

## Burned

I have come to know meridian fault,  
splinters that secret scatter, seeming sun.  
Morning lures to linger over burnt assault:  
I have come to know meridian fault,  
to taste errant crumbs, the wound salt.  
Even as I spit mislaid hours, a loaded gun,  
I have come to know meridian fault,  
splinters that secret scatter, seeming sun.

## Not Always

We borrow trouble to play exception,  
place faith in what the sky won't remember.  
Securing loopholes of misconception,  
we borrow trouble to play exception,  
our mise-en-scène steeped in deception,  
muddy footprints beneath white December.  
We borrow trouble to play exception.  
Place faith in what the sky won't remember.

*Emily Reid Green's poetry has appeared in various publications. She is a sponsored poet with Tiferet Journal and their annual poem-a-thon. Emily lives in Toledo, Ohio with her family.*



**The Pangolin Review; Issue 5, 30 July 2018**