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Lightning's Story Over Montana

Pot luck. You bring character,
tupperwares of arterial slurry,
the metallics. You know—pace.
I'll bring the remaining transactions.

The first, fangless, prone to
striking from a great distance.
No field guide for this one.
We might start thinking
 snakes
and that's not it. Second: location,

location, location. Pondsides.
Six or seven flamingos blocking
the real estate. One long mobius of fledgy
horizon grazing its twitchy rhythms on a
food source roiling at its twig feet.

Three. Elbow to elbow.
We consider the train of complications.
Those voracious extras: flecky ants,
bees, scraped knees, thunderheads.
When it rolls in there's no hiding.

Later, in the order of schemes,
an interior flickering; a rooftop
flaring; a horizon tinted with
something simple like tiny pick fish.