



YOU
GO

THE SUBSTATION
LOVELETTERS PROJECT
AUG / 12

Stalker

Steelworks attuned to dawn
or the rhythm of its tragedy

are my conspirators. Bearing
down on lives, ingesting each

errant heartbreak, I wish for
no mercy in cajoling sunrise to

bloom across my panes like
an oath. Tell me how to be

reborn on complicities of wire
and word—tell me rumours

every flower knows: the brighter
her shade, the quieter the kill.

Jerrold Yam