

*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

*ob*

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

*ab*

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

