

Ashley Burgess

The Fire Law:

The Fire Law is stained glass. Not in church but in my eyes, it shines shallow. And the soldiers see the oil between my fingers, the chains around my music, as I grasp, gasp the words. They poke their swords at my shark skin.

Lame

The Fire Law is polar bear drowning. Not in church but in my mom's eyes, and only when she looks at me, in a quagmire.

Sweet Anxiety

The sky is green,
a moody swirl
in static edginess, pending.
I wait on the balls of my feet.
My nails
tear
at the ones I used to board up the cellar
where I hide.
Thunder-red beats boom,
as I glimpse my hazy reflection in an iris,
churning black blue storm clouds.
I quake,
my earth shakes.
Rapture shifts
its weight,
crushes the wind from my lungs.
A keening whistle matches
my tone,
sucks me out and in.
Pinpricks of hail on my skin, warm
as a hand (gritty soft sand)
makes tiny lacerations into my cheek.
I'm lifted;
salt on my lips.
No currency for the ground.

The Seventh Seal

A pleomorphic society splits,
chunks of rock from the sky create big puffs of dusty earth.
Fills nostrils, clogs lungs with incense.
blood rains down, spit fire,
some say heavens prayers hurtled down,
turned against us to help in earth's destruction.
A woman bats cleaves away with an
abandoned staff.
No forehead stamp,
she looks to find her own niche in the ground
that won't burn her ass with steam.
Sun sinks when it should rise, dropping
like an uncooked egg yolk, shiny and malleable.
The moon melts in a puddle of phosphorus, dripping
from the sky, acid rain;
children slap their hands in it,
put it into their mouths to make teeth glow.
A beautiful moiréd look to fallen armor.
make light dance in color like the Aurora Borealis,
smooth. As if this shit had never happened.
She is a relict between a crack.