LAUREN CAMP

Autobiography of Things That Are Not Solid

Down on my knees I photographed the sky. And the grasses held their dead bugs. July with wretched heat. Some pitiful and clipped deviltry. Against the fence which I looked at to do but sacrifice. My father with imperial the wind, which I saw to the cemetery despite the coffin with ropes and claws and his child sleeping face down in madness. My father and I with him. What if takes its place beside you? What if the sky. And the grasses was sore seconds. The heart kept up its jinks the drying foliage. Long blue to look at because there has been little was buried in linen, curved over prayers. I wanted them to sing him as his sort of grace. I wore good shoes rain’s slippery delirium. They lowered and I flashed on the father in water in Texas. Oh, the embrace! Held together argued with me everything you lose you hold it there, tight?