

Three Poems

Kirstin Allio

The Cross

“All the world shall be taxed.” (God is without.)

“There is no outside-of-text.” (God is within.)

Taxed to the donkey-hair blanket.

Texted in the sense of being reachable but still left hanging.

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“You know we always considered him this great outdoor dad. Hunting and fishing. Old Testament dad, he created a lot of distance. He might have had a temper but it came with the territory.”

If

confidence is faith and synthesis is love, what is contradiction? Abraham from *Fear and Trembling* trudging up the loose analysis, leading his son whom he either saw or didn't see as an animal. Either a crisis or a covenant of imagination, an act he'd been tested to accept, the goat going bug-eyed as he stroked its silken throat, its narrow withers shivering.

Shipwreck

I was against the hypnotizing cliché, *clouds gathered*, shadow-puppeting the sheet of sand. The tide-line was stenciled in washed trash. A traditional line of waves kept breaking. Form and freeform. Forgiveness wasn't a form of innocence, it was futuristic.

A pattern of waves that kept breaking wasn't a broken pattern. I wasn't paying attention. Looking out across the water as gray as an underworld I was the dove who sighted shipwreck and saw dry land.

