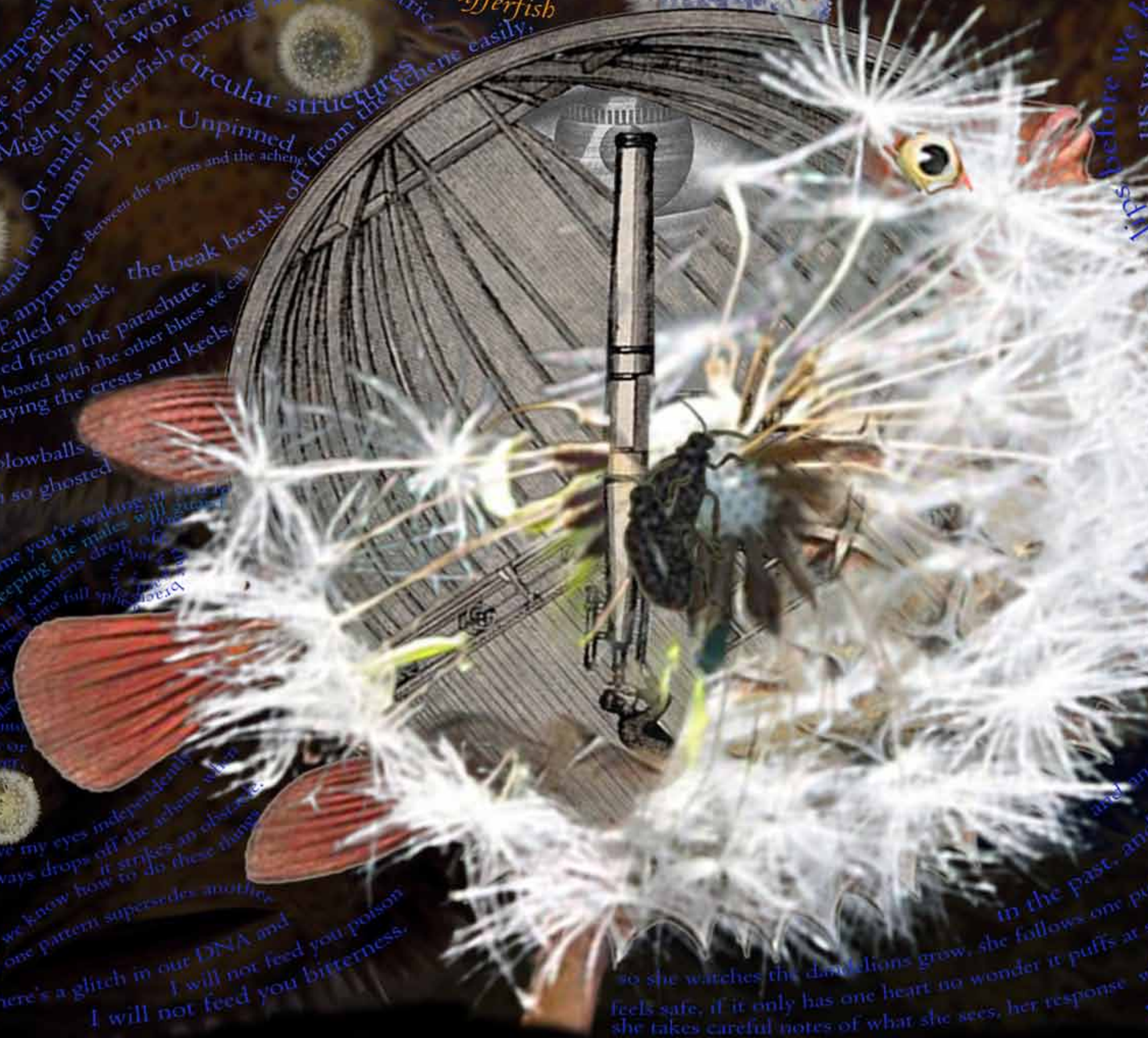
So Dandelion

in the seabed sand in Amami Japan. Unpinned
so won't blow up anymore. Between the puppus and the achene
there is a stalk called a beak, the beak breaks off from the achene
separating the seed from the parachute.
Or unblue but boxed with the other blues we can
displaying the crests and keels.

So unbelonging blowballs
or clocks but oh so ghosted

Or you've got the same you're waking or sun in
you're almost still sleeping the males will glow
so the dried petals and stamens drop off
and the parachute ball opens into full
Or fostering red berries
the bushes that radical
they lead the male
into plants, moss or
other forms of cover.

so I'm able to move my eyes independently
The parachute always drops off the achene when
it strikes an obstacle
I'm not sorry when we know how to do these things
I'm not sorry when one pattern supersedes another
I will not feed you poison
I will not feed you bitterness.



before we kiss
us while we're
amazing telescope
she is from the future, she can watch
each other, she can watch all of us,
There's an astronomer so far away
and this astronomer she can watch
she can watch our lips
she can watch our lips
her telescope orbits a star
counting, she can watch our lips
hundreds of lightyears away.

so one of her hearts
feels wonder
at what
she's seeing,
and another is breaking all the time because we're stuck
in the past, and there's nothing she can do to fix things,
and there's nothing she can do to fix things,
she wonders if it
is part of a school, she wonders if it
is just thinking those thoughts
when we look up and point like we know she's
watching

so she watches the dandelions grow, she follows one pufferfish until it's part of a school, she wonders if it
feels safe, if it only has one heart no wonder it puffs at strangers, she swells just thinking those thoughts
she takes careful notes of what she sees, her response



us,