

New Poetry**Kevin Gillam**
Skin

you walk the land that first breathed
and flamed you. there's space, as if
God got bored, stopped, left the rest
to mind's eye. scrub lies low, in
sulk, on the scrim, hills. a hawk
loops, spins sky, drops, dives through you,
sews you back to ache and need.

you talk to clouds, sing the wind,
on your back, hours spent with weeds,
slow seep of damp. then called, home,
to dine on hush and bleed and
grief. hands froze then, on the wheel
that stole. 'you won't leave'. you don't
stay. you take the first that lands