

Subconvict

Life is stop

a whirlwind of
carbon arrests me
as I rest in
stop

a metaphor
encroaches the mind as a
crow unfurls the morning
dew into the sun
with a smile and a
winKeno
thousands of doll-
heart-beats surge my
protector nulling my flow
of blue ink in my
traffic jammed
veins of which
stop

vanity stems from the mirror
of my **e**
yes into the night
shift and the fork-
wound **a wake**
ning of dawn
stop

The Wolf