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Lorig

S T O N E
P O O -
E M S

Sara
Woods



STONEPOEMS

STONES ALL LINK ARMS

we look like ghost tours here held
in strong personal herds. these are
wet dreams with fresh bulbs in
stones like throwing, like mammal
mouth, like throning.

*me say awwwww. this is everything
in my harbor bag! my face is all over
land prints and sewn department
ambers. what is a list of stone happening
in lizard-warm sand but mouths, mouths,
mouths? or pears in a jar, the last hoods
hoods in a salsa garden, vault used as a
drug in chant lotion*?*

my wetsuit says, FACEBOOM.
my sweatsuit says, it's the mesa
that's shaped like a heart or a face
or 1,000 grams of grief and counting.
my SWAT team says, let's put party
hats on the security cameras.

we look like heated pieces of
gauze laps groping for corner
leather. there aren't excessive
keys that can say: *antler foam,*
lift hearter, weight, breed weight,
mop wheezy, clip blood, crooked
lust mopped into a bled of lung
makes nine, six, white tables
redder.

*start vocally and physically bleeding
into the granite alongside
the murderers.

there's a bit between the fallen sea caps. we are a bit between
each other and quartz**. a filthy red bit down between the place
where we wandered between haunches and sharp edges corrected.
dear skies of the caribbean, we rest in helicopters. we drop like
stones from between helicopters. our urge to piss has been heavily
blindfolded.

**fold skulls are happening! we make lists
of different kinds of breathing that we can
use later at night or during rainstorms.

let's put dragons on the maps we
can't use. this is the lasting effect
of a party drug or god maybe.

(i love how big
of a stone you are / your *my arm*
was the word *block*. *for a fox den*:
go out and document the

under

for whalers:
arms

& tree agate.)

birth

How should stones follow from here? What if we put in
earplugs? A dream so cold I shattered my orbiting
teething
ring? A dream so cold an overlapping series of gray
smudges and fracture? A stone unweeds. A stone un-
weeds the jungle and throws parrot throats into the
brown-
ish land flowing silently. Flowing silently like an orchid
born in a plastic placenta. A stone holds on to its own.
These
banks are too steep to swim in, so we just lie in the
ground
up pieces of stretching. When I put a chunk of wasp
nest
under your tongue, I call it a beach towel. I call it a
stone because it fills up the definitions of
a) Stop. b) Solid Mass. c) Work

movements carefully or the audience won't
stand

where the Earth was in pain with the groan dawn's
broken fires against its chemistry wall. Whenever I slice
onions for Thai curry / for the lightning bolts wanting to
spice up a pair of smoothies, MY EYES LEAK and lose
all their rocks. How can you lose a rock when there's no
one breed of tear to even settle on? There's just a crashing and bal-
loons flying past the half-dead faces of people. The
half-dead faces of
mountains jiggle like bracelets. What is your
stone?
Mine is blood that stayed in the freezer for a long time and
the second it got out, it vomited. There isn't any

sun.

sawdust like
a glass of whiskey touching the silent tension in the

There isn't any sawdust like inches deep across our
porch.

what about sea ice?

*(ascensionite shapes are
diatoms blooming, like spills,
like oil spills in the Gulf.)*

what about wheat rust? (!!!
*we are both holding ruby in
zoisite.)*

what does a mouth have?

*(check your belongings.
check local farm laws.)*

cross bear, i am mosquito
for you.

i am a blood lung.

watch for my song.

watchforitslowlyingchirring.

YOU GIVE STONES A BLOOD NAME

we all get super)
birthed in cold forces)
if i put blood on a head)
would it be a lamb's?)
would it be a person's driving?)
if i held my driving would you
call me a good driver?
would you spout out slivers
like lion tires? while we are hung,
we all go boom boom boom
boom boom with our red gums
in a small hill of us and others.
swell me up for apple sizes
lower me down the tree. hung thing
is a notch of us. a garden of us a notch
of a wolf of us. push out the marigolds
for aqua plating we can stitch them up
in in in in

a stone is a bone vase.
fuck you stone, that is
hard to read.
i can taste the crowd
pinning me to the
landstop. i can floodhouse
the crowd pining for codes
in my keyskin, in my
bad lemonade trying to
file me away under
"Umbrella". you are never
going to request that I be
brought up. you hate
that I love your trying
face. If my name was a
flower made of 3,000 dead
bodies laying just over the
hill and not afraid to show
their depth, it would be
Three Bags of Personal
Anguish. It would be

Suzanne. It would be Wide-
Spread Transparency Clutching
Blinding

This sad / good combo means
I'm already teaching the empty
room I am writing in.

