

Loss of Perspective

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Something new:
landscape crushed flat
against the cave wall.
My cousin,
strutting like a little God,
his hands wet with colors,
has slapped the sun
against the stone.
Something new:
the flattened sun watches over
flat bison, a mastodon, flattened goats,
some grass.
We're impressed,
until it rains,
and we have to kill him.