THE SHIFT

by David Tomaloff

Tooth parade &windpipe; leaves &damage, &shifts of shape. How we make ourselves of soil &hide our whispers in the hollows of trees. The coming clatter &the rattling of a band of freaks—winsomely ratty &sparkling of old crimson. Day is a time, to us, foregone; that brittle glue that kept us safe from the ancient animals we harbored in our hearts.

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