

# i cut my hair for the *first time in 12 years*

Shannie Porter // poetry

winding spools of swirling pools of just this shy  
of golden brown  
tracing the nerve up the back of my neck like a  
city pipeline in a freezing town  
careful cutlets sitting thickly drying wavy beach  
gold pretty  
and I let them sit  
in the throat of the waste basket

like a vacant casket or a hollow cruiser or a  
scorch marked table or a billion years  
converging  
in the arbitrary vertex of a tetrapod emerging  
in search, as i search, for something to eat.  
Something happened here. I think it was a  
miracle.

three sisters twitching down my wrist  
three witches itching for a blitz  
three calloused matches left unlit  
three bullets warm in god's gullet  
I'm talking about the impression of a dining  
room in the dust of a roller derby.  
I'm talking about the impression of a ferris  
wheel in an office building  
I'm talking about the the soil where a housecat  
is buried

the curtain of a scab, the scraping of a tape  
deck, the liminalistic divinity of rot  
unchecked.

I'm talking about how many times I've hit this  
power button  
and the white lights of binary death  
have triptych blipped awake to wail at me: Give  
it up, sweetheart! No more! When I tell  
you that you've ruptured up the cord!  
and I have set myself feckless, helpless, careless,  
bored  
escape, delete, restart, ignore.

The fact is this:  
for every frothing monarch busting upside of  
the genesis  
there is a hunk of fluxing gunk that expires in  
the chrysalis  
and which inspires more allure  
and which is more ridiculous.

Something happened here.

I hope it was a miracle



Crow // Caelen Rahilly // digital media