

Jory Mickelson

Plunder: revolver

Your right hand has grasped for
me, now the gate may not

be shut. I loosen the mouth
and quicken the heart in

its shadowed chest. Equip you
to break the best and worst;

to me, there is no difference.
I make well-being & create

calamity. I do not cause
this darkness, but draw it forth

from within you, spring the lock
of desire or dread. My six hot

stars are a constellation called
surety. I am the lord of this

place, an idol weeping tears
of lead, the spoiled fruit

of all your reaching.