

## IN RIVER

We were in an intestine  
after collapse had swallowed up all business.

Ciliate walls half-limpid  
and backlit.

Rhythmic, the cough

the ciliate sweep went along  
with (which soft peristaltic

churn carried all things forward).  
Colors were badgered with what

dim cloth called “drab” left just enough orange light  
uncovered like a cheek a candle hides

behind, streaked lantern-  
glass the thin roleplay

skin has a way of  
slipping into when stretched in front of flame.

Veins’ silhouette, lit  
membrane.

Scintillant flit

the walls’ cilia looked could catch that light with,  
panicked swish an accurate mime to fish sides

striving in capture,  
gills murmuring surrender, strangling air.