

A seismic blink awoke her
and the city, the entire diagram
lapping at her feet,
unfixed

This soot begins me
she agreed

My amalgam is,
she whispered
this light running down my arm
the trickling orange onto steely emerald

The hues enforcing
a tremble of new thoughts
scaling from her crown
to a manhole deep beneath

Black sky sirens
in a first-person body
calling to attention,
alerting "Seek your Source"

Her fugue began
at first a loop and then a din
song repeating

"Gates of sunset closing soon,
See my hovering low Sky, abide me..."

From every angle
her entity pooled, her chemistry
lapsed

An amalgam =
Mercury plus green
Copper plus rust
Incorporated wafts of it
Amalgamated
Dust

Her amalgam amalgamated—
Ambiguously altered
She switched her fiction off,

She lit
She burned
She extinguished
Herfume
Herfuel
Herfuse

A city inside (tall metallic she)
Seeks temporary refuge in an alternate you—
Steep
To brew

This Liberty,
the weary thing
walked off

Sick of morning's reformations
in brick and glass and steel

—— a gift
green in plain pink haze
against a city stalled in heat—

Seeking street
Seeking contact
Seeking she