

How it Happened

I fell in love with knees in a field
on a hill
under a dry and ratty tree
in the spring.

To Be Hungry Again

“Oh. My. God. I’m in love with this; You have to try it.”

Here, I try to bring it back
up.
Constrict the esophagus stopper
Nope. Naw. Hold up.
You’ve still got so much flavor though
Salt and fat and sugar though
It would be such a waste
To let you go

Regurgitating
Reliving
I’m appreciating this. Not taking it for granted.
Bring it up again
Once. Maybe twice.
Memory mingles on the buds.
Keep it there
A little longer

But too bad. Too late.
You’ve already fucked up.
Swallowing before I realize —
It slips away,
down.
Recipes unraveling
DNA decomposing
Memories churning

And long
For the stomach to empty
down,
further,
Into the tubes you go.
For peace’s descendance.
Void empty void
And maybe loneliness can then seep in.

I can’t imagine
doing this all over again.