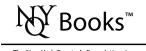
Between Twilight

Connie Post



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First Edition

Set in New Baskerville

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What to Say

Why speak of sorrow when it slips out of the mouths of the broken birds clutching to the telephone lines

why speak of regret when the black feral cat runs into the hedges upon your turn into the drive

why speak of rage when the car skids on the slick ice in the opposite direction of your intentions

why tell anyone about the secret paralysis that seizes you during sleep

why speak to the rabid moon when the crickets are muted and starving on the dark

Estrangement

It's not like it happens suddenly you step off a curb agree to take a little time away

maybe take a trip to another city

you look out the window of the bus as the streets pass by

a few weeks go by a small building collapses

then it's months and a road buckles and the signs reroute you to a small town

a metal bridge sways in the distance you are not sure you can cross it again

you live in your house made of clay and sin every day the river runs higher to the underside of the bridge

and soon twenty years of silence has passed

you watch a burning city from far away and notice a pigeon flying towards you gaining speed pulling the sky's edges with it

finally landing carrying its message to an unmarked grave

Auto Immune

One part of the body turns against the other

reacts as if an enemy has invaded

the war against friendly fire goes on for years possibly decades

one doctor after another gives pills in doses unrecognizable to your broken mouth

late at night you read one medical article after another trying to understand why the armed forces attacked a sovereign place in the body

you toss and turn the siege goes on

you sleep you love you banish yourself from your own bed

you watch yourself line up words inside your mind a small army encroaching from afar

Between Twilight

Let's start with destruction the decomposed bones and walls collapsing after a strong wind

then go back to how it was before wholeness before meteors fell like rain

before shadows understood their thirst for light

before our bodies became capsules for sorrow before you or I
had a name
and the nebulae and galaxies
accepted me
just as I was
broken
celestial

waiting for a small portal in the world waiting for a place to enter a womb that needed an opening a place for the dust of stars to reconfigure themselves as me

Arc of Evening

A thousand moons fracture the sky

the paleolithic timeline cracks like a concrete bridge after a catastrophic earthquake

the timeline
reverses itself
back to cro-magnon man
back to rock and stone and loneliness

back before Neanderthal man before flint made fire before Orion had a name

there were trees
who hid smaller creatures
there were swamps and fields
who find me when I am alone
swimming in the ancient creases of dark

I toss and turn – take a pill to make me drift back

I use my opposable thumb to close the prescription bottle

I enter the twisted sheets
as the medications take hold
I am immersed
in the secret rituals of sleep
from a tribe long ago
how a small child
will cry out when she is falling
and the sound will travel
across the worlds
across the rivers of mystery and shamanism

calling to me like a century that never saw itself burning