



Does a thorn
mean it?

PART I







We're a bullseye, a clearing in the woods, hugged by the White River. Within the delineation, a forgotten bridge that ends — disenchanted, unrequited soul — provides a perch overlooking the water. Here, above the muddy root systems, there is an urge to wedge your tennis shoes in the muck.

Not a hundred feet East, the true bridge is situated. As cars drive above, below feet impress the dirt. Delinquents leave their dirt. One dog, at 4:30 in the afternoon, a body was recovered in the water. Dogs tangled in the weeds, a stone's throw from the site of catharsis.



blank

12

em



Casper
Never cared to check
until now, and I still can't
see it: phantom trailer park
nestled in a flattened valley
Casper won't libel the mountain
by casting its shadow
No more compromise, sister
today marks the date when
we commune our memory
lick up the dust and dirt
and nullify the discrepancy
between our youths.



44

6

17



There's a bullseye, a clearing in the woods, hugged by the
 River. Within the delineation, a forgotten bridge
 ends—disenchanted, unrequited southward—
 rides a perch overlooking the water. Here, above
 muddy rocks that line the crawling & the burgeoning
 beds of root systems, there is an urge to wedge
 schmis shoes in the muck.

At a hundred feet East, the true bridge is situated.
 Cars drive above, below feet impress the dirt.
 Inquents leave their trace in ink on concrete
 & make leave in the dirt. One day, at 4:30 in
 afternoon, a body was recovered in the
 river. Limbs tangled in the weeds, a stone's
 throw from the site of catharsis.

Prime 19

Prime 24

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