

Sick Parties

Russna Kaur

The less free ones, into the deepest trenches—they creep slowly.

Their sick arrival.

They quickly appear to be crucial to life—unlike the hot smokers.

Fixed, faith, freedom.

Their voice offered a bit of touch, a bit of cover.

The echo made—it was a long, tedious sound

it touched the bottom

the depth

lowering to the bottom.

Split away from another someone, echoes will return and reveal far more.

Their voice offered a bit of touch, a bit of cover.

Without it there may be no life, but the cold wind blows to their right

the arrows showing face, stick face, in time, touch line.

The arrows show the cold.

With so many beings that exist, what may be the absolute truth? What may be the absolute truth, with so many beings that exist! Millions of stars?

Down the hill, in the crowd to be cured of their power, it is not easy to find a dark place when the sky seems four times greater. Focusing to make the invisible visible to the naked eye, their voice offered a bit of touch, a bit of cover.

The warm mouth of fog strikes in great piles, rapidly killing clear nights, miracles, and their promises. Burnt away in layers of clouds, they fall slowly...suspended in the air, free as a gift.

Only stars are seen best on dark nights and sick parties.