

**winter portrait<sup>1</sup>**

Hari Alluri

under the stooped  
palmreader jungle bus stop

glow, hungry enough to jump  
dollar slice shadows, the longest

night's xacto knife laughter  
carves into woodshard grain

precise as seven  
remaining teeth

multiplied by the uncountable  
creases in a lonely dance

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1 from *Carving Ashes* (CiCAC / Thompson Rivers Press)