

traffic WITH MACBETH

} by Larissa Szporluk

In the eye-water
of the newborn lamb,
a blood clot.

No, a fire-red canoe
heading over the falls
of excess.

And those who blew around
before ceasing to be
in a garden of roses,

and those who came down,
in a rosy disguise,
with a thud,

afraid of, afraid of —
the heft
of nothing to love.