Leftovers.

i love this #livetreesadness.

i love this droughtflour.

i feel this mad sediment
stripping out my fine-toothed
windbreaker.

sometimes there are volcanos
just laying there. i am a drain case.
what if we wore the same clothes?

STONES RAIN

what if coats held breath machines
found in weird dances

what if a warm arm

across the red sky
took a shatter stalled at its end what if we became swimmers

i'll be carving toeholds for oranges, hours
swimmer, can we draw our singe in stone
what are murders like? night clicks the blimps

a stone is cool

in your pocketmouth
because it's made of shade

from an outcropping

of broken pearls
that were welded into a creamsicle

they are running

the Great Lake water we are watching
ourselves being torn into

body wash

oh dan, oh crawler dream. you & my
shoulders. remember the
chest we kept wearing things in.

burn gold

& take fonts
for your breathing. & take stones for what
stones fit in. & take punches for coughing.
& take stones for what stones fit in.

lamb's ear. swell us up. we are bluelamp.
we are poollamp. we are stonelamp.
we are swimmers in here.

how often is there great heat in a nest?
in a vein?
go north.

tread heavy,

trick rider.

STONES GUSHED GOD AND DISAPPEARED

Several.

They waited to be released from bruise class
by holding up their small purple rings
they took from disrupted water.

They're standing. Are we reaching into another cat now?

(Something about hidden pregnancies.)
(Something about lawns.)

They took from disrupted water.

They took converging burnt pieces from the air and they asked,

What's the difference between being haunted and being hunted?

(Something about hidden pregnancies.)
(Something about lawns.)

One time I let them call you Curlsafe, and it wasn't right.

Several.

What's safe-ing a space like exactly?

Rinds I think. The tough soul of instantaneous blurry fire.
I'm so sediment, so full of sediments quivering like lights
from space. And you look at them and go, WHO'S IN THERE?
WHO CARES WHO'S IN THERE? like it's the milk in you.
I'm so timber bath. It's

really a stupid way to lie about

lonely questions.

I wish I had a stone to stop me from

my harpwood and my illness

my black-black

my orange juice (getting grants for sanding

wind is a significant shift of mine)

my candles go hand to hand with my cigarette knowledge.
i want pears, in salad. & stones. all the copal hair on me.

I mean WHAT ru a fray of? the
effort suddenly fell wet. You need to know if you're going to make
crimes like that. The reason you litter, the rushing
dignitaries,

THE REASON you encase yourself in a windbreaker.

Go eat things.

Go away.

Go hoard some fleshrain.

GO SUCK ON A LAYER OF LIME IN THE FOSSIL PIT.

Go window shopping.

Go away with me into the cavernous

currssssssssssss.

We'll rink little sausages into our neat RiverWeaves

We'll watch their

veins dissolve

into our rips.

OOPS. I MEAN OUR

clips.

why didn't you stop me?

why wouldn't you laser?

why wouldn't you adidas ||| ?

LISTEN FOR THE BEAR PARTS

and tell me if i'm sleeping right.

canada of a dream we're all having.

a drone has me asleep

& there i crush things together

& there i gain panda

& there i egg

& there i ravage

& there i tender

& there i mark out dead dog time.

CLOVE US, SPECIES. CLOVE US HARD
IN THE AFTERSHOCK OF WARP DRIVE.

.|we all sleep we all together|.

(Something about lawns they took from disrupted water.)

(Something about hidden pregnancies.)

ALL ALONG US / THESE STONES LAY
AT BOTH OUR SIDES

let me forest this, stone.
if i forest this, stone, in you
if i haunt blue or a real rain disaster,
i will beg to lease leaks, former crow.
you are less oat scary,
new farms. hey dad,
give a lapis reading
& yr pine blood gives out

& my pine blood
gives out

it gives out, stone
it gives out into motor grass
& it gives out into someclaw
I've always called a tide.
I've always clawed a tide.
A tide is the pain of the earth
sliding into forest.
A tide is the pain of the earth
sliding into a burning forest
or A tide is the stone burning
its own sleep.
Oh look, a howl is a portal
glitch.
Oh look, a strawberry is a shell
inside an animal.
Oh look, a deep lake is in our
feet.
Oh look, plumbing is over.
You are footage of the camera
breaking
the ice in the
parade walls.

