

New Poem by Darren C. Demaree: “Emily as There is a Prison”



AND INSECT SHELLS / image by
Amalie Flynn

Emily as There is a Prison

Summer is full of us
& the weeds, gravel
& insect shells

are as much intimacy
as our intimacy. Want
& time, paths through

heat take sanity first
& Emily won't get out
of bed, won't invite

me into bed. When
nothing arches, everything
becomes arch, even

metaphors need action
or all they can do is strain
for a slight collapse.