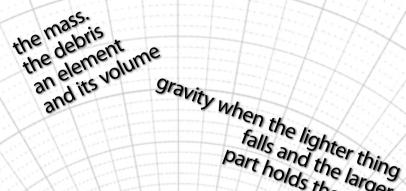
gravity



Part holds the larger my magnet skin is coated with weather with ash with tears bonded by eraser dust

i angle in the light half at brilliant as the sun springs off the glisten of my arm

> the edges of my shadow half shift and leave

i raise my hand to interupt the sun. the bird that dropped the ghost is gone.

> this feather falls away from me and settles for nothing

i remark to the sky 'this is complete'. i shift, turn and leave behind the story that told itself

i feel jubilation and have nothing left to say