

MICHELLE TARANSKY

A Proposal For A Clearing

A clearing wherein they would
Share a ransom note

With the front line's sorrow
Song in its moment. The first
To cross the measured

Strut without eyes
Without saying *another*
model— That alleged pair

We fear will
Take out
A loan like the blind are

A sinking war
Ship. It knows the planner's

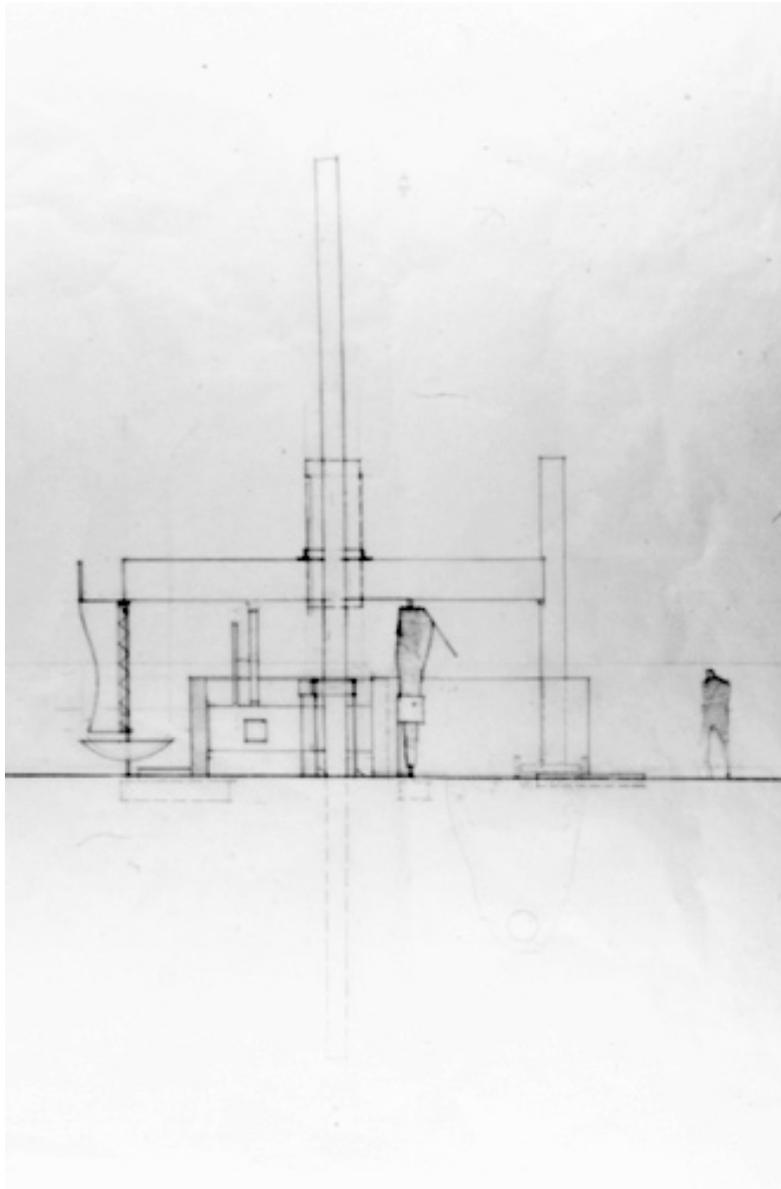
Birds are weaponry, are is
His devotion

To the flag. The bride
Of assembly lines. A wolf

Playing a solder at a border town

Saw ballads as armed
Forces— The division from said

To lost perspective, its
Accusing lines

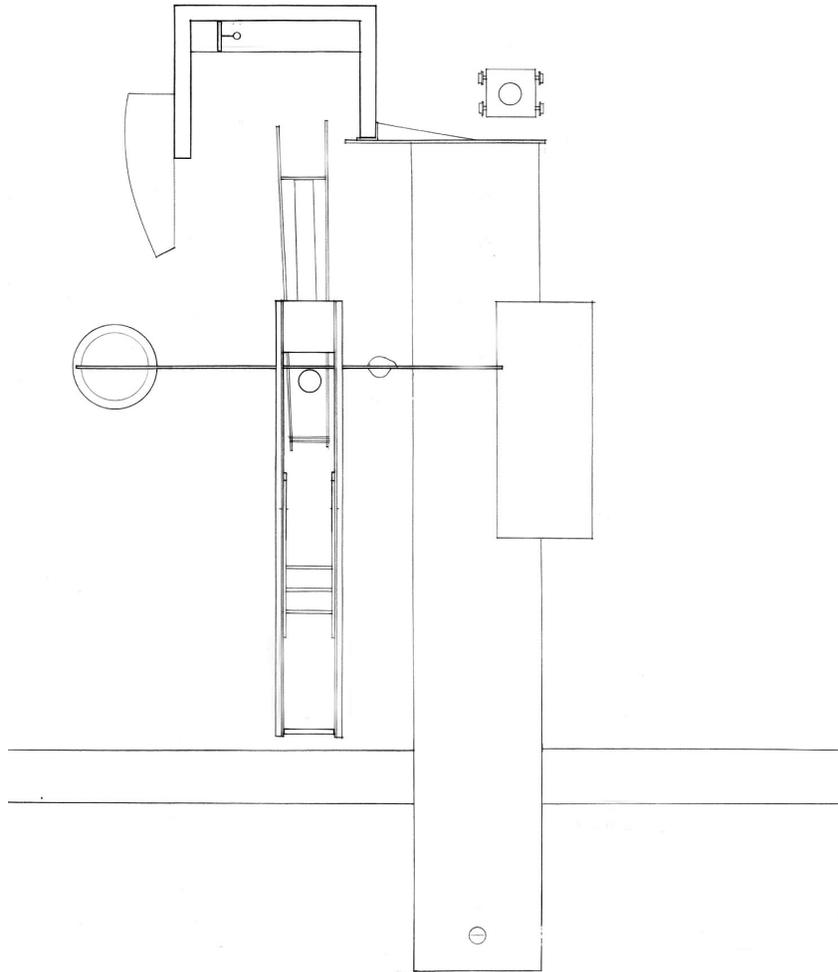


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They are both in the same sentence here
It is a war see no one
Keeps writing
Here what figures are are
Steel and they
Are in need of
Stories they are
Proposing they
Name a copy
After a copy
That went yellow
As was
Indicated by its caption

It's built nothing
Like they are

Hunting for the shape you
Counted on me to look into
Trading plans for places as
Undoing had
Happened, happened on
The banished ones— I trapped
Their breath and hoped
It would turn
Into your handout



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Because hiding the casket does not do
Enough we will say this they said that

We can't talk about it because it
Uses a figure

You said you saw
Places I saw no place
For their dying
Bird stories
He told he had
To cross a number of

Doors like a storm
Door and the door he lets go

Goes you will know what to call it by the shape you
Will know nothing like them
Disaster them houses passing through a house
That can
Not capture a wolf where
We were promised

In a note of glass they were there
Waiting for an opposite
To what injured drawing-
Room to house the current
News where nothing has been

Planned— To think fallout,
The choice, the limits shared and then

The question of which pronoun
Until you

Read the work, don't find it
A reflection

