

Ian C. Williams

**They Say Time Will Tell, but I've Got a Brick and a
Storm Cellar That Say Time Better Keep Its Mouth
Shut**

As the ax hauls a notch into the tree,
its gravity echoes back along the belly

and throat, through the wrist,
through the arm and elbow and shoulder.

The body knows its own violence
as vibration. A hollow resonance.

An aching hum stuck in the lungs.
I feel it with every swing.