

Amber Galeo:

Amber Galeo is an MFA candidate in Poetry at Columbia University and works at the Academy of American Poets.

Hibernaculum

To your green, I am the thing that blackens
Winter with the noose of unassailable
End. Where does one go without you

Bright flame of a wasted
Life, a wrought thing, the wrong thing
Drawing claws across my lap. A brigantine

Steers into storm like a five-covenant crop
Of spells. I take your tank of flammables and pitch
Them at the sky, shattering the watercolor jar –

For a fleck of time I imagine the forsaking
Then all goes dry, then still, then night, my hematite.