

*Films
for first
light*

for Beatrice Gibson
by CAConrad

we
want
a ticket to
see through one
another but cannot
find the box office
slice of light drawn
across our faces
trying to fit
the statue
back into
the quarry
there is pain
in this process
internal atmosphere
colliding with friends
we begin to realize
preparation or
prayer are
choices

on the train platform
there's a skeleton
standing
inside
my
body
to be is to belong
cultivate practice of
opening tap
between lovers
keep it open all night
I may never know
if the birdsong's
intentions have
anything to do
with how they
make me feel
but I do know
when the song
gets me
dancing
there's a
skeleton
dancing
inside
my
body

each thread
added to the
loom was a
moment of the
weaver's life
end of the
world how
did you get
in my imagination
we will not align
with the stone
column
tipping
into the sea
since the day
I arrived
I have
not wanted
to leave

everyone's
drawing the
Death Card
the chair
pressing
four legs
against
a
thought
amplifying
Thanatos
over our
dome of
sleep
I met an
old chicken
the rarest
of chickens
we spent the
day inspecting
every bit of life
in a field
gone
wild