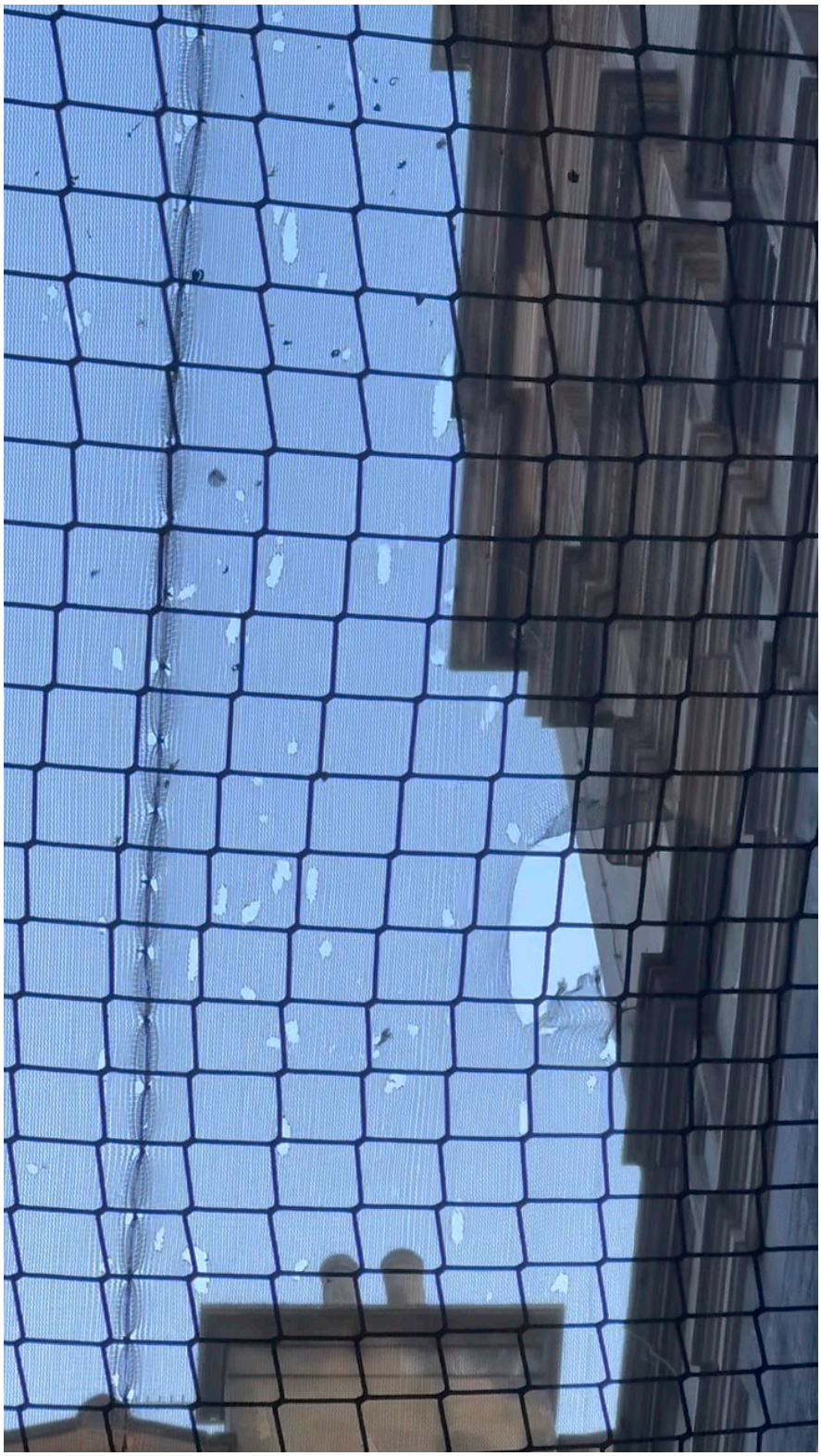
Catherine Marshall

Peregrinations
2024-10-26

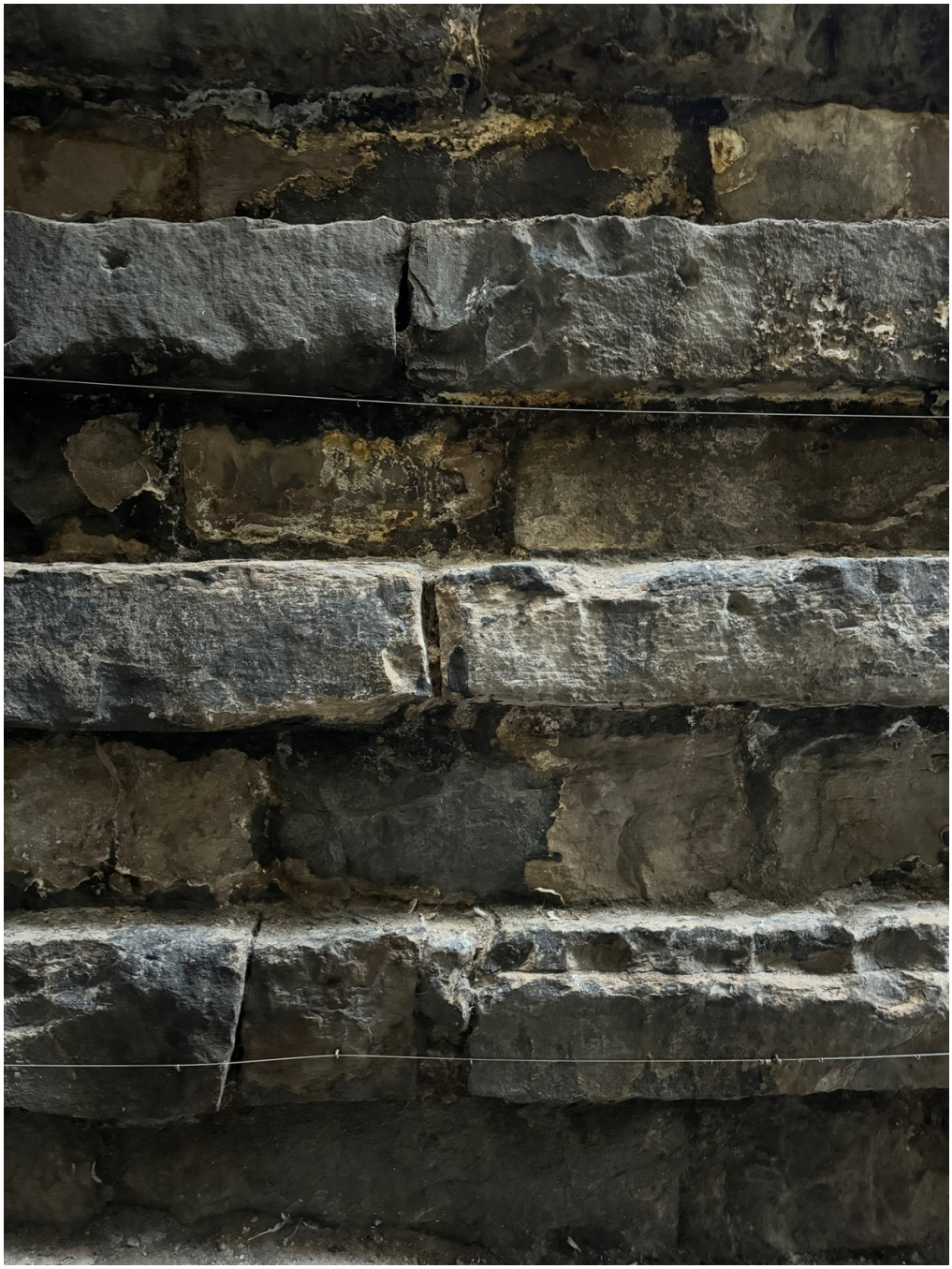
The route in:

Shell-formed shadow, fern, weed. Green-gilled stone. The light is learning.



The descent:

Catch-all gossamer, the lights exhales, borne upon the wind in nicks and tears.



Down below:

The city’s vein. Its sinews sluice the surface. Draws down the raw slabs of its unlearning.

Resurfacing:

A nightclub brims over with leaning and lurching. Dead air embraces the leaving. Footsteps weave their uncertain chronicle.

Above:

Wire-clad stones privilege the sky. Embed its story in azure. There is chatter amongst the turrets.