

12 Little Spells

Esperanza Spalding

Twelve little wells of golden ink
Bone bottles stacked mouth to tail
Arching your back into the sand-cloud
[?] underneath your skin arctic to equator

A pair of sympathetic ridges shift
You've evolved to harness
These constant eruptions
Through vascular penance

Tectonic verse flows
Riding again, again, again, again, again...
[?]
Floating a lucky heart over their palm

Casual ribs house an expanded mind
Left and right hemispheres in balance
Constant composition and
Eighty scribbles per minute
Let us flow towards that
Transfer every character that
Circulating function

[?] flowing forward
Out the snaking [?]
It to dipping itself in and out in intervals

Twelve little wells of golden ink
Bone bottles stacked mouth to tail
Pinned in its planet 'round the craggy pole
The inner hall expands in gilded breaths

Compelled to give itself the moment it is for
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Compelled to give itself the moment it is for
Compelled to give yourself the moment you want for
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