***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’msupposed 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