

Gravity

the glass-winged creature enters through
the window to watch
your dissection of the grotesque—its eyes
stride across the doorway,
delight at the gentle outpouring of faith (a
conflict within the self that unravels,
lungs
opening
like an aperture,
charging the cracks with chimera)
it reads the energy of your celestite, your
lashes, watches the reel
reveal
whispers of the albatross they draw
in
its wayfaring
ebb.