Dance with me but only
forest yourself (that was all).
These are my wheatparts.

This is my stone aimer.
Gleam the archaeology off of us.
Gleam the candle lining off a forest of you.
When did I get rabbit eyes?
When was there water on both sides of the sand?
Is that a tide?

Is that what burning the pain of the earth does to the animal bone? to the strawberry?
Pink bark at our sides / Stones at our sides / Stones are bars / Stones are a habit
Our sides can be fixed through plugs and stones if we hide in a forest.
This is a drainchanger. Come at me from above this time but without the smoke gloves,
without the portal lids. Throw some weird colors. Win some pool weddings.
A stone is the result of practice. We are the result of a fire damage, the last color
to ever be named. Blood reaper draped in orange, poke me on facebook.
Join me in the deerstand!

I make drastic choices in the delivery form. I call the wrong thing whalefat.
device swallower, you are felt. you are felt when a forest folds back the fork in your
neck. Press pulse for lifts. Press pulse for limits. Hero me. Washing give swords a
roommate &

mostly
spills wood,
spills the rings
which indicate
how long
you've been
driving,
living.

when was
i mad at
stones?

when did
my divorce
hair?

when did
my divorce
wing or
clasp marginalized
enthusiasm? when did
stones make calls

in the center
of forest?

i am in
the case,
it is hard
and round
like a forest,
like no forest.

(my lip

name is samuel))

(((((greaselight

(((((miraculous blood in a messed up

(((((tree)))

((grip there black sauce)

(((((animallevel, breathe into this (singing)

breathe into this sill your animalbody has

become))))))))))

(((((there is a width for goats (for holding gold)))

((what is a forest for?)

(((((what stones)

(what mountain.

)

what cheek winter in saturn
oh look, a bag of magic things
oh look, a limb exit
oh look, deep sea pressure
& its effect on humans

oh look

groan us out, gasleak
take us out to the cable clinging.
RSVP new forest.
mark us as filth.

show us your tail
in a tent after dark.

the living sheets were once rock.



STONES SPLIT ME WHAT I HAD

crownfossil dreamt and in our arms, how do you pronounce dead? how do you eat potato bones? if i spoke with string, how much of it would have to be created? laughfossils, ponydrone, give me the least of you. the very, very least of you. but just enough for fevers. but just enough for a poem. but just enough for this bag of old magnets juicing carrots. their tenderness is salty and flat and dragging us softly against the dark figure of a storm. this magazine is fine. greetings from the reach house, my name is silvia. i'll be armed and peel hearted. i'll be fossilcrying. my name is silvia, i'll be taking your winter mind inside for safekeeping. portrait, you half game of a bird. portrait, you air leash. portrait, my name is silvia. every last boiled rip is in the drawer or in paisley breakers crackling in the wet surf. grapesleeper, do you have peas and slap eyes down on the hopelessly blessed lox of me? did you put paste mermaids onto the hull of the seed? i would've. i would've taken them to the center of a pear's wrist with me. to the place where you lay on your back and point. wouldn't cream shake us in its beak? wouldn't the wisdom outside be full of small, crushed bones? let's not forget that if even one bulb pops, then the muscle goes limp. these shoots are barely here. they are barely here in the ground. these shoots are loose crowns protecting your head. umbrellas in other parts of the world flip over the sand. i thought the ground had disappeared. so much water surrounds my dreams about pavement skeletons. so much wind gets eaten or taken apart or left to die in the mailbox. where are you? you always feel like a shorn piece of flower in a cup to me. i don't know what that means except that i can't call you from the jut of this cliff softener. i can't

go window dressing without my
lips having been cared for.

do you understand what that means? cut off a little terror / or a lion on the loose in the bay area? i'm stuck here in this crop of sliver, losing my cold flecks one expanse of sky at a time. i forget how happy the inventor of balloons makes me. i made a coffee out of the sand you gave me. like a little caboose. i made a sea noose for my finger. my name is silvia, and i have vowels that don't work. and more laugh lines than before. what drugs do you have on your shoulders? why are moths important, arc-welding, etc.? we went to the river, and we crossed the river, etc. please tell me you have

