

Fragmentation

The same old spot I pick at:
this fragile island brick.
Through scraping, scratching, needling probe,
It crumbles

at my touch

red stuff cakes my nails

and I may

wear the stain for years

and then the

wall might wear away

but I might

still be picking

here

Erosion is creation, but this
film of dust just coats and drifts

—Erin Fagan

