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Of a Monstrous Shipwreck and its Abridgment in a Glass of Water

Cate Peebles

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Of a Monstrous Shipwreck and its Abridgement in a Glass of Water

What were you thinking on your orphaned city bed, so stubbed, so stranded? Was it, Crack the western window? Incorrectly lamenting, "A bridge, a bridge, and all our striding upon it; never, never enough guardrail." How we are such a chrysalis braving frost. Let the skeleton fluoresce and layer itself daily anew; it is reckless to swallow the swarm whole, to not let it unpin you; more reckless not to gasp at all, to go down curled and larval with the treasure chest. So, voyage depends on voyager's ability to cleave his wrack when sinking. Lie back and think of your wreck while making eyes at the harpoon. A broken straw is not really broken, only light-lanced and tricky. Allow a sip to wander in. The most impossible umbrage loses weight more quickly this way. You are newly impaled and ready for the beam's crux. Your cracked soliloquies multiply and subtract; you must swindle a foothold, your mouth ever gaping at surface.