

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 shrills bashed against the windows —
as I left the business establishment of Mandark's dreadlocks with 7 grams of Hybrid —
I became meteorically forefronted
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 iced lifelessness.

And we continued —
knowing the transitional inevitable —
the shrills 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.