

Spoke

Hannah Pritchard

Prefrontal cortex painted aubergine —
binding me in perpetual uncertainty,
the poetry in June comes out all wrong.

Invention coming hard and fast
through the window, fastened
to my shoulders, releasing me
from the cage.

Imagine my dismay in being.

Of fragile wing,
this falcon has either found its tame
or had it shown.
Do not fly far from here, do not
perch yourself on any rough branches—
you were meant to be bridled,
coaxed and loved.
Situating yourself among the heathers.
Let them feed you from a leather glove.

Do not ask for what is not given.
Do not be unloved.

We are bound with string.
We are given freedom in exchange
for thoughts of being free.
In violent shadows of nostalgic dream,
we put playing cards in the spokes of our wheels
and let ourselves go.