

By Nathan Shepherdson

- 22. following the taillights in a dream along the mountain pass locally known as 'the ice box' white lines doused in memory \rightarrow absolved on undertaker tar \rightarrow (ignite)
- 4. the fog that walks into you never lifts but lifts your body onto its untilled tongue where your words are pollinated by hand
- 21. & when her eyelashes were found as splinters in unknown hands only the photographs were left to take the difficult questions about when her body would be returned
- rinsing a cloud in grief greyglo rheum yawns through cracks in a Shelley cup cool lava seams exhaled through the calligrapher's hand
- 16. the magnitude of \rightarrow when \leftarrow your lips were moved by someone other than yourself the accidental unable to fall within its own definition as witness statements are salvaged from those who were not there
- 19. ears shout their mysteries at the same language that turns stone to bread or preserves the skin from an apology to transmit compound hope through the ribs of a dying star
- the talk was about attaining a certain state ← how in slim moments a mirror could be gently torn into strips so they could reassemble themselves as each other
- 5. they strip sleep from the windows until they all break in complete harmony with your last breath
- 18. $or \rightarrow under \ a \ cloudless \ sky$ how rain poured within the circumference of your umbrella and how it fell clear but pooled red
- in the bottom drawer of all things a folio of sketches packed in an ear-rustle of tissue where exquisite lines record salt forms left from dried tears
- *10.* your soul smuggled out in a hollow stalk of fennel 3 hairs encased in the wax head of 1 ordained match punished or unpunished ideas gauge regrowth in their livers

- evicted from your animal form the spine from your body and the spine from your shadow hang like shoelaces over a gold doorknob
- *17*. heron-hymned feet firm on either side of the creek her swaying body perhaps 30 metres tall as she swallows oncoming arrows dipped in honey
- to flirt at this depth with an anchor unsure if it can hold its own weight or iron mind kelp-combed on the sea floor of an unintended world
- 14. this is the current turning the pages of books in a shipwreck a seahorse puppet-plays the movement in liquid maths in sync with an undulating photo of a hummingbird in its pink hibiscus
- *11*. the 12 steps from this entrance to your image requires only 11 steps on the way down slippage in the numbers that donate a percentage of yourself to the unregistered charity in which your body as adhesive matter is injected into the time you were alive
- *20*. these calcium-set machines in which oil needs to weep to keep them moving the theoretical pitch at which doors simply dissolve instead of open the auto-luminescent quick escapes the nails to paint these lines from my hand to yours
- *13*. through a biscuit stack of lenses in a glasshouse Jupiter's Galilean moons become visible 4 dots that found their orbit after falling off the faces of dice in their universal crowd 400 years before ← named as Zeus' lovers 400 years after → your name affixed to earth
- blindfolded she stops on the spot where truth infiltrates the ground small kikuyu continents edge along the fault lines of a question where 22 crow feathers are inserted quill-first into transplanted green
- *15*. are there scriptures in the first rays of the sun or is it simply a loyalty to death that persists in auditioning time as our celestial accountant
- it's rare for any of us to meet the anointed shadow whose job it is to memorise our lives to keep the appointment never made always broken yet never missed to sit together to cut the apple to discover full stops instead of seeds
- *12*. this is the spur \leftarrow that will emerge on the heel of a wooden crucifix to prove your walk into eternity