Spring 2015

My Joint Field Crisis Was Blinding

Briony Gylgayton

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.
Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank
Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss83/12

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in CutBank by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.
A craw, sour thighs
and cooling laser burn. This is high accuracy recoil
and I caused it.

We were on the dash side when I
shouldered onto his shoulder, when I
crosshaired and calamitied the split screen.
I felt hot wax in my cut and it hurts,
but don’t think I’m not animal; scroll up, I caused it.

I did not fail the secondary objective
is another way of saying I lost,
my back erased.
I spent a summer expelling my hunting relics,
my house became a burning stove coil,
and meanwhile I rolled and wailed from my gut flip corrosion;
but scroll up;
scroll because he had a full set on him,
bust by recoil, it covered a sea worm, sand blue,
now left sick for its life, scroll up, scroll up, and he had arms,
a whole, scroll up, please scroll up