a position

Matt Shears
a position

their closure began with beginnings
an opening lying 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