a position

Matt Shears
a position

can open something Supine
the table somewhat incomplete
how the disaster did not
carry its weight away how the light
sought itself moving against every
position the hole swallowed
a boundary of small stars strung
along a beach the wind severed

its persistence a tide receding
a direction linking
placement with intention
a shimmering non-entity a cloud
where they moved into futures of
grief a ground hollowed
out a foundation which damaged
a mouth caught in its flickering

an elevation clearing into song
one dreamed waking a blankness
without morning the edges of
sound coming apart outlines
shorelines in mist lifting
away promises impelled always
the use of force the resistance
it fed upon a space filled with
no earth its earth without sky