

Studying Stone

by Brooke Nicole Plummer

It's back to the floor being warmed over with limp bodies—masses beneath
our eyes are
the halves of chocolate moons // Unattended chores thicken the wall linings
with loose fur and streaks of beer //

If there is any knocking on my door, forget about it // Keep me invisible //

I have trained my movements to be cursive // splintering gestures of a pedant
crawling into dusk // as if given the option to return before the womb //

What I carry // a pink, gelatinous center of thought // compressed by doubt
and sketched scenes of hopefulness //

But a vulture's breath heats the wind *where* I carry myself // It enunciates, "I
can taste

that you're one quick to vanish" // Damn straight // Occupied in the art of
being unraveled by full measures // Swimming in the matrix of the heart's
operations //

Let it rob my oxygen // Let it dissipate me like ink hitting the water // All
that I am is sacrificial // to what is beyond me