

FUR
BGRS

fur birds

for what is wanting
it's here, forgiving.
Map-matches twitching
in the glove, the wheel

gleaming. Shudder
shades the trees

falling over your
face. Lash-laces
swim through gaze
uproad, upriver.

Your heart, it's a knot
of flames, a knave
of feathers. In
the dream sea, green
Words flex and shiver
For hands, fur birds, metal

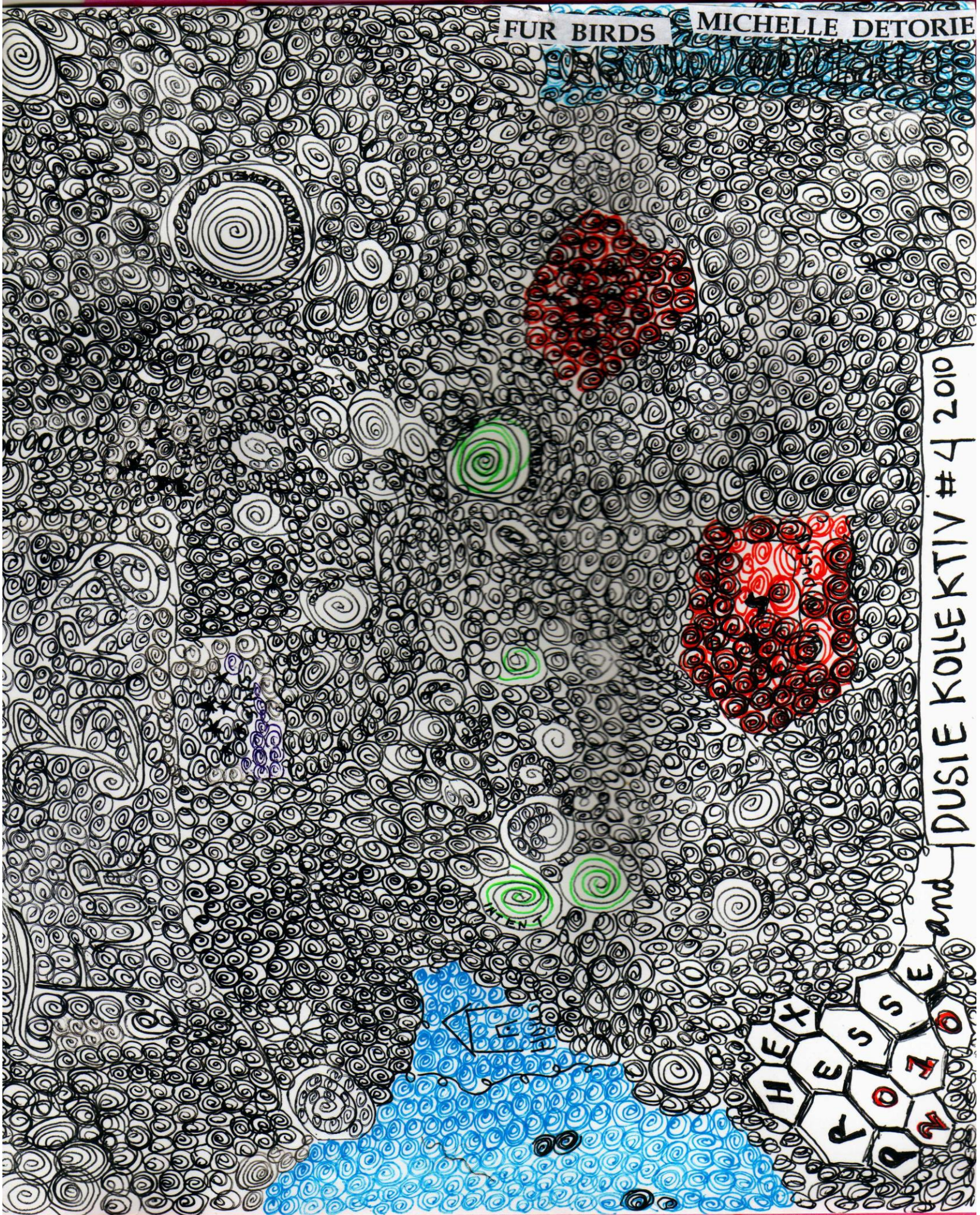
Chains a-linking.
It's a messy sound-
gush and shatter.
Tongue to paw. Paw
to ground. Pause.
Pause. Repeat.

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MICHELLE DETORIE



DUSIE KOLEKTIV #4 2010 and

HEXESSE
POZO

