

Shannon Wright, Flask Welder

Long before this deserted map
You use to dim to light
The person you show one use to believe
The facet has blurred the link
You boil the greatest of lakes
You lid the envelope of monsoon
Your mar hushes my frame
You lid the envelope of monsoon
Your gilded eye
Your sharpened speech
You use to lend the light
A flask welder
Your jaunty trade
You use to pry the weight