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The Body of a Storm

Elora Choudhury

The night's terror flashes its mirage of light. Sparks of light strike and electrify the ground with its brutal hits. The moon is a pulsing heart, the clouds its surrounding chest cavity, and the lightning bolts are divulging veins and arteries. Mother Nature rattles the earth's rib cage with life.

A Thousand Icaruses

Adam Fotos

the orange robes dissolve
in and out of the
white that settles over the temple's gardens,
the mist that wets the stones beneath my
feet. In a circle I walk around the chedi counting
 dead moths
piles of wings lie,
scorched, twitching,
etched with continents and
galaxies each
wing a hand-painted kite, a cosmology
broken,
torn by
a halogen god, the spotlight
that shines on the face of the King
at the base of the temple in a circle of
gold.

The chedi erupts from the mountain forest,
a round monolith whitewashed
with fog –
Someone sweeps the moths away.
I breathe clouds.