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## When the Dawn Becomes a City

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## **When the Dawn Becomes a City**

By: Autumn Franz

And you can't rest in the sight of beauty,  
and boys cradle the stars  
to bend at the will of your panicked body,  
you find all the flaws in love.

I used to think love  
was his bike and the beach,  
was his prayers, his religion.

But I would sculpt your body out of mountains,  
take my nails to blooded bits,  
digging in the shallow.

Apollo would rest the scripture of his sculpted body  
at the foot of you,  
cranes would fly in staggers,  
and everyone would have walls full of art.

I want to write about love  
in all the ways it hasn't broken me,  
his hands in my unconscious hands,  
her coffee pot on the floor.