

Nolan Chessman

JOURNAL ENTRY WITH COAL GAS GATHERING

My dear atomist,
take this
map, worry it
to your brow and feed
the wooden mouth-
piece through your lips
and breathe. Next
morning awake
bluntly, wet
feathers leaking sweet
bluish-pink beneath
your head. The diamond
uncut finds
fire, a brilliant
lightlossness caught
and kept, a cloud
of coal dust dimming
the day down
to this.