

Cross-Modal Connectivity Within the Occipital Cortex by Evan Gray

back home the neighbor dog
anywhere else, the electric fence
following direction
where to find his water bowl,
back lot, beside the yellow molded
during the thunderstorm
a car, pummeled down
worst paralyzed.
for something familiar
to write poems. just trusting myself,

a vessel

then comes silence
to write big letters across my soul

focused on the ghost of their life—
focused on the shore of South Carolina

runs in circles because it cant go
under the ground runs through him
giving him all he needs to know
reminding him his food is in the
bird house, that fell down last night
and if he goes too far, he'll get hit by
the road, maybe yelping away or at
So he just lays in the front yard, waiting
or anyone to come, and I sit inside trying