

Invocation October 2023

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Liver of sky, colon
of hinge, rest well,
set inside us now,
unspectacularly,
unromantically,
reside steadily
beside each
muscle, each
tendon, each
acid digesting there,
quite normally even
when inaccurately
invoked, as if
a body could be
founded in the sky,
holding barely on--
protect now
the intestines and
cavities that could
crash or shatter
without ever bearing
accurate witness
to few of the shared
and amazing
inner conjunctions—
please: flawed vessel,

oddly enjambed,
continue to press
and pump out
from all of our
insides to all of
the fine extremities,
center us, let no
unwanted implements
enter, no casual
recklessness occur,
no encounters
around corners
we're not attending to
take us into a bright
imaginary land
in an imaginary sky,
no, let no haters nor
authoritarians decide
from a panel what
constitutes care, love,
kin, nor disembodied
from behind some
monitor and controller,
let them mist any of our
billion-year-old
bodies into vapor,
into burnt ash, into
non-origin without
even seeing what
flew from above
to X us out
from our still existing,
season generating,
goldilocks-distanced

green and blue
planet, Earth.

Casey Fuller is an English PhD student at the University of North Dakota. He is from the cloudiest city in the United States: Olympia, Washington. He writes, drinks coffee, and rides a bike.