

Mark Young

Postbellum

The tree with the
 white flowers
was the last to
come into bloom. He'd
been out in the sun
too long; now unable to
accept that everything
 should be able to be

interpreted as parable.
Montage, odalesque,
fistula—the noises
of artifice eroded the
antechamber. He caught
 them just before
they fell apart. The white
flowers were the last.

About the author: Mark Young lives in a small town in North Queensland, & has been publishing poetry for almost sixty years. He is the author of over thirty-five books, primarily text poetry but also including speculative fiction, vispo, & art history. His work has been widely anthologized, & his essays & poetry translated into a number of languages. His most recent books are *Mineral Terpsichore*, from gradient books of Finland, & *The Chorus of the Sphinxes*, from Moria Books in Chicago. An e-book, *The Holy Sonnets unDonne*, came out earlier this year from Red Ceilings Press; another, *For the Witches of Romania*, was recently published by Beard of Bees; & another, *a few geographies*, will be out later this year from One Sentence Poems.

He is the editor of [Otoliths](#).