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Barry Ballard

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Sundog

by Barry Ballard

Some gleaming whisper, a daylight Aurora
(no larger than the ten degree width of my
clenched fist), tangled along with my moralized
certainty of death and uncertainty of
worth, detached and redefining the atmosphere.
It could be the silvering of at least
one side of my body without its headpiece
and armor (the human convergence of fear

and last hope at all my interior streets),
shining up the self-conscious question
of why I'm here like a glass building
with a stranger inside, hands cupped in deep
shadows against the glass, straining for one
clear moment from the fog and the Unwilling.



Photography by Joy Lierle

