

STEVE WILSON

Abstracts

Look, ok, whatever is
beyond the body is

precipitous—abysmal, a cliff over:
notions
that diffuse and diffuse
above the roiling Atlantic,

that tree-to-tree even
the merest of warblers
dart through. Look,

it's not so much the unknown
as the unmade—its sprawl

and everywhere-ness.

There's hurt in here,

at least. Ache.
Ache's shape.