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Excerpt From "A Daily Consciousness"

Ryan Landolfi

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EXCERPT FROM “A DAILY CONSCIOUSNESS”

The Gila thaws, playing regal.
A rock among rocks in the blaring Sun.
Risk the spine says the Sun, searching
for a gladiator. But he speaks
through the air, finding nothing
but sandstone and cactus skin,
he continues his glare.

Says the Gila: I've a sore throat and
I don't know how to cook.
My stomach is bare, and my hole
freezes in the night. Every morning I
take longer to reanimate, my cold
blood phases from blue to red and some
days I want to stay underground
and let the torpor prove its right.

A diamondback slides near
and smiles hungry.

The Gila off balance: I'll
have to bite you,
even you without ears.

The Sun lusters a few degrees sharper
in a white stare.

The snake: neither of us have ears,
friend.