

Michael Bernstein

substance

for Gustaf Sobin

whose charms,
gifted to
the not
would boom
&wring

cliffs of
pale in-
sistence,
the breath,
gone

astral--
lit for
good.to
mourn it

we rev
the dawn,
green en-
gine&
tear

as if
its
words(only)
were cur-
rent to
Origin's

inert
fractures.in
streams of
light

the voice
still knits
its feasts,
implores

matter, what
the music
never had

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