

"PSYCHOPOMA"

WORD SOUP

ISSUE 10

OCTOBER 2025

WEBSITE

WORD SOUP.NEOCITIES.ORG

INSTAGRAM

@SCRAPE\_YOUR\_KNEE

WORD SOUP ISSUE 10 OCT 25

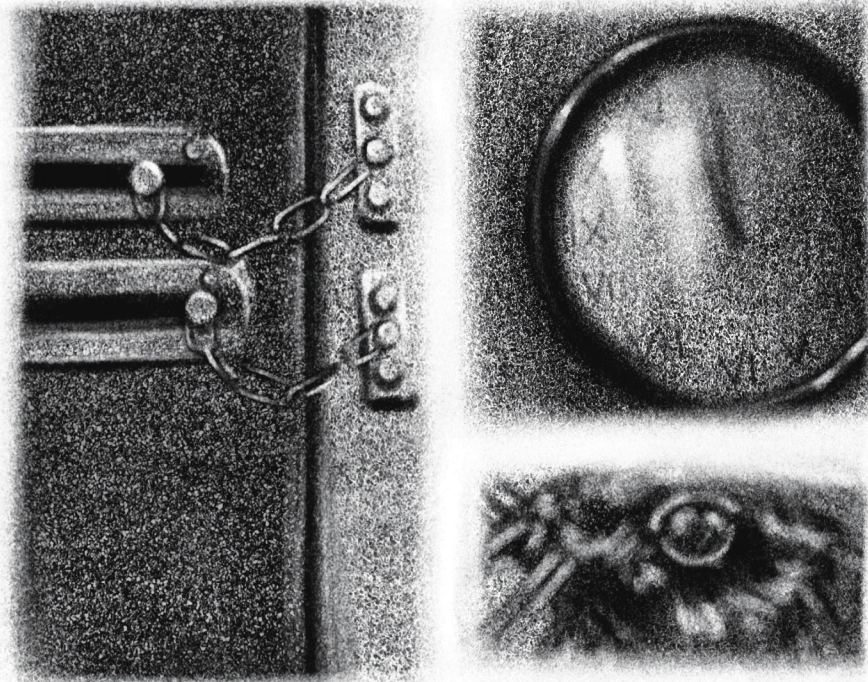


PSYCHOPOMP





Beneath the pale sky,  
beside the red barn,  
below the white cloud,  
is all we are allowed.  
Here, the light will seep,  
and the scythe will reap,  
and the spirit will rend,  
in counting toward the end.

