

*(Frame 14009 on 35mm Film)*

A mote of dust floats speckless in the air.

Asks,

*“Who are you, between those dimmed eyelids?”*

I watch it curl around some grey light,  
exposing me as it does.

Blankly it turns,

And wonders if my edges will unravel.

Says,

*“Someday,*

*We will all find out  
what exactly it is we’re made of.”*

(...)

*Jawbreaker*

I have a memory,  
a slippery thing.

*But how it writhes!*

How it mutates and evades me.

I try to make it again, so  
crumbs fill my mouth and fall into your eyes

until neither of us can tell  
what had actually happened.

I,  
careless,

turn it around in my funhouse mirror mind.  
But it shrinks and shrinks

until slowly,  
it is

gone.

*Anchovy Dinner*

I touch your little tinned body.

I slip into my mouth your  
salty seafare surprise.

*Who made you like this?*

I,  
whoops—  
I have to pick up a garbanzo  
bean.

I'm eating and I'm tasting!  
All of the things you ate  
*dancing*  
on the roof of my mouth.

Sweetness,

*fatty.*

I'm reminded of a dirty memory . . .

Shoving my fingers into the surf,  
and a first kiss, like:

Muah Muah Muah,  
and *smooching*.

Now, listen—

Boom! There's the thunder,  
but you understand:

All things must end—  
so, onto the next meal...

*I Made A Promise, Then*

I watched dead ants  
on my windowsill.

I counted:

*One, two, three, four,*  
*five, six...*  
and how many.

I watched the wind blow  
beyond the glass.

I heard the clock tick,  
the clock  
tick,

*the clock tick,*  
the clock

tick.