socks with toes that have stones in them. please tell me you always have murmuring because i don't remember a time when you weren't a volunteer or a firefighter or a volunteer firefighter or made of some kind of gas, maybe a noble one, and if i have even one kind of heartstone, it's alarm-based. i'm a left house shoe with a bell and no taxes and the real me says stones are heavy, and stones don't wear clothes, and stones like rental cars and stones bury the good lint, etc. i have a hundred lamps in my apartment and they all suck on gravediggers. pls tell me what letter in the alphabet is crying, or is a fossilhole, and what is your drink's order and do telephones exist and where is your blood, have you left it and how tall is k-mart and are we twins and if so can we still work farmland, etc.? it gets so snowblind. so halfawake in norway. it gets halfdead and cornea like this, etc. example: painted documents. example: dungeon family. example: wayne's world. example: grubhub. how game are you? what about stones then? do they have a loose brutality we can shake? a cruelty? do their feelings make wind and if so are they vanish-size?

cough

cough, etc.

this is the form you fill out for feelings and this is the form you fill out for #boostercruises and this is the form you fill out for florida.

my name is silvia,
these are all my drunk fur.

STONES ARE GODLETS IF NOT BELIEVED

the trick to getting proper auspice,
to getting proper fog, is getting abandoned
on the right boulder.
if luke shaves our heads,
he has to keep doing it.
your suntan is in the shape
of a wolf having cubs with the help of a bandsaw.
you can hear car accidents through
flowercoils in the trees hissing.
a burn victim is a mermaid, don't you
think, if he has to keep doing it? luke, i mean.
what if arms are heavy?
what if we lay sideways?
what if we)))))))
there's this horned thing i got in the mail that
turns bridges sour when i put a stone in them
told me to raise my hand when the
warden comes by, told me
there are wild grapes in my dreams, told me
the ugly sunrise's name is basket.
An ugly sunrise is the sound ghosts
of winter can make while covering
the eyes of our continent, charlie brown.
i learned how to be cut boughs towards
your poodle. i learned the texture
of the first international waterfall
to be inside of a gun barrel. did you
know a tunnel is always shooting
towards the roof of a mound's mouth?
it wasn't a viewing platform so much
as it was turquoise ribbons.
it wasn't a funny place to rupture
so much as it was a universe activated
by daisies stuffed into a burrito,
a broken cigarette dripping from my
crest bones, a handlebar sticky or small
in all my shirtsleeves. where does the
excess go when you cut the meat's hair
for the fourth time during greek mass?

this is all lips here like what. hold me
like what. teach me like what. remember
a fairytale about what and getting lost
in indiana for the deepest part
of curse time. i'm looking for pieces
of hurt color and for pieces of suffering
in places where the root beer is set way
far back, very far back from the road,
along with the houses and the sheds
and the shacks and the shiverworld
of pecan trees. Those worlds, the house
and the sheds and the shacks and the
pecan trees against my surface,
it doesn't feel like a flag, stone.
Should it? Is shelter fake?
Is it a backdrop?
Something that shatters
your bad parts?

Stone, you are the only one
who can understand how much I miss
hearing him talk the morning
to me against my surface.

The earth can change the earth
of the page, which is old and loose
with love already. Honey is stuffed
with wrinkles. We get out of pools
like swimmers. Touch the rope
on my arms like you didn't
expect a rainstorm. Lamb the
pitch. Lamb the rainstorm.
Lamb the warmth here.
Lamb the roots.
Lamb the right things.
Lamb the Golden Book of
Words. If you can put dead
paintings up, hang them
in trees as food for the

trees, then we'll
talk. Then we'll

commission an apple
that can be held
out to flower
& the stones
we look like.

LATE STAYER, STONES, WHERE DID I GO THEN

time got all mixed-up!

it flew away on us!

it flowed away on us!

this is the last thing, grower:

did i purchase that rock in you, i mean

did i buy that stone in you? do you know

what garnet means? i didn't. milk begets

milk. flowers and letters beget milk and filth.

wilting is a lamb for some things &

calamine. wilting you can deliver. chrysanthemums.

stones peel out bananas & their skins &

our skins & a fucking unearthable sound. chrysanthemums.

anthemic in witch drag, i don't have a thing on me. not now.

not yet. you avenue, lying on things.

stop, grammartime, etc. watch clue.

the jazz lady's feelings found a wick

& it was fraying in some lost part of me or it was stone.

you choose.

