

Cintia Santana

strata

soon after we evening we wild with song
we river silt mudrock beach sand and lunette
limestone afterlife lamina key bed and bed
we quiver folded we folded quake
in a world full of history fissure, feeling we gap and we break
scarred world vestige we lap we lake
uptilted graywacke siltstone sandstone, red
we tilted animal blood on the tongue
world and we shade-shy of broken we herd and we here
treasure and rupture star-stippled seam
yolk *soft step* urge of words under
snowballing universe nocturnal fabric to which we are sewn

