

INNUMERABLE

Singing bleached smooth words

between tight teeth.

I heat your ears with the softness of my anger.

I walk on a fickle string,

and lay down on solid air.

I am no longer those small tasteless sips;

I am inedible.

And heard.

FULL-Y

Out of an impasse,

Into a yet unburdened bed.

Shivering in the stare where I am stuck.

I don't live here, within

But somewhere else—

The sensuous oblivion of sheets

The perpetual loop of an inner crisis—

I became here;

Escaping the humid noise of being,

To become.

AND I FEAR THAT IT IS LOST

There always seems to be

a wondering,

A role inside yourself

un-indulged,

A light life left unreleased

out of reach

Just off the corner of your eye,

But you turn, and it's really,

not there.

And the coffee is weak

And the milk is sour

And the sweet hours of the day

are gone.

The sun sets on your mind,

Ideas curdled in your head,

And now,

Nothing else is fresh.

COMPULSIVE

The voices in this room

are collected by the walls,

Never letting go

There are grudges in these walls,

Soft fleshy grudges.

And the folds between them

fold more,

Trapping little words

with every sip of air.

Honestly,

There is no more space

between these walls for

any more air.

I am here alone,

and never alone,

in the flesh.

If I yell out,

The sound cascades against this place

And finds its way

without me.