



Ink and Ferry
by Noah Sinclair

BY ARA THOMMASEN

Geologic

Things are shifting underground,
Under the surface of the ground
Of your water, of my mortar
Magma boils up and spills over onto
Reality – hardened into insipid cement,
Rendered by Medusa's stare.

Flavourless cracker, flowstone will lie
Wrapped around these bones
Gaping canyons cracked years before
Emergence – of the glowing substrate
Feels out of place, unnatural,
alien as slime or neon dog clicks.

Claw my way to the surface
Of the sunken cave
Constriction like the birth canal,
Resistance – heaves in fast, thick pants.