

The flesh wounds on return

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As the sword names
Until there is no thing
that does not search for you
The grove of rocks prepares
for you
The wide night expands
for you
The moon reappears
for you

And in this march
of intent and vanishment
You throw the first stone

The sword names
all before you
Grotesque you become
the world
And all rape
is upon you

Janette Orr