

### 5.22.23

Here comes the molding face  
of the sun    unseen until I  
said it set it searing rouge  
read as  
the devil of childhood picturebooks    bleeding out the  
porous page of sky

Horned    whiplashed    ravenous exile down  
the street connecting streets under same sun  
til stranger eyes    hands    pressing mouths  
agape    they sound the devil round into less  
matter    or matter unbound    it is & is not  
knotted in my blood    a question  
of inheritance    & the management of light

**3.33 mi | 34:31**