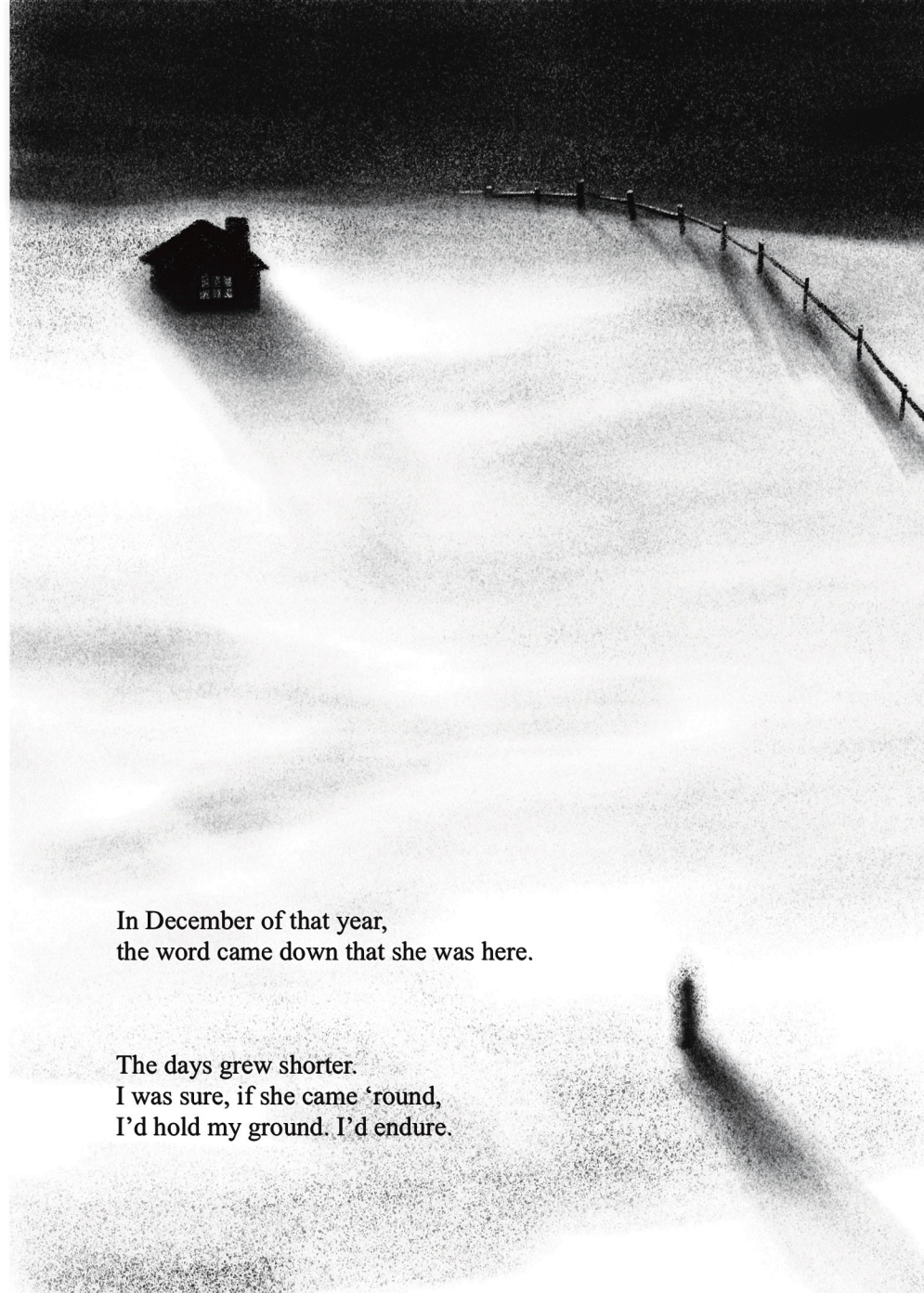
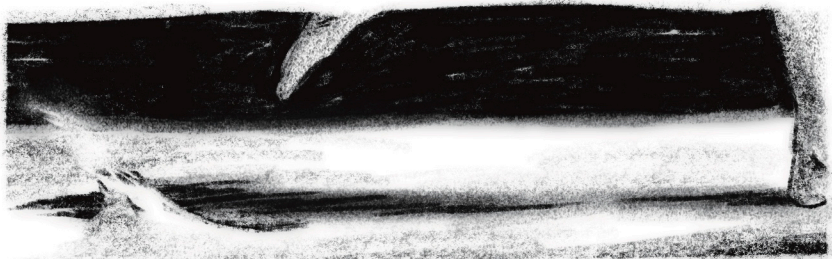
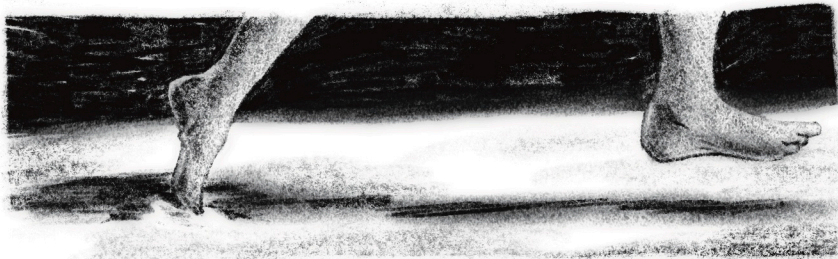
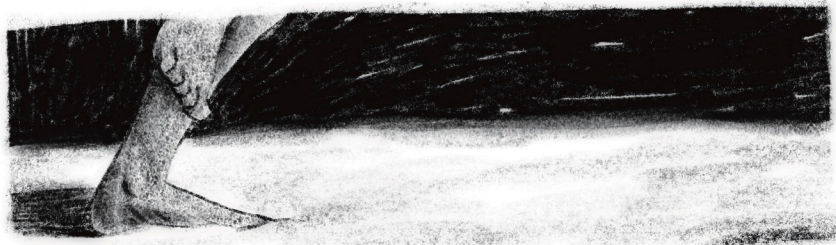


lyrics from joanna newsom's *leaving the city* (2015)





