

of Exile

Hunter and hermit both dissolve bitter with sugar cubes stolen
from cut glass jars, though neither always remembers the theft.

Each extends then wraps dirt dried fingers around the weak sweet crystals,
mouths diminished in the metal mirror hanging loose in the old barn.

Humiliation is an Easter horse moving directly behind us like some brutal,
selfish child whispering *I want my supper* while chewing weeds and apples.

We cross one border to move closer to another, as the dark crow
in our coat pocket closes his eyes, and we are allowed to sleep.

The priest ignores the ark in his woods because he is busy absorbing his shadow,
and the animals know their work is to hide every egg like dark stones meant for the river.

Clearing Materials

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