

Spells The Blue
by Jeremy Luke Hill

Cloud spells the blue
it's vast labour,
covers the dread
of our scant selves

in occluded
sky, recedes, haunts
the horizon's
unending edge;

its hazed azure
makes opaque for
us the plunged crest
of vertigo

– the surgeons will
take her left breast,
give back life in
percentages –

– secrete their pills
subcutaneous,
poison to a pause
her potency –

– mark her futures
in mammograms
that should but don't
take half the time –