



Image from WallHere

D. G. Zorich

If Words Could Speak

We are special forces pending,
thoughtless-limbed, head-first,
lost things falling obsessed,
coiled in spinneretted voice,
rappelling onto an empty page,

away from nothing leaping,
driven downward

by the consequence
of the emptiness behind us.

And just as we
are consumed, are devoured
by this speaking, dancing-downward
act, trapped, of falling free,

so we daily partake
of our still-unspoken self:
The remains of which
continue mouthing
down another life descending.

No Place Not Hope

Hope is not
of hurricane force,
not of hurricane importance;
it's a two-bit, one-speed,
oscillating fan,
which nevertheless
if pissed against
effects the same results.

Communion

A symptom stone
in the gray flesh
of sky is splitting,
spreading: Eager,
a falling sun-
light fist slips down.

D. G. Zorich's work has appeared in *Chiron Review*, *Iconoclast*, *Indefinite Space*, *The Listening Eye*, and many other publications.