

POETRY

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By Logan Simonson

secrete from the stone throat,
goo of the monolithic ribcage,

of the stone coil, the rock bolt
of fabric of tissue, lung of the earth.

it yells in reds, and melts, announcing
a conjugation of the land which

is fugitive, that runs from its clotting
parts—a short motion before coagulating.

the sight exists outside of speech,
(though there are terms for

the blood of a dome coming and
the gushing of earthen scab,

and though onlookers know at once
the tongues of inside out) for

magmata is stone-water; mineral
juice, and words are

letters-water. platelets harden
before passing.

onlookers know, too,
the voice of igneous hush.