

Half-Life of Krill

J C TALAMANTEZ

in the time between being / overfed
on constellations

now I know what fragility was under us

in a crash of
paradise earth / the fanged
esoteric gallow

so I leave it to you to say
what things are

though we both know / to see it again
isn't the same
a slim frisson of memory

to a sense of space / strange heart
of adult

and the river had verged there / full of faith
and sky's edge

by evening
under the faces of bur oak

each of us
irrational with our secrets

I became dangerous
germinal

though after all you were very dear to me

and finally I have learned
to be gentle on any
flesh of others

though it were as
bones swimming

taxidermic / under skin
then jawset on

