

# Medium

*Jennifer Pilch*

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O Revenant,  
if there be portals—

take lavender to front with rain  
smudged allusions nodding gray

—pores or portholes—

wafting over soil black  
as bitumen

*what you come for, long to claim*

No cause for the rapping  
iron gripper round my neck

*in this aperture of shadow*

Not night moving into day  
for it's mineral whet  
pins and needles bunked in long duress

—apport—

metallic branches of alchemical sect