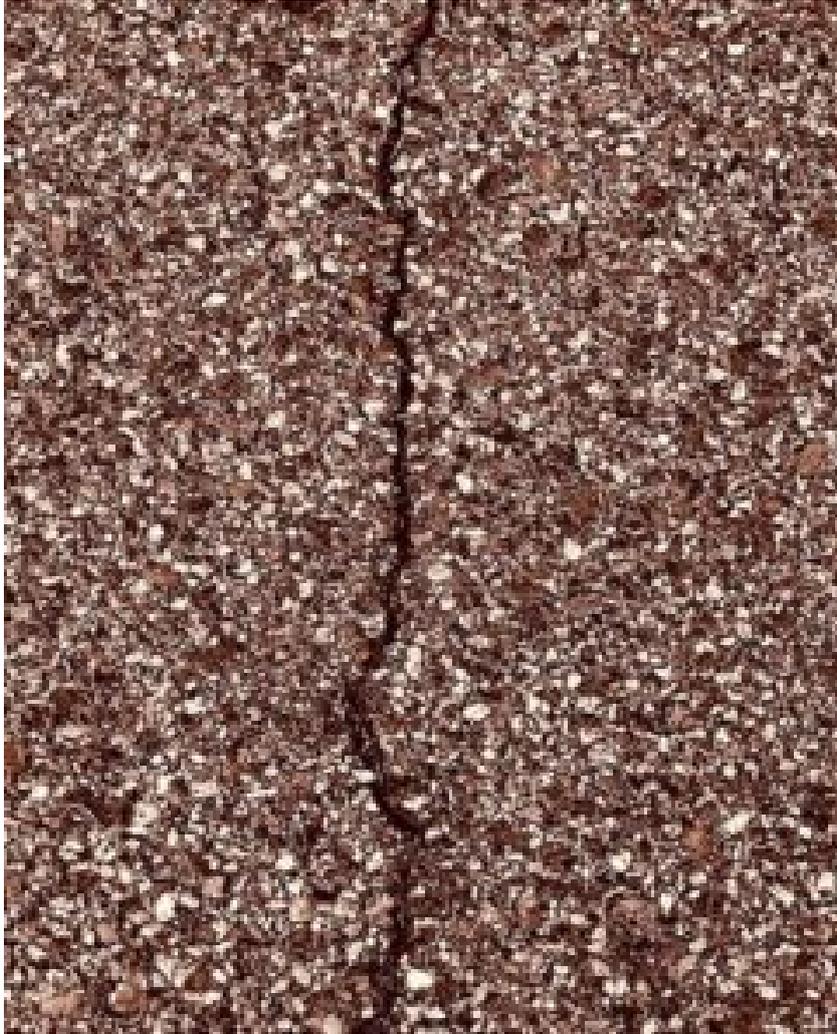


# New Poetry by Rachel Landrum Crumble: “Against Urgent Brilliance”



CRACKING EARTH'S MANTLE / image by  
Amalie Flynn

My brilliance is slow-growing as magma.  
And that's my fault, like the San Andreas:  
consequential, but maybe not *this* year.

My brilliance has dimmed  
in the silver drawer,

polished for company  
who never comes.

Meanwhile, I'm cracking  
Earth's mantle way below,  
and above, work shoes walk  
dirt roads, or city sidewalks,  
finding fault. Whose fault is it  
when everything firm is now shaken?

Someday I'll blow,  
and carve a fiery blackening river  
out of a tropical forest  
to your door.

My urgency has waited  
a thousand years.  
Now I'm here.