

I Want to be Your Rock
by Isaac Timm

between the hard Place, your moon
between the whirring anvil
the size of Gibraltar, traveling at 20 times
the speed of sound, which would lick
your oceans into boiling clouds that block
the sun, I will be the striking place, grey
and pocked so you can be mother, and
I will circle like a needle in a record,
a shout that brings you away from the cliff,
and my largest scar you can call your sea
of tranquility

Isaac Timm lives in Logan with his wife, Aaron.