Arctic Vortex, 2019

Brooke Nicole Plummer

I was emancipated — where the glitter fell from the frigid white linen footprinted — an androgynous Cardioversion choosing top-shelf matter of thought, as January shrieks bashed against the windows — as I left the business establishment of Mandark's dreadlocks with 7 grams of Hybrid — I became meteorically foremost by the once special category I was to you.

And I, obsolescence and damned by infinite-interpretational, faded in the focal length along with the Barred Owl, which was on the hunt for sustenance — and the plains were not without distinction — from overhead, the Barred Owl spotted black curls of icicle lifelessness.

And we continued — knowing the transitional inevitable — the shrieks like a crescendo trickling blood tinnitus.

*If only I could prove the ways in which I stop my own time to crash - course into yours, into interdependently "Amen". And swirl into Life together, a Woman begun anew!*

But, the Disappearance of you — I continued — and a tan, speckled feather dropped into my hand, and still I go, as Grendel rages within my own Heorot for darling pastoral song, with the Instinctual in Flight, with prerverse verses like a conveyer belt of my behavior, playing on.

I go.
I go.
And I will sing, blacked-out begging Salvation.
And I will be devoured by this.