

Maxwell Gontarek

BY A DEERPRINT

*We wake up and, in the lumps of coal in our hands,
black ferns are unrolling.*

I saw him dancing through rows,
when the toilet running sounds like cicadas
for just long enough that these worlds,
in terms of their gradients, were never joined.
She smiled in the oval of his pose,
it was a miracle wasn't it – those who walk
let loose their wilting on unlit floors,
and those who can't dance just the same.