

MS. SHALLOT  
Fiona Kuntz

I broke my own bones  
And sowed them in the creek bed  
Left my ghost town lilac heart  
Rotting in the dry grass  
Chanted death songs to the night air  
Lullabies to the wind  
Tucked myself between the rapids  
And let the stream wash over my sins

Transformed typescript into tapestries  
Slumbered fetal in a cirque  
Pressed my temple to the mortar  
And let the pestle go to work  
Reflections waltzed among my tunneled vision  
Pearly phantasms of reality  
Wonder can't be slaked with shadows