Blackout

by Paul McQuade

love, i am a miner.
follow where the earth runs blackest.
forsake glass; structure; light;
the impermanence of here,
or there, or you, or i.
sink into chasms, drown
in the diamond tide of the abyss:
arterial constellations
across nebulas
of pulsing memory.
undone in the dark,
voices echo until
more than one.
communication through
sightless embraces,
heartspans studded
with stalagmites,
bridges built without hands.
arcing above the needle-maw
and its fanged allegiance,
a path starred into the night.
follow where the soul flickers
its morse message of
unmaking.
beneath subway veins,
an invisible network
of lovelines.
switches set to
sudden silence.

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