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From Granite Illusion, So the Conjoined World Follows

Abi Pollokoff

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ABI POLLOKOFF

FROM GRANITE ILLUSION, SO THE CONJOINED WORLD FOLLOWS

cento

The rims of wounds have wounds as well:

 Inside the name, the trick
is to see things as they are: slick bark.
Tin can purged of all its minerals. A meadow of some suffering.
 Some silk grief ago, before the cut
 of cinnamon or the linnet-colored
thinking which I try to seal off with a sentence, I invoke
 her gathering figs.

In the thieving, working back and forth, a breach
 augments the meadow with its redness, incessant scour of light.
It is the gluttony of gravity, dazed
by its own mute replication of wire and shadow and sound, obliterating
 most of what's imagined growing there.

The slim road dissolves. If we each dig
 back to our own tectonic shelf, entering dark vowels, hollow—
symbol and source are what I mean:
 figs ripen from the inside out,
ocular weather is every kind, all times, all kinds of strange beasts.

To attend decay as it sets in:
 a sky wrestling its dark
 the mud out there hurrying to be ordinary
 after all night breathing ash.