Book of Absence

Joanna Doxey
My book of worry will remember you—

this is not a book of states, but just try to say the word Nebraska without looking up:

here –

but here sky and ground in steel and sky consumed snow I am not concerned with the touches of light and pink, but the sinking into the closer to blue

it is what it is but I need perspective

This place where you can see mountains is not a mountain, perched tree perched barn they have been here before I left circles on plains before I knew you after you stopped

please just say it plain

I wrote this on a glacier, once I have thinned time before steel leaves out the stars and by saying color you can see it steel blue steel grey steel my eyes from the border of sky

this is the afterimage of a song, not the song I name it snow