

Life Under the Wave

I awoke in a void
to the sensation
of stillness and acceleration
all at once.

From the silence of the vacuum,
arose an enormous gravitational hole
spun of colored light
ink at its core like a cosmic pupil.
I thought I moved in darkness
but in truth
there could have been
points of light all around, imperceptible
behind and beneath and above.
Perhaps I glowed too
like a cometary body
or a slurp of luminescent algae.

Momentum gathered at my perigee.
I flew
faster than could be perceived
beyond the realization
of my mortal flesh
roaring forward
through the ring of fire and thunder
to the velvet darkness at its heart
thoughts spilling out
to join the boundless
consciousness
waiting beyond.

I came apart
sweet, like the little death
a single drop
a vast ocean.

Hilum

The sun sets in my window as it rises in yours.

I perceive the Earth turning on its axis,
the Skype window the only fixed point in the universe—an interstice
whereby I send you plaintive pieces of my heart
in lagging ones and zeros.

Every dawn is another goodbye.

ART

Entered my first story contest
and I'm possessed by the absurd desire
to take a sparkler,
rattling spare from last July
and light it in celebration
of practically nothing.

Arrested, I sit in silence
while the family next door hollers and splashes
sleek in their pool.

My life feels measly.

I split a house with roommates
our only similarity
how much we dislike each other.
Hidden in my sanctuary
I stack cups until it's crowded.
A paper plate stinks besides me
curling with orange grease.

If only I could cry, I might expunge it
but the emptiness is hooked too far down
buried like a parasite.
It chokes
like sputum
too deep to cough up.

I cling to
ART
Whose worth can only be subjective
ART
My piddling words are important, right?
Because technically they're ART, right?
They mean something, so I mean something
Right? Right?

ART continued...

Worse than this yawning feeling
soundtracked by the spasming elation next door
is the knowledge
if I had everything I'm jealous of
I'd probably still be unhappy.
I'd hate that my baby cried
complain about my husband's dirty socks.

Barefoot on the patio
A sparkler burns to ash

Handcannon

In the summer came the locust men.
They roamed fires they started
crushing heads and looking to punish pink pussy

I sought the god of war in the desert
underneath the gravid, red moon.
I kissed his calloused hands until he blessed me
filling my pockets with stones
hollow
like the eyes of zealots
who want to wear my skin

His voice thundered
grinding tectonic plates.
Tie back your hair, Girl
take up your only weapon.
The dogs have come to eat you
just because they can.

When the time came
I shook everywhere
except for one finger.

Sleeping on a Silver Spoon

Zigzag
scar, carved by an
exposed spring. Another
handout, melanoma pipe-holes,
brown splashes, origins best unmentioned.

All you need to know about me: I was thirty
the first time I slept on a mattress
that didn't stink of
someone
else.