

## Tales from the Display Case

the  
menagerie  
sits  
idly

trembling  
ever  
so  
little

an  
eclectic  
assortment  
of  
pristine  
girls

dust  
collecting  
in  
our  
puff  
pastry  
porcelain

mosaic  
bloodstains  
an  
iridescent  
mirror-ball  
of  
fallen  
tears

brittle  
wings  
scatter  
the  
lawn  
like  
party  
favours

shattered

smiles  
act  
as  
a  
sweetener

watching  
our  
eager  
antiquarian  
atop  
the  
perch  
amidst  
figurines

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### Wishful Thinking

sweet mauve of wisteria groves,  
a holy splendor of all the purples radiates  
beside soft candle flames

a warm promenade of stolen kisses  
dresses your collar,  
alluding to our effervescent first glances

tendrils of ivy flicker down  
cobble walls, curling into wryly meadows

among the poignancy  
of spring farewells, a lavender tune  
to which we solemnly dance

the restless dove flutters and soars over  
our unsuspecting words  
to the tune of a hundred thousand people  
turned too crass

singing to a moon  
that has adorned us since we were stars  
hiding in its chaos,  
reconvening in the tender afterglow

entangled brambles loosely holding onto  
unrequited, beloved oaths

burning precious daylight in Jericho

a plight of primrose  
feeds my lingering delusions,  
a rendezvous amidst our severed ends

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Jack-O'-Lantern Girl

sitting in a  
sterile white room  
one that reeks of  
Listerine and hand sanitizers

a single ceiling light hangs  
above a linoleum floor  
she faces her palms upward  
waiting expectantly

the sensation of  
her tongue  
caressing over wobbly  
molars  
the cascading mountain ranges

one  
after one  
they break free  
the raw treasures land  
in cupped hands

fresh  
burgundy blood dribbles off her chin  
decaying gums  
stain the speckless space

the sad shell of a smile  
seasonal crumbs of a human  
left to rot  
for the harvest

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It Follows

*run*  
fleeting and fleeing across the boundless  
infinite gaping hole of oblivion

a looming voice calls out,  
reverberating  
in the dark  
    while its Rorschach watercolors bleed

“you will never escape”

primal unceasing hunt  
    at a drudging  
leisurely  
pace  
atop the cruel  
web of ghostly floating steps

*a bargain*  
keep pushing and persisting across  
the altar, a threshold of light

“enter the door and awaken”

the final pursuit,  
a glimpse of respite  
materializes as a childhood bedroom

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## Budding

cherry blossom facades swarm dimly lit grocery aisles,  
the residence of overpriced epitaphs.  
cavity-inducing caramel corn coexists with rough,  
roaming fingers and inopportune glances.

an etch-a-sketch of interwoven lips shakily select  
social dictations and vision boards.  
bleached, blemished skin sculpted by boyfriend jeans  
and dietary restrictions.

professions of adoration called out of obscure street corners  
and a decrescendo of passerby vehicles.  
within an unfortunate, unspoken understanding lies  
a shared sense of solitude.

echoed words of romance novels not bound by time,  
shackled to catered ideals followed by  
a period of elegiac lazing.  
imagined tropes and their drowning impermanence,

a silent mourning for better futures.

grand gestures of curated celebratory forest fires,  
a vibrant kaleidoscope of broken bones in the name of love  
and prospective mothers.