

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