

Federico Federici
Stillborn
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*belonged to Catherine J. before her marriage to **

dried red flies by the Jackson Street lamp wires
an infiltrated smoke through thick spotlights
insisting on their million white collisions
renewed in shortest spans

birth for burial – it all communicates the dying
the slow extinction, the seed-flesh collapsed

the tough thorns don't burn
the method is the metaphor
the hillside of words

the mother's womb in her contracts to emptiness