

PHILLIP AIJIAN

Vision (1)

You would hear rung beats ring
out from the dark damp,
but this old well and its song have long
dried deep, curves cobbled from the same quarry
as the post office, the steps of town hall,
the first governor's gravestone,
and his children's. The winch squeaks
old thirst for grease. Nothing but noon
stabs this deep. Here's a pickaxe,
matches in my back pocket.
I'm down chasing water,
cataracts falling away
when calluses follow the blisters.
Remember the knot we discussed.
Lower the lantern oil when I call.



ABOUT PHILLIP AIJIAN

Phillip Aijian received an MA in creative writing from the University of Missouri, and he is currently pursuing a PhD in English at the University of California, Irvine. His poems have been published in *Literary Laundry*, *ZYZZYVA*, *St. Katherine Review*, and *Californios*. He lives in Fullerton, California, and is assembling material for his third studio album.

HERON TREE

26 October 2014

herontree.com/aijian1

