

## Land Features

### Freelance Whales

Lucia I am hovering over river bends  
I'm chiseling out a mountain ridge with my breath  
and I tried to play with negative space like you showed me to  
with your catapult flinging quanta out toward the ages

Look at us we're a bloody mess and we're loving it  
be the color of all the cataracts in my skies  
and all the words that we wrote back then just slipped off the  
page  
and rearranged themselves  
in a series of devout formations

As you could guess the tears in my eyes are a brackish mess  
who was it who said that I give and I take away  
but on this day I don't think that I'm taking anything  
I am reveling in the riverbed that I made myself