



Photographs from E.A. Midnight

the landscape of the alpine

August 9th, 2021

Poems by E.A. Midnight

the landscape of the alpine – voyage two

the gap where
trail widens
an arboreal graveyard pours
out, tonguing rolled hills
where there is only body
and land
and two ravens
keeping watch over head
words do not need
this place not
the way i need
it to open
lungs wide

so return
to fractures
because it is what is known
drain-ward and swishing
on this windswept
but tunneling mountain
breathing harder here
where air is laced
with sweet grass
and alpine dirt
maybe a hint of chamomile
when the words of others
penetrate, go be perched
upon a tumble
tenderness kissing feet
as jagged edges come up fast
rockface plastered with ruin
low vibrations in lichen
caressing these ample surfaces
no need to speak
not here
not now

the sun resumes
its daily dip behind
a face of features
cast in sudden shadow
masking the charade
whistle worn and blown
when rust is easy
on the tongue
expected even
when the energy of trust
is a blank
wild canvas
rot deep
in the woods
chill undressing the veins
but of course
i cannot help
coming back.

the landscape of the alpine – voyage three

this place is cut
how stained glass windows
fracture an image in
unexpected spots
copper crusting its way
back onto a boulder
that horizon always
turning pale
blue edging its way
past skin as it peels
off stone and vivid
the sun burrows
into the crevices of clothes
and cheeks
there is a wind tunnel in the chest
but it is nothing
compared to the unknown
deep of the lake
when a reflection is
more than just
looking for the self

in a masticated horizon
edge torn away
from where the moon culminates
each ribbon above
blur severed
raven claws clasped
perched corner of granite
or was it gneiss
or was it

the curved beak nibbling
at where a land drops off
at upturned crescents
each of the deciduous bellies
rot embroidered
in the alpine flora manes
from where the rock face tops
caverns carved
a mouth opens
a fissure where anyone can enter
this conversation
from where the body ends
and ends
and ends

from this place
where the body is made
of endings.