

cara cara

saccharine diamonds sparkling on my tongue
they're flooding in,
spilling out,
coating every single finger

my tongue is barely needed
to coax the pearl out of the oyster
it belongs in my bite
down my throat

intoxicated by an uninhibited sweetness
forget the rainbow
just guzzle the fire
i marvel at the mundane

the tempest has ended
and i'm left with
empty shells
a clear mind
and an appreciation for mutation

fog

separation, suffocation
a ghost
passing in and out of my own body
memories on shiny paper
snaking through the turntable in my brain
oops
i step into quicksand
and it fits like a glove

harmony, inhalation
exhale
possessed by my whole self
seeing
and feeling
with the clarity of psychedelic colors

the hum and the buzz
of this haunting and possession
leaves me to wonder
whether there is such
such a place
as peace

mushroom sex

have you ever felt
so harmonic
that the memory is a song?

it is soft and deliberate
messy and acute
to feel
feel planted on the ground at
the edge of the universe
riding the fumes
to a shared
shared destination

where everything sounds
where everything is
red