

## Alva

sorceress and singers
happiness comes
dark blue life size
abundant
back from the holy city
the summit the institute
shelves of b
above

for

es drg light

## Disappear Like Dying Stars

She-wolf, You know what next.

> Ready to shine I know dead stars that make me weep.

Smallest star supernova causer of collapse.

> Dead stars come and go.

Dead
stars
counting
stars
dead stars
burning
marshmallows
in
the
woods.
Burnt

Dead stars that write poetry.

sweet things.

of stone & city, their ink-filled eyes & songs, their darks & earthling limbs, rootings & dwellings & dreams

for Juliette Guilbert

## Passerine

are these tropes for in our humble lives ruby-roated

wnat doe ging mean?
which through leaves
with daughter

of the mer they are, and the ruling, love even the birds get drunk on the berries

in this apple-light

which echoes so bare as these stark melodies shape the stones give theres their names

ruby-throated what does this longing mean? which et through re as I wa through the daughter

what are these tropes for these stark melodies The Last Time I was in Love

The type of bird that hums.

Meaning rapid flutter flitter so much so that your feet meet atrophy.

This kind
of tenderness
eventually
splits.
Makes
more
trees.

from Penny Marvel & the book of the city of selfys

Wood [draft Narnia selfy no. 46]

aqua, c drab northe **trees**ir living works ations

we champion each other

we couldn't sleep

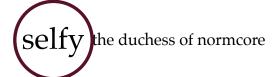
their small foldy wings, the children

all the human thin paths objects our palms/our palk

Leda

cert as the moon
carried our earthly griefs

Aphrodite, **Selfy** the sound of Venus informed by same light the crystalline remembrances & membrances all the pretty selfys of t **Seas** 



Splinter

Taking a self-portrait looking like a Ponderosa pine

A gregarious tree

Lightning hit my mother broke her open

We are children of a beautiful forest.

When I Am a Swan I Love Myself

Take selfys because I am tired of indifferent beaks. Selfy in tears, salty selfy of my selfy, of my parts. Selfy of my inner lining. I'm reformating, I'm dodge and shade, I'm technicolor, I'm parallax. When gazing at myself I lose my objectivity.