

άπιλος

I wonder of death.

I think of burial.

I play a card . . .

I toss it at the fossil bones.

I illuminate the black saint buried underground and  
not unlike a tossed away piece of corrugation

I look at myself

Feeding the skeleton . . . playing little card games

I become consumed

Continuing,

I think of the black saint overcome by the Dybbuk

I observe both as chatter boxes

The weight of their world, I suppose, is

Covalent to the mass of a soiled seedling