



Lorca says, *the duende loves the rim of the wound.*

There's a small crater in your chest your breath falls into at grief o'clock—it's like a section

of paddock fence blew down in a Nor'easter and now your heart just keeps running unguarded.



No going back to a previous body. No tag backs, we used to say. This tuning fork

vibrates forever after it's struck. They call a storm like that a microburst. You will

never praise what happened: two beloveds gone from their bodies during those long months

when hospitals were overrun with the dead. No, you are not able to love the crater

or the crater's edge. Maybe the edge of the edge—the pebbly skin the wind catches on and ripples.



A place like the mutt you rescued and feed and walk, who, seven years later, still growls sometimes

at your touch. You stroke his scraggly black hair avoiding his black eyes. You keep each other alive.



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Poet **Gibson Fay-LeBlanc**'s second book is *Deke Dangle Dive*. His poems have appeared in *Poetry Northwest*, *Orion*, and elsewhere. **Lauren Woods** is an artist who explores concepts of mythic time and embodied expression through painting, dance, and video.