

epiphany

by jp thorn

after angela carter

there was a house we all had in common
& it was called the past,
even though we'd lived
in different rooms our thoughts
came in doses, little ants march ideas
into bodies & fulfill us with light,
subtle knife, burns internal
& keeps me so warm,
warmth that stars could never fill,
no human could ever compare to
as i lay here, lifted by something i know
could not be my spirit alone