

## Dream onto a blank page



She seemed still staring at a blank page this time last year. If only she were asleep imagining our earth with more than just one moon in orbit echoing

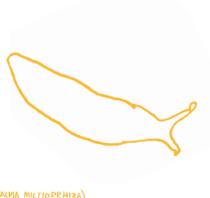
language cause we live in our words. The plot hasn't gone his way since this time last year when she woke with a wrinkled cheek to nothing. All blank before her shut eyes. Her mind tried to build phrases saying stuff like move over or move on or o-o-oh not there not now not ever even if a million letters pinched into a full stop. She never imagined you slipping into folds formidable. So favorable for moons that hardly exist on paper and resist being alabaster hew. O the things I'd say this time last year. I told you I lived in words that's why they mutter they mouth they argue poetry slept in the open space between music and matter and the politics of healing over connective scar tissue. Move. Would you? In more words my skin would frac ture against the tip of my shoulder on wings on ward in dreams of life going on like a plaster in another dream my mind is full and all the words empty onto elastic skin but now (here you are). Dot dot dash o-open eyes so punctual on skin my skin my voice forming words that never told me how they got there in the first place this time last year when



II

face figured midnight
which body were you?
the light from the room in the garden,
swallows scattered and the haunt
below.
the foxes, badgers awry
unsound length of the poppys
leaning always
like the birds willing land in the
evening





{NH}

DANSHEN (SALVIA MILTIORPHIZA)

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## Cyphering

In between the planets a tree is growing at night leaves fall from tree to ground in this meantime of falling and floating I watch and know very little but that it's almost over and that over there leaves fall too

## Goodnight

I put you to bed, okay?
Don't put me to bed
Why not?
I don't want you to put me to bed
Don't you want to sleep?
I want to die
Really?
No
I want to hear everything you say

{LB}





{AM}



## **The Hill of Crosses**

Desecrated but never destroyed, set on fire but never burned down, the Hill of Crosses is a potent symbol of faith, hope, and freedom. And for pilgrims, it is another must-visit location in Lithuania. The Hill of Crosses near Šiauliai is a hill covered with millions of crosses. During the Soviet era, these crosses were removed by the authorities, but locals continuously replaced them. In 1993, Pope John Paul II prayed here, and he often mentioned the sacred site in his homilies and speeches. He later sent a crucifix to Lithuania which was placed on the hill, and today pilgrims begin and end their journeys at this location. Now people come here from all over the world to hang their cross or just to see this unique place.

{SM}

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