



Topology

Everything is full when I remember to look.
A box packed with love letters layered in a particular order,

kept flat by the lid's steady palm. A quilt
made of thin veils whose fraying edges

melt under the small yellow curl of a match.
Piano keys bowing under trained hands in quick,

random succession, the air dense with stacks of sound.
Our colors don't grow old, but fade into the next life

where moss is woven into mountains,
and tiny needles litter the welts of the forest floor.

Everything is a vein when you stand still.

Blood is only one kind of traveler. Bark is another, and the sun
bleaching it, and mushrooms holding in all that life

like parentheses around a secret too big to keep. Strange things
become mirrors under light and pressure, like trees carved into letters.

I remember looking up at the trees who will keep us in their minds
long after we're gone, stacked underneath their tall bodies

like forgotten mementos, dusting in the box of the earth,
our color leaching, dying, gliding up into their golden veins.

Artist: Sara Tabbert, Poet: Raquel Gordon

This broadside is a "Switcheroo;" the poem was written in response to the art.
Broad-sided, Issue 20.1, Spring 2024. www.broad-sidedpress.org