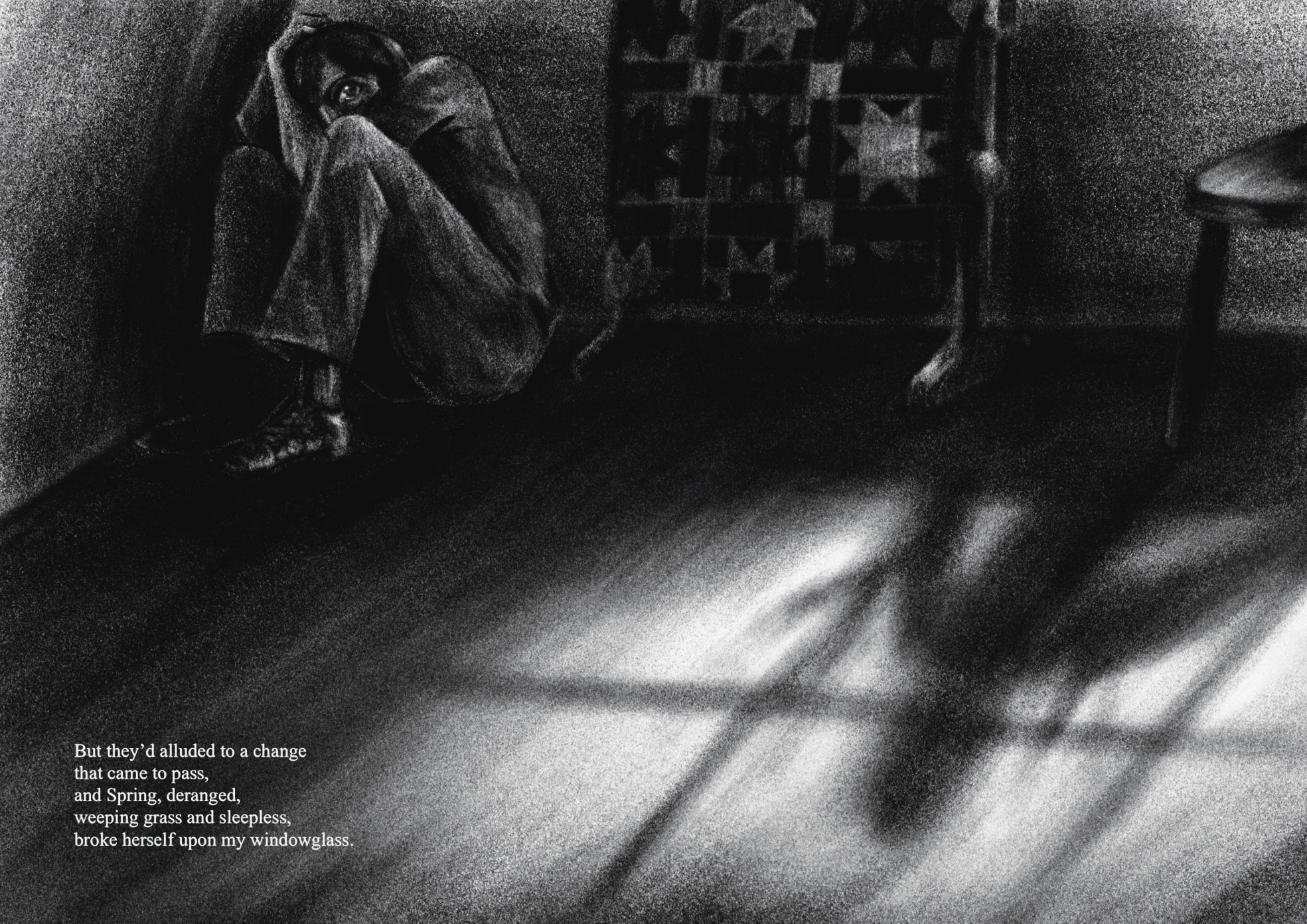




In December of that year,  
the word came down that she was here.

