

*Untitled (2)*

by Connor Stratman

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That you no longer feel one with your flesh  
or twinned against the image of the dais  
alarms me like the smolders of a burned  
house, ashes drifting across time like snow.

That I no longer know where to walk  
in this field that was mine anymore  
could crush hearts stonier than the hills  
that form the graves of the epochs of beasts.