Mistral

Derek Gromadzki
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Lower, lowering, still these steps—a simple swerve like mercy turns on its attended end, turns and grasps for gusts set wailing our regret atrip and battered at ridges clouds have carved... this grind unravels out to one single insistent drone of taking stop on step alight off overheard syllables incurable numb through murmuring voices short of breath. We offer: our-fathers and whited palms to the wind.