

Joel Kuper

VERGE

Days slip
swamped in the chemical soup
whole alphabets dance across your
closed eyes, trying to make sense
of this impassive gesture.
Your sky
this open field of fish
grain elevator grey
slowly loses sight of the sun.
This skin
colour of cream
every finger afflicted by touch
calloused and continuing to
feel flesh flowering in index
in thumb
still obscure in the darkening room
where the sound of your breathing
burns like a candle.
The boundaries
have broken inside of you, indifferent
to the parts I'd like to keep. Your
variations hemorrhage across the
beauty of broken skin. You are
adrift within the husk of yourself.
Inside
cells course freely over arteries abundant
leaf-cutter column, swarm
an ideal disease to engender.
This gene-clad memory replicates
you in a seven-year cycle until you
are not the same person I used to know.
For seven years you have wasted away
skilfully avoiding detection
sure
look at you
born again in a darkened room as the
moon, almost elliptical, sinks into
the side of the earth.

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LINQ