

KEN

Unsubscribe from everything, save hummingbird wings
and the waves of plague grass that salvage an afternoon.

Aim to make half as much as you maw, and
ken ye well a language not your own.

Face it once a day, the ebb tide, how even as it wanes
it pushes in, endlessly, until the moon unspools, unwinds.

Mute everyone, unfollow. Track time by shadow scrim, the wall
a sort of sun dial, more kairos than chronos.

Listen to the plague wind, savaging the afternoon, raising the dust.

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