

Western Prophecy

Wedge marks the

spot of where I come undone and like an ice skate after third period i

open loosely and release my

tongue.

This is where a

wall as capable as the tower of babble parts you from me and me

from the fiction.

Then a remembering; this is where the heart

learnt her cry and spills over, “let’s NOT stop building”.

Do you feel the

calling?

Laura Hosaluk