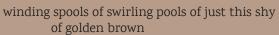
i cut my hair for the first time in 12 years Shannie Porter // poetry



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

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 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

