

Swarm

by stephen hastings-king

I send pronouns on walkabouts to where there are only planes and light, to where the language organism lives and you can see the systems of words and the ways they contain all skaters and turns and ways of leaning into them just as sewing kits contain all clothes, to where there is nothing but duplicate worlds made from nouns and the ways they hang in the air like bats and verbs and the dense colonies they grow in and the ways they swarm when you point or move.

