

# Anathallo, Northern Lights

You paper cut the air above the tundra when you came back in silence, in sheets, and the neighbor  
Wrap me back into the womb.

The first thought is fear, and brother, it emits a crippling bend.

A shame you can't know that you carry until you've seen it offered down.

Watching shielded in the silence, shielded in the knowledge that has no use for language.

Standing on the lawn at a distance.

Watching shielded in the silence, shielded in the knowledge that has no use for language.

Standing on the lawn until you wish to be crushed in its collisions.

You paper cut the air above the tundra when you came back in silence, in sheets and the neighbor