

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.

