

Cuckoo

Rylan Corely

A lifeless songbird bursts
from within, its final insult
the fearful screech that shatters
scattered picture frames
into splinters and shards for my ghost
to cut his velveteen feet on.
My eternity swings in tandem
with the deep-rooted
pendulum of wood and dirt.
Each peak hits, thumps abyss's
sides until antimatter spirals
into spastic, cacophonous atheism.
Once it grows still, I lie lost
in the rotting undertongue,
cowering in wait as oblivion's black
jaws rest in between bites.

*Your life shall hang in doubt before you. Night and day you shall be
in dread and have no assurance of your life.
- Deuteronomy 28:66*

Phases of a MoonMan

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New

Lone pupil above,
Embraced in starry iris,
Yet so dark.

Waxing Crescent

Are you scared of space?
Is that why you are peeking
Before you step out?

First Quarter

You are caught mid-wink,
Halfway between stupid
And vulnerable.

Waxing Gibbous

You're almost awake,
A bright and anxious night light,
A tentative stretch.

Full

At last you grin,
Joy outshining your doubts,
Content with craters.

Waning Gibbous

You look weary,
Shoulders slouched and face fallen,
Dejected so soon.

Third Quarter

You are caught mid-blink,
Trying to force your eyes shut,
To go back to sleep.

Waning Crescent

You're still scared of space.
Guess that's why you're hiding
Under the covers.

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Rylan Corely is a poet hailing from the deep southern accents and humidity of Tuscaloosa, Alabama. He is in his fourth and final year at the University of Alabama, pursuing a Bachelor's degree in English with Minors in Creative Writing and Spanish. His writing aims to provide intentional and comfortable space for his emotions to live, rest, and rage as the world watches on. If you see him at the local thrift store or antique shop, please compliment his outfit and talk to him about music for a bit.