

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.