

when i think of you, it's like i'm fall
-ing in reverse, my stomach
vicious with want of gravity,
grasping
grasping
uprooting the dampened earth with
my raw fists grasping for land, for
something // anything
searching for gold in swamps of
sunshine and
dipping my hands in the cool
running water
of the river Nile and my brass
knuckles catching on the ivory teeth
of
aging crocodiles longing for the
warmth of human touch
and when i dream of you, i'm fall
-ing beneath the august sun,
lying prostrate on the
broken and charred earth, fault lines
scarring bruises and bloody across
the barren wasteland and my
clawing, desperate hands with
red clay running between my fingers
grasping
at the vast emptiness of the desert
and the scorched land is so
cadaverous beneath the orange sky,
a
sky so full and wide beneath
my feet i hope to meet god on
my return trip so i can swallow him
whole

and when you look at me, i'm fall
-ing from grace, amber wings
soaked in gasoline and
burning with something divine and
glowing with something holy;
somewhere, I can hear cicadas
playing their croaking violins and
my mouth is full of clamshell songs
brimming
on my tongue and instead i swallow
them
whole and build a crypt in my lungs
(suddenly i'm able to breathe again)
when you touch me, it's like i'm fall
-ing through a galaxy of
the brightest stars and the world
erupts into a kaleidoscopic
symphony
and suddenly my edges don't
seem so brittle anymore

when i think of you and her, i've fall-
en, collapsed on the rotted earth
with
charred feathers clasped in bloody
palms and
amber wings consumed in
inky black flames
and all my edges are
sharp // sharp // sharp
and i'm grasping
grasping
at whatever grace
still remains



Verdigris, Annabel Duggan, photography

Sisyphus, Dreaming

Allie Humphrey