

2017

# when you become a mine instead of a field

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*Augustana College, Rock Island Illinois*

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*when you become a mine instead of a field*

the high priestess, holographic  
on the card, tells me that hell

is made of gold, is scarier  
if you don't believe in it, is

not so bad once you get used  
to inhaling steam, the coal-tears,

the formaldehyde. you get used to seeing  
the lungs of the lovers on a spit. the high priestess

says, *show me the queen of you,*  
*written in sneering stars, and i'll show you*

your canary heart. already too  
dead to sing, too ripe and yellow,

engorged. hanging from the  
ceiling like a burnt out bulb.

the last time you see tulips,  
she says, you'll feel like spring,

your body shaped like a kiss  
descending into the ground.

the sinners, they love sex.  
the miners, they love cigars:

*those tarot-breathed people*  
*always believe the bell is chiming for them.*

lines of soot in the shaft:  
snort your way back into the light.