

Linda King

ongoing repairs to something significant

all good words over and under in-between
something with roots outside the syllables
breaking code hold your breath wordmirrors
light swallows light in primary colours
memory sips a dark persuasion
two parts red wine philosophy

pick-axing for words lodged between perception and reality

all that list-making of needs just grand gestures without alphabet
a strict pattern of translation that refuses instruction

those songs about the world ending
you listened to over and over again
no hesitation in the abandonment

a winter gone

a road burning

a fragile fortress

whatever comes next

you recognize your pen-and-ink encore losses
sentences like fields of dark flowers
the transferred necessary
magic of adjectives

stay still

maintain the charts
throw things to the weather

wear all the red lipsticks

like a sucker-punch
of verbs

deleting scenes in reverse order like jigsaw stars
electronic thrift-store exchange rate
fake confession knife to pulse
the agreed upon version
full tilt bad news

when the consolation of philosophy becomes unfamiliar territory

sewing silence into the undertow

the way the faintest light will start the day
spider spun feather plucked a thing to thing haphazard shelter
refracted grievances questionable innocence what goes missing
when the tides win the perfect argument
no ordinary task this shockwave ritual

no language is yours to long for

like mother-love-debris

or the myth of twin rivers

still empty handed your nets gather speech
words show themselves to you
for translation