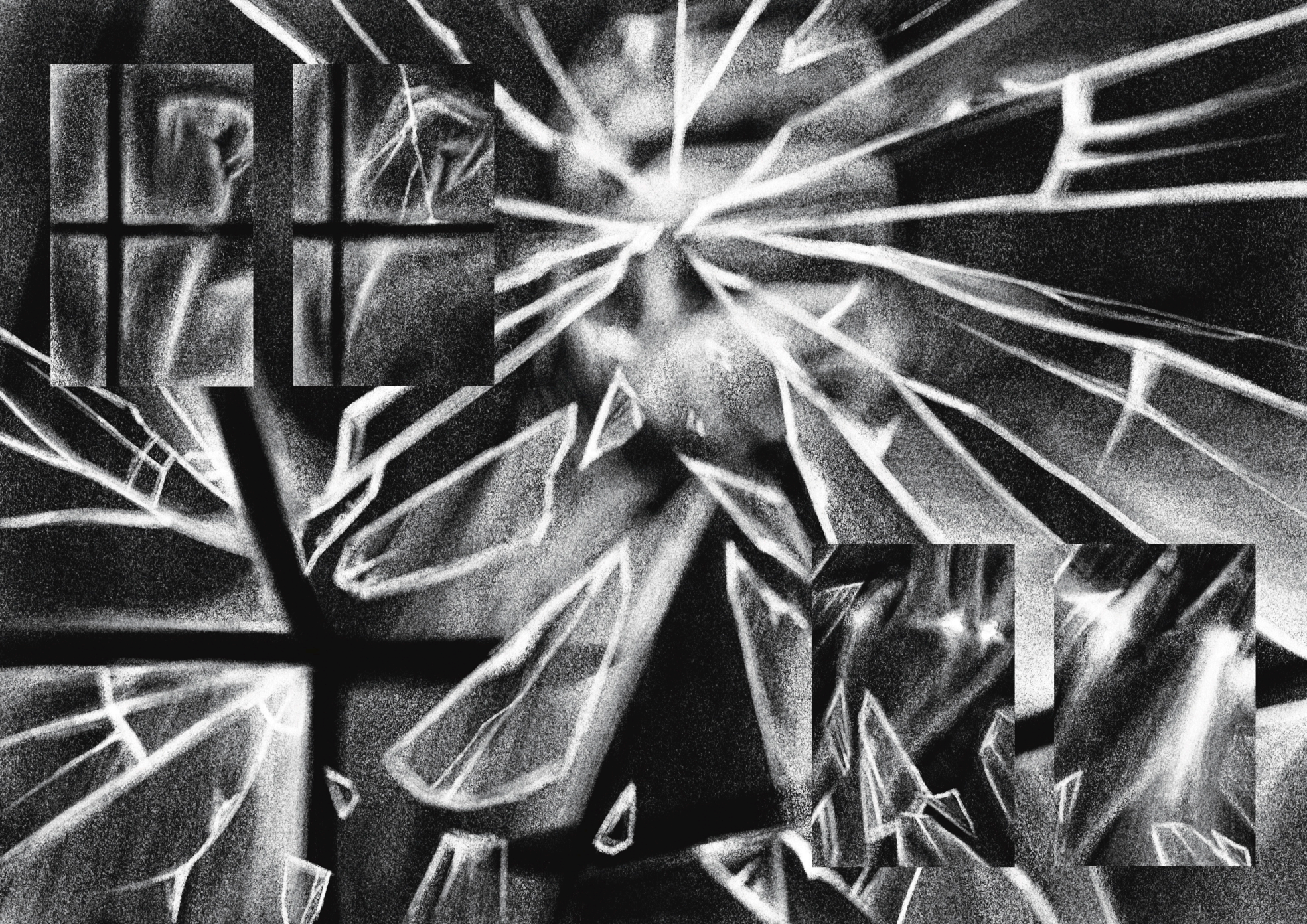
The days grew shorter.  
I was sure, if she came 'round,  
I'd hold my ground. I'd endure.





But they'd alluded to a change  
that came to pass,  
and Spring, deranged,  
weeping grass and sleepless,  
broke herself upon my windowglass.













And I could barely breathe,  
for seeing all the splintered light  
that leaked her fissures,  
fleeing, launched in flight:  
unstaunched daylight,  
brightly bleeding,  
bleached the night with dawn,  
deleting,

in that high sun,  
after our good run,  
when the spirit bends  
beneath knowing it must end.









And that is all I want here:  
to draw my gaunt spirit to bow  
beneath what I am allowed.

