

Laura Stevenson

"Every Tense"

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It's too bright out, the heat dries my eyes out and we,
we turn over, we turn over like a wheel. No one stays
here besides devils and rockscalers, and they know
better, they are gonna disappear but we'll be here. We
will be here. Under the rough that grows itself outward
toward the four corners of the earth, not downward.
There is no water under the gravel, there are no wet-
throated travelers. And we turn over, we turn over like a
wheel. Under the traps of scavengers, bat your eyes
and you are wrapped up in them. Kicking of limbs and
wriggling endlessly won't set you free, you are a
tumbleweed, a jumble of feeble parts, can you even
see in the dark? You're carrying all that you own,
carrying all that you own and on and on and we turn
over, we turn over like a wheel. We turn over, we turn
over like a wheel.

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