

unearthed: a weak year

running ghazals

by Karl Meade

3 summer flight

Start early, die hard: the sun holds out
its burgeoning heart. I am full

of blood oxygen. Look at this fucking cock.
We pull ourselves to the noon moon, holding

muscle under nipple, a chest full
of my mouth's ascent. Love,

I say, give me love.
This blood on the ground: my scattering roots

or just the earth taking gravity out for a spin?
I am solstitial, parabolic, invincible, your echo

of canyon dreams, never missed.
My seed: death in mid flight, I shot,

all this tense vertigo aside. I pull you
past this shivering voice

and squeeze.