

the crops
the earth

it was my death day.
so i saw you say,
"it's the 27th. welcome to the club."

happy birthday, love.

Two-Foot Proximity

Matt Sven Calvert

Thinking of ridiculous silence I
Drop my phone distracted, I stop
To bend down one knee to grab it
But went on falling past my self

Glimpsing my ankle as velocity drags deep
Into the ground womb, webbed nest of lost
Faces REM sleep time crowd generating the
Fields of bursting color static mind snow

Twisted my formless self to look at back up
In the void I left behind in the world with
Floors, there was nothing to see, no one to
Recognize that I simply was no longer there