

FROM SANCTA

ANDY GRACE

The wind scrolls through its clichés: cracked whip, exhalation, the dead's turnstile, aftermath of a moth's flight, wake of something too big to see...A blade of ducks skins the blankness. All ants wear elegies on their backs. Hatchlings find their pond to drown in. The world is so casual: it presumes its attrition. I envy a self-cleaning apparatus. And the wind pushes another load of used light over the horizon.

File under: I don't know if this ever happened but I feel I need to distract you from oncoming low-level panic attack. Once, as a light crept across the gnash of narrow ice, gripping small trees, bat harmonics shrill in the spruce-scent, eyes closed, I groped for miles along the low purr of powerlines. The blindness grew familiar. Slowly, inside my mouth, a mouth of silver teeth began to open.

Let's play storm metaphor. The lake gone grand mal with lightning, florid scrape, sick hands, sulfuric hair of wrecked sisters. Now your turn. Light akin to breaking skin. A shower of Xs. A sword down the mouth of the sky. You win again. This is the Chapter in which I can't stop shivering. Your face is lit by pure exhaustion. The light rends. God help the whites of our eyes.