



Paper Mill Press

Routes

Marta Croll-Baehre

above the topography of Corner Brook to Stephenville I am leftover
 cardboard kitchens, appliquéd
 cut-outs of water colour spill coffins over yellow mornings and you
 are the enchantress of gridelin
 lilacs, strewn god awful along the incessant T.C.H., where stippled
 routes of transport trucks covet the
 curdled skies and moths' myopic whiskers whine beneath the mat-
 ted car lights; anaesthetic,
 ghosting – easy associations – goldenrods whose viridian skies
 remind its cascading geography my
 palms are groundward, shoved under the kneaded mud – purled
 snow drifts along a stretch of
 cemented woodcuts– searching, searching, search for your 70s brass
 ring, years behind the sky hid
 its garter-blue malt from up above the desecrated convenient stores
 –oblong strips spill narcotics
 along the highway where the outcross ends; catacombs beneath the
 feathery residue of bosky
 condominiums and Tim Horton's coffee stretch pink paint streaks
 across your thin, rachitic face
 where glossy motorbikes meet the bearded cusp of Western New-
 foundland



Rifle

Kyle Cu

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