

[after eileen myles'
western poem]



seizing air

Madeline Zappala

twisting wind

my solitude

taut morning light

my witness

rust duff i walk with ease,

gnarled roots surface like veins on hand backs

chirping chorus circling above,

my friends

celery moss-spotted landscape

climbing the rotten and fallen

my fruition

*a quiet tree
burns
slowly*

my stillness

my still

ness

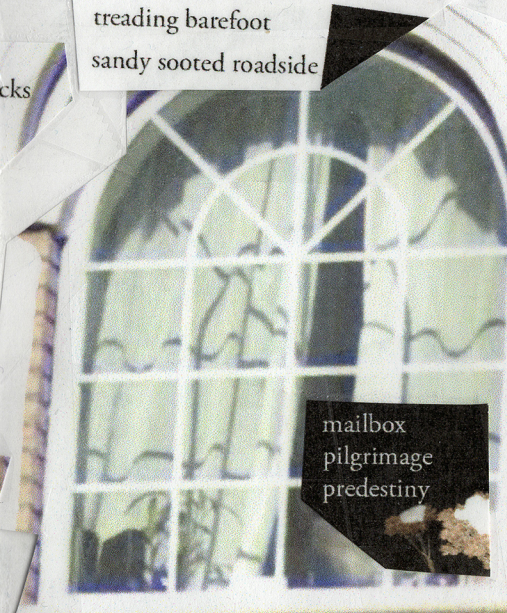
sapphire rimmed moon round

my patience

treading barefoot

sandy sooted roadside

mailbox
pilgrimage
predestiny



green street light
my exit
yellow lines
my companions

blue black
midnight light
swelter
blue black
warming night
silence

some one
i brought myself
there and stay
still

wavering
wink, my weakness
steel reflection in night's window
my promise
cardinal blooms of pineapple sage
my manifest

by being somewhere
i made a choice to be

downhill ride to the russian sea
submerged resalted sunned
my comm
union

asphalt faded, asphalt
faded

the view
of writhing
daylight

dust covered rubble in the window
my history

the view of
writhing
daylight

overheated
afternoon

a shimmering
shuffle
my continuance

a shimmering shuffle