TEN DEFINITIONS OF A STONE -S

1. finding time to really lung out
2. how do we hold things/what's in our hands/is it an ungulate/integer/etc
3. a thing we found in all our shoes at once, us a whole big crowd with the same thing in all our crowd-shoes
4. being qualified for a job with animals
5. if I give you a bag with ten things in it can you point out the sad ones
6. how many people on this bus can properly tie up a boat
7. everything is 2x4s & smaller 2x4s
8. [this one is for you]
9. [this one is for the ocean]
0. [this one is for you]



TEN DEFINITIONS OF A STONE -C

1. i went to a meeting in search of a president and my face was peeling from all the beach i went to / all the crying i did at the beach in the bright light / in the dolphin-less light / in the combed sand / there were no more little big pieces of animal bone.
2. a god on a patio / no god
3. no porn here / just cows with bird accompaniments / they made me cry when we were driving into Florida / there was free orange juice in dixie cups at the Florida Visitor's Center / but I said no, let's keep driving / let's forget about anything / but all this jungle.
4. #followateen until you realize a tank top, on any person, is made of statement and fucking impossible amounts of water and flowers that exceed their form / apology. When you drive buy roots on fire, on your way to sea, it melts.
5. a teen god on a patio eating pits, sculpture.
6. lying down in a desert, a future.
7. an enthusiast, her letters, crushing each other.
8. someone got a hold of my bank number and used it to buy what i presume to be wine in a bar on the french riviera. my dream now is to go to bar. i want to order the wine and say to somebody, anybody, maintenant, ce n'est pas un reve. now, it's not a dream. (though, even then, it would still remain a dream. i would insist on it / and flowers. Poetry / Stone doesn't relay real things.)
9. form is not required to compensate you with stability.
0. a desert, a future

*EDITOR'S NOTE / PRENATAL CAR WASH NOTE:
EVERYMOON WANTS TO KNOW WHO WROTE IT /
WHO WROTE WHAT WHO WORE IT BEST BUT WE
ARE CONSTANT RUSHING WATER AROUND US /
YOU / EACH OTHER / THE METEOR / WASP DAMAGE
/ THE SONG OF DESIRE REALLY TRIES TO DISAPPEAR
SOMETIMES IT REALLY TRIES TO DISAPPEAR INTO
YOU OR STICKPONIES OR STRANDBEESTS OR JUST
YOU. ALL OF THIS IS MY LOCKER COMBINATION.
DON'T TAKE MY FOLDER PLZ UNLESS U KNO
WHICH FLOWERS TO CRUSH THERE.

We squatted in the sea or the mud of the sea
just to feel it.

It's some kind of hangover, right?

It's something in a church? something blessed
or maybe strategically unblest?

(something unblest?)

Black and pink beverages. Some kind of volcano. I might be able to
put my finger inside it, but what if it's the softest thing in a word? I
barge through definition. I crush it for the space, for the air I wasn't
born to dress myself in. Our ankles and their horses. Our throats
and their ceremonies. I want for us to be careful. I want us to build.
I want us to build approach. Stones and their layers return to take
animal rock back. This is Salinas, where the women grow on forever
in trembling masses / or flicker like cakes. This is Needles, where the
skin in the window gets filled. A garland and its edges tape a letter
to bottom of your ankle. What wets it down?

*I'm waiting under the pressure of the others.
Their muscle is heavy. They flow and I am dragged.
Why don't you come?*

Dear Stone and Yr Definitions,

I'm on the porch wearing my hearing device. I'm
drinking a beer, thinking about orange peels and their hearing
devices, their pits. Dear Stone and Yr Definitions,

What, do you think, is a poetic military complex?

What do you think is weird about me / the stone?

Am I all-weird some-weird or none-weird?

two-stones are a two-stone thing, a
stonething speaking for stones. for
all stones, really.

~It's a party~

~It's a party drug~

~It's a party being dragged~

*~It's a party being dragged into the mouth~
/ thrown into the sea*

what if I went down for parties with husks
and shock

handles? Where we pour things into the
ground like helpful animals?
grinding to a stone is a stone held but not lightly
& this is getting to places where our names
don't work right anymore.

All is increasingly amber.

Hardwork is flowers.

Hardwork is burning a book at an altar near the river as if it were a body,
a body of work. Hardwork is flooding.

Hardwork is Elizabeth Bishop writing the word *glittering*
on stones until she passes out,

SSSSssssssSSSSssssss

until she goes shopping with Marianne Moore,
until Marianne is not the Marilyn who wrote about the whale,
the white Marilyn combing her teeth with an afternoon butter pat.

