

DAZE JEFFERIES

Every Shadow a Bother but You

this neighbourhood paved over burial grounds where we build another whorehouse—
century-old by the breaking simulacra of a harbourside cosmetic mirror. darker than the
former, upper east to lower west. weathered by a fog rolling in from the grand banks,
every shadow a bother but you. turn into smoke i wish i could swallow and hold you
here for tens of years, or at least until the umbra remembers how to decipher. when i
finished topping a first-time client and you made your way downstairs plugging your
nose. swore laughing that my bedroom smelled like a barn. when i had to turn up my
white noise machine at three in the immoral morning. would/would not sleep through
the sound of a traveler stretching you open for a discounted rate. even though i didn't
hear you say it back then, i believed the cry for help.

Annals of Soft Resistance

inky archival presence of hormones
held fast in an OB/GYN's wrinkled hands

eroded blue construction paper
 gazing right through me
notes there used to be a gender clinic
 here on the Avalon

airless early 70s come from away savvy

nerve-cut with curative words she cannot say,
Kitpu granddaughter flees her homeland

dollish, surgica, body-as-a-bruise

immemorial blood measures take place

even the medical records withstand
a well-near deathful counterwave