

Shannon Wright, You Hurry Wonder

This frost you stand in
It draws on wobbled legs
This sway is stabled
I gnaw through your gate
You sort what I bend
You jar me for relief
This canter is guided
This room I pace
You hurry wonder
And fasten it in
You idle my forfeit
My dire you mend
The uproar is cautious
The error absent
This order is frantic
For the marvel you'll send