The Body of a Storm

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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.