
SISTERS OF CHARITY

by Brian Kim Stefans

after Rimbaud

Young
 dark, in
twenty
 brow
 Persia.

Proud
 revolve, on
 rash
child's
 estivals.

Young
 in
 wounds. All
sister. Is
 sits.

Oh
 are
 ever
pity! Not
 breasts! Not hands!

Rock.
 Lull. Really.
Ours
 pupils (charming
 oh).

Blood
 ex (hates). Swoons
night
 so Ago
 all.

CALLALOO

Ardent
green
justice
comes. A
woman, born.

By by
the the
sisters, for
science by
arms.

Wounded
staid
pride.
Still. Black.
Coffin.

Call you, you, to. Oh
through
his
vast
ends.