

# Empire

**Michelle Har Kim**

Clenching you for generations  
creased new geography across these palms  
it chiseled over slow creeks and clear flocks  
prophesied among mines  
Glazing cities shouted  
ungnarled along their turnpikes  
wide lighthouses genuflected  
to artifices of exchange  
and all found cribs  
in the crypts of my lungs  
what a weird migration of things  
since I sold my Spring

Wretched of these atlas-hands  
I was my own foreign land  
to pry each village open  
for mild translation;  
since our past's mangled vein  
I have staved this pregnant thirst  
to jerk every natural wire  
harnessing the tempest that crushes across my  
schoolyard  
with crabs and young salamanders

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