



Dear Excavator

Evan D. Williams

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In this debut collection, Evan D. Williams tees up more than twenty new poems and a further two dozen that first appeared in journals like *Borderlands* and *The Mud Season Review*.

THE POETS

the poets write their words for their legs to
move forward.

*chagall died painting angels onto a smooth
stone. he never retired to west palm beach
to work on his golf swing. he just kept
painting angels until he was ninety-seven
& felt a little tired & went to lie down.
some poets write their words for their legs
to move forward & some painters keep
painting so their subjects have somewhere
to live. chagall kept painting so the green
goats wouldn't get restless & start eating the
bursting bouquets growing from the folds.
so the waltzing candelabras wouldn't snuff
out & fill his skull with smoke. so the bride
wouldn't be all done up in her diaphanous
white gown for nothing.*

MATT SUTHERLAND (July / August 2021)

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