

TYLER MILLS

Kalypso

...days to be endless...
—v. 136

Into the mountain navel
we rode down the shaft
through the tunneled air
as the anthracite miner breathed

cracking gasps behind the helmet
light fading ahead into a forever
island the way my flashlight would beam
at blue whips of birches toward some stars. No-

thing. And what exists continues blandly
with a longing

to collect the pink clouds
smearing a liquor store window—
my ID in another's hands,

the silk almond opening
of my wallet, and *inside*, blood.