



Black Silo by John Elkerr
8.5" x 11" print
Ink on paper

HARLEY DRIVES

now pure fucking in the grama grass above the South Concho, a relentless low-flying thunderpack of engines in her eyes. your thoughts: is that axle grease on her face? did she really torch her last boyfriend's trailer to save her dog? she is five climates of dust and cattleguards away from the world and now she pounds those miles, pearls of blood, one by one, into me. it's her under a firezone sky and me under her. she shows off her "Baghdad cowlick" where surgeons put her head back together after an otherwise gorgeous, sunny morning down Haifa Street. rising, she drops me down the black silo of a comet. falling, she lands the word-smacks, one by one: *No pity for you.*

Text by Stephen Eric Berry