

# A CLOCKWORK INDIGO

KYLE TURNER

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under emerald eyes  
i, try harder  
each day – like, basalt  
reaching out from icy  
fissures – like, the mind  
is an island  
and these savage thoughts  
have purpose.

there's a complex web  
of jungle trails  
spun orbiting the moon  
exhaling youth  
in the name of sacrifice  
– like, gold wings  
chanting unspoken verses  
once scribed in quicksand.

i count backwards  
in the memory of lies –i  
connect constellations  
like lizard tails and slug  
slimed abstractions of a reality  
now forgotten.  
if the crumbling  
sidewalks could talk –  
would the image of god[s]  
remain the same.

# REINCARNATION

KIRSTEN BUTLER

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Some say they believe in reincarnation  
Past lives, coming around again

Birth and rebirth, round and round  
Karmic swirl in the Buddha's eternal trough,

I think I might believe it too, sometimes  
Sometimes if I sit quiet and still

I think I can remember - I was an old woman once.

I've seen her in my visions, this dowdy old thing  
Baggy clothes, worn sandals, mousey bun hair

Stooped over a small thin garden, dirty hands working  
Clawing at grass blades, sowing seeds, hard work, good work.

A child playing at her feet, a familiar toothy smile  
He laughs and kicks at wandering dirt bugs.

These past life mirages just fodder for fantasy yet  
I think can remember – I was this old woman once.

Yes, she is me and I am her, we are one and the same  
Long ago, ancient history. Once upon a time in 1991.