

**P Sazani**

**“Poem about how to merge with a storm - DRAFT 5/?”**

An object is a thing you can put your mouth on. Show me how to swell.

Say, *how far, how long, how loud*. How blue. If reaching is dangerous. If you draw a line in the dust — *please, take P into and away*. Or press me into and up the hillside. Put my mouth against the ground and say, *but if I’m afraid of porosity*. How to put your mouth on a sound. How to touch a swarm — a vacuum of language. If you kneel I will kneel too.



**Ana Cecilia Alvarez**

**“NEAR”**

God told me if I painted it enough times  
I could have it. Daisy chains of facts  
Bangle on your ankles as you cross a field  
And with a flick of the wrist, whole epics

Dissolve into the grains of sand you dust off  
Your heels. You step inside, make some soup, ignore  
The recipe, paint the brick with shards of sea  
Glass. Look how the light turns your clavicle green

For grazing. I reach for a spoon to dip into  
The stew between us but you disarm me  
And tighten your grip, lick your whiskers and whisper  
Love, if you don't believe in God don't

Quote her.

