

# FRAGMENT

THERE'S NOTHING LIVING HERE,  
ONLY SEA SHELLS WARPED TO THE SHAPES  
OF THEIR EXILED RESIDENTS,  
TRINKETS FROM THE KINGDOM OF CHILDHOOD.

THE FORECAST CALLS FOR WHITE PHOSPHOROUS  
WITH OCCASIONAL SUN BREAKS  
BARREL BOMBS IN THE AFTERNOON,  
AND IN THE EVENING  
CHECKPOINTS AND FALLING TEMPERATURES.

WE REACH FOR WHAT IS USEFUL,  
A SKIN TO WEAR BETWEEN WEATHER  
PATTERNS, A FLAME RESISTANT FAITH,  
HOPE ENOUGH  
TO FIT INTO OUR BACKPACKS.

Floating  
LANDSCAPE