

Earthquake 2.0

Birth: wallop; light; surplus skin...Land ho.

Clouds, wind, drizzle: "Director-style," she said.

**She of whiskey mountain; high after dusk,
loosely of the Biblical persuasion.**

I rise, wide-eyed at the worldwide conflict.

I fear but hear animal messages.

No felonies, minus imagining.

I remain question stuffed, query weighted.

Who invented the lightbulb, aeroplanes?

We build fate with help from the mystical.

We come from cracked eggs, turtle time, no shell.

"Accept it," they say, except I'm breakfast.

I go soprano, singing in my sleep.

On the way out: frogs; sun; Indians; blood.

No, don't speak of fate; don't speak of choices.

from "Fugue"

WEB EXCLUSIVE EXCERPT OF NEW NOVEL FROM

PAUL A. TOTH

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