

Elisa Karbin

## Solstice

Always the strangle hold,  
the wash of shadow-

sickness, lichen bloom,  
my worsted tongue

searches your Orphic-  
thick kingdom,

advancing.

Bring on the needle-point  
embroidery of blood

on skin—it's not the end  
I mind but the lacing,

the half-cocked world  
threading with one eye

closed.

Isn't it enough  
to suffer the delicate,

a puncture, an agony spread  
red like lightning flowers



across the hide of a doe,  
fern-like quiet—keen,

terrible beauty, a wound  
inked and running.

