

**Karmyn Valentine**  
*In Stillness*

“How much of the self is skin?”  
who is more naked  
once houses are drawn  
you can draw on elysium’s  
still grasses, dancing oaks  
ahead years still unknown

in the book of things  
a corpse’s dialogue still silent  
still voice still mirror still inside

no requiem

such is the acoustics of sadness  
you stand and you’re still there  
I am still writing for you

such is the ache of counted words  
sense of sound attuned  
silent if not for trees

greater heights  
so greater the falls  
kindling for my sheds

piners raise wires carries words  
cemeteries cap my skull where not a reed grows  
but floods, in ashes

waters humbled by stones  
the measure of a note that is no note  
thought is sodden is rule is broken  
halves release cables  
I ran left, I lay down

I lay down.