

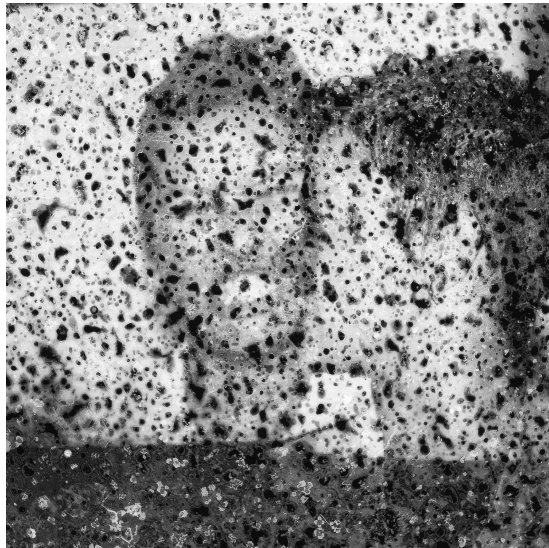
*An Old Love I Didn't Come Out For*¹

Skeletal limestone carved like the Ear
Of Dionysius, with whispering-gallery waves
In two concave, parabolic dishes passing
A low wail through vowel and mammal;

Had ardor, amour, expels through the blowhole
Of two flexing orcas, and I think you can hear

The rainwater—and see the calcium carbonate icicles,
Bones, cliffs, and scree tied together over fifty
Thousand years, or what clinches like it, as salty
Stalagmites make glass out of me—gathered from zilch

Proof, but metamorphic rock marble from a self-
Imposed despair I try to vacuum, sucking each crystal
Askew, cave occupying debris clockwise: myself, my
Shadow, and the clumped paint, repelling off poly tarp—



2

¹ By Prince Bush, published in *Beyond the Frame*, Diode Editions

² “An Old Love I Didn’t Come Out For” was published alongside this image by Patty Paine as a response