



STEPHANIE ADAMS-SANTOS

A Spool Fell at Breakfast

A ribbon spilt out
a sheer and black amount
of heaped translucence,

a sum upon sum, O world

mouthered as a pearl,
can you be sunk in me?

it arched, keened
through the open fingers

as if to say

Dear world, I am larger than you

like one's freight announcing itself
might touch the hammer's sore spot
for a plain iron beating

as if it could simply be clipped home
to its pinhole

and abbreviate, be done.