There are someone’s belongings kept secret in the flower’s core. Maybe they’d been left reluctantly after battles. I claimed the way station someone had once built where crimes had been forgotten near an ancient tree. My map shows some detours, an arctic bridge, a blemish for a habitat of moths. Soldiers were resigned to hanging up their swords. I finished collecting the wood for now so I can wish after a talented summer then go on and enter through a curtain that’s hardly mended. The stairwells provide a hunting place with night whistles and faraway signals from the tower. I find I’m under-prepared like when I’m on the playground, and the sounds ricochet as we all swear.

They abdicate now, the ones from the dark edge of the field. Black wings lashed with nerves. A hut used to be here quaking in its urgency. It’s leveled now, and I might stand near it and turn around and turn and turn until the echoing couldn’t be practiced any longer. That’s when I levitate to the tree beams, count the seconds between cannon fire. I’ve addressed the meteor shower as it sprinkles on the smoldering ruins. I’d take cover, but there’s too much recollected with this air in its very slot, just as I knew. Maybe all dressed up for a burial, and then I should say a few words, sing a bit more. It’s as if I could hold a bag out for the breeze to wander in. No one else around to fix up the rooms and hear the stir.