



Image from Freepik

D. G. Zorich

When I'm Dead

Tell my books
I won't be coming back—
My books, my wings,
they will miss their bird.
They will never fly again as one.

Into feathers they will be
dispersed and resolved,
shed from the regiment
their presence once sustained—

Beauty is a wound,
it leaves you enhanced
and equally diminished:
They will never be of wind
and one together again.

World Wires

Slants of hail, rasping wind:
Spooky action at the fringe—
From the rim of the world,
a thrumming in the wires,
the music of the edge.

There's a fence attached to me.
I'm the only post in it.
The fuckin' thing goes
to the edge in every direction.

From where I am,
all the way to the disappearing end,
the center goes in every direction:
The going is the gift.
I keep these wires between my teeth.

D. G. Zorich has published work in *The Pacific Review*, *Packington Review*, *The Listening Eye*, *Indefinite Space*, and elsewhere. He lives in California.