Gospel, wound spell

Caroline Klocksiem
Gospel, wound spell

Between the last and the coming storm, one train
Eyes turn down, top halves of hinges. His habit
of pausing in the middle of difficult sentences.

They walk out, open mouths to the night. Horizon's cracked shell.
Black mist of stars far away. Departing like blood from a wound.
Like knees dropped suddenly to dirt. Like slamming into dust.