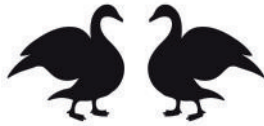


MARK DECARTERET

THE STORMING



mine will never
be poetry in the way
that theirs is
will never be less
than this hubris
or an after-thought
& never the heft
& vertiginous mess
their eyes have
stared down from
their consciousness
or half-shoveled &
half easily slipped
between covers
unlike the thousands
of words I won't ever
be able to speak for
(where I've been &
then back supposedly)
& that similar white
I have returned to me
having filled myself up

on all the shit
they've avoided
w/one blackest slash
after another