a feather landing

(for the emerging writers' festival, 2024)

when a feather lands, it is so soft that it's hard to say whether it ever really touches at all, it is the untouchable

oh

the wingspan of a time circle is in breath out breath at once

it is small spiral shells wrapped with kelp, arms of the mother waving the high tide

it is the infant who pressed on my womb from the other side thrice at the end of the night

the stillness of the rocks, relative to my foambubble life

they are relative, the rocks they know my relatives the old ones i near forgot

ah

as the feather lands / my grandmother runs

the bath

and through the wall she hears his safety

click

the feather lands /

blood to hands /

hands to stone

a simple way of speaking

and as blood hands dance, i remember that it's thursday

i remember that in a world of landings, i'm supposed to pay the rent (on thursday)

and what is thursday in this place of endlessly suspended feathers, but a sour word on timeless tongue,

coming whispers cross saltwater the confirmation of a bloody future?

– chloe mayne