

unearthed: a weak year

running ghazals

by Karl Meade

30 down fall

What is left of me: stubble, pain, and this staged
indifference. The game is up, you said. *Up*.

Humiliation, humility, all this
and the hills. Show me where to dig, where began my swift

descent. What I dared dream? What I am:
pyrhite imposter.

I want your heart, your hand. I never learned
who created who here. Why give me such

rage? Such love and four girls
suffering, I discovered

your nature, your half-eaten carcass, your shit, all this
you left to me.

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