

The search for refuge began at the walls of an academy, whose floorboards hummed with the steps of hundreds  
the begging of high ceilings to be the sky  
and the ringing of papers walls, mirrors, and expensive glass.

Dead books and languages dripped from the shelves and fell through the plaster whose water mark stains had warned for years of a  
collapse  
and we were wearing sweaters through our lectures  
the fogging of our breath soaked the paper of our notepads.

Plenty of lighter fluid matchbox tinders and we never lit a single fire.

We took up writing in warm homes, painters gawking at their own anatomy,  
a heap of strings piled by a god, it just happened to have a heartbeat,  
so we pushed the blood from our veins in the name of a masterpiece  
we sat for hours

## Winter Camping

and found it no colder than the evening news,  
the price of a broom closet more than our bodies had blood to paint

so we left

Stopping in towns and cities  
the homes of the devout cutting holes in their curtains to patch the cuffs of our sweaters  
we'd made thumbholes  
to cover the cracking of our knuckles  
And in missing some sort of election, we cast our ballots in the hollows of fallen trees  
training charcoal cross-hairs until the flint ran with the water  
then lying on our stomachs and in shallows gasps, displacing the heat of a bitten mouth with drops of water colour

finding paint for the canvas, artists after all