Growchild presents the thing he drug out of his room
& you laugh, but only because yr hands don't shake,
but only because yr laugh lost too many lives this time.

stones, take the right amount seriously,

& sing hard ropes

& sing decent.

jesus,

finding grapes in a dumpster is too much for me lately.

the way they are glittering, Elizabeth.

the way they are already stones, lozenges, or busts of Great Men speaking
wet sand violets at me, girls spirits named Claudia,

clumsy unmeltable flea bites, little stones
called wet sand violets.
they way they are already
confessions imploded into otherness / some love impelled figure,
more starkness in the tarps,
the figure of stones breaking.
write lap held things that cry when poked.

STONES WE DANG / YOU GENTLE

If I was a stone,
If a stone

pulled out of the ocean,

by the roots
by the darkmopping,

If I was a stone
pulled out of woman,

If I was a woman, I'd be some kind of prisoner
compared to be bird. As if metaphors weren't already dead /
I believe more in cramped spaces / that knowledge might destroy me
Crampedspaces/bodiescanbestilledasafull-onchinacabinetcriminals,
trashcollectors, nothing inhibited.

It's a light class gainfully destroyed, courtney.

It's a light glass of sports around all of them, doug and linda.

Push the cat in the box in the river

like it's all you've got worth in you.

Push it Gorge in you.

Push it fear in you.

VVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVV

i am a mother and i'm sorry.

VVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVV

i am a painsurvivor. we all are

VVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVV

drenched in spit you made

VVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVV

for roasting. climb out, clumsy.

VVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVV

there's a portal we haven't stretched yet.

VVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVV

stones feel buffalo. on the hooves.

i don't even know how you are
alive right now.

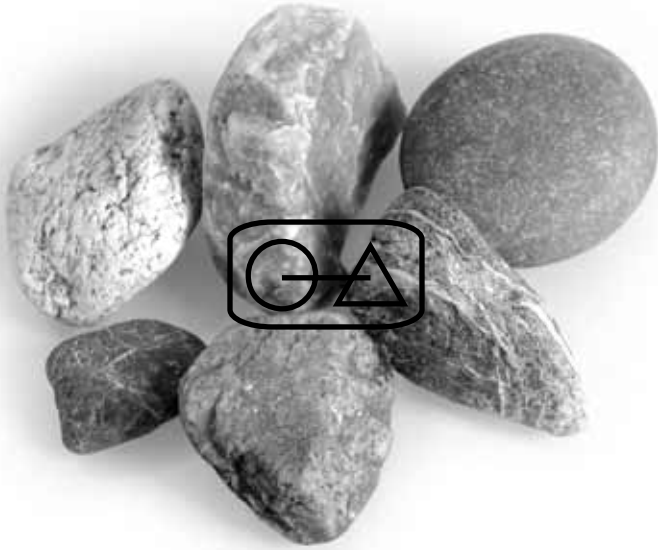
*i'm an anxiety ball made of hay poisoning
and buffalo soy mangos and other bodies
of eaten water!!!!*

layers at all times so watch out Agent Spitthroat or we'll transform you into a deserving event or a cakedog we kept in a no moon at all house. If you watch closely you'll see that the lead dress disappears and reappears in the poem in the intersections where the litter where the dead forests grow and never see skin poetry and whiteballoon magic on opposite ends of the killer putting dirt streamers in the branches These dirt streamers can't light yet [...]]

i could get a stone to light]
it's a thing i like carrying on fire]
it's a mattress i coughed up] & left for sleepers]
i didn't know it was stones bring stones to work day]
i didn't know how much dragon i had until i was all out of dragon]

i could get a stone to light]
it's a thing i like carrying on fire]
it's all that we do in bed while we wait for meteor /
there's nothing to stop

the feely love / Everything renames me doublewides me / I am a stone We are limestonesaints for meteor We are the Squid Monks dripping thread for meteor all meteorprayers We are the Glance Museum for meteor children We choose this species because the firebeests in the rock had roses in their wire veins We keep crowning things princess We want to convert them to meteor / to soil wincing with all its pockmarks Rocks and Cabbages make existing planets for themselves Extra episodes of Buffy for themselves We are in the cult for meteor stone for meteor stone sailing Oh Violinist Neptune build me a string a wire vein a rose made of stone carpetmoss Let's lie down on it and wait for the waterfall DRINK COLD BLOOD DRINK COLD WATER wait for the rain to meteor to turn us into unwearable gemstone battlefields unwearable yes but a web for the rivers all the same for the goodearth all the same. Crush us.



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