

Ice Water

a handful of lemons poured their juices into
my eyes and my veins
filling my bloodstream with sharp notes
vibrating at a frequency that connected me to you

i looked in between the sheets you left
for words and memories to give
back to you
they're cold now, but i'll reheat them
did you find safety in my mind
or did you suffocate and boil, internal temperature
rising until you had to remove your organs

and leave them beside me, your insides
and a hollow shell to echo unanswered
questions

a transparent sand storm gave you a home
where beautiful words could surface and flow with
a
citrus circuit pumping around your heart
strong beats, could you feel the heat
did it thaw the ice that formed along the chair legs
or did it hold you down behind the glass

if the pavement is burning your feet
put shoes on

Ghost

rocks;
trudge

we agreed it was a
long way to the
top
well, i like to
think we discussed it, at least

howling towards something warmer and
more radiant than me
and you,

swelling and darkening the
veins pushed exhausted
bodies back through, never
getting enough
air

wait;
you can't avoid the insects
burrowing into your earth
crawling
lightly along
the fibers resting on your back,

swat,
swatting
sweat begins to
trickle down, flooding every pour
washing every
hair with an uncomfortable warmth

over exertion,
under appreciated trees shadow
the grass before the rock

a breath before i
turn around to
face you

hold it,
there

released

to be relived
along the next;

run

Parking Tickets

i

i noticed the tear when it was
too late to patch, cells had begun to
flow from my wounds and into your arms

finding refuge among your shelves
stacked one on
one another, unchanging distance
held us close as the leaf blowers came again

i offered you a space and you took it
one thread pulling away from another, one
ligament holding cold bone to cold bone
devouring your marrow i lost myself in your

arms, appendages without circulation
binding books in the dim light of the
bathroom floor with encrusted regret
under my nails,

better, me then you

ii

blood in the back of my throat created
a rumble that dragged me against the current,
just rough enough to entice you

just rough enough to give me
whiplash as i rounded
corners, circles
fast enough to misconstrue feelings and
battle scars, along my legs your fingers painted
darkening skin the color
of pine trunks

prickling against your routine, rings around
my eyes blinded me to the sweet
sensations of change,
rough notes crashed into a subtle sound
conserving heat behind my eyes

frigid, i shivered as your rain
evaporated off my hands

an imbalance

better, you then i
ascended to the center, waiting
still, to move

iii

a blind contour drawing
lines that never seemed to fit the original
you and i, never a still life, but a force that
changed direction with only one way to go

down we blazed
fiercely and brightly, but never in the sky
in the ground, under the words i gave you
below the words you kept from me we
burned

we illuminated the brightest of places
until they were dark

hot grease left more marks than you did
bubbling up, my skin screamed to let you in
and as the casing
erected scars
my mind emptied the temples it had
worshiped in and retreated under the dirt
to lie
and wait with you, without you, for your
words

better me than you

iv

you remained asleep and i kept watch
over the plates shifting below us

maybe you felt the rumbling but
if you did you chose to wait until the shelves began
to shake and crumble

stacked one on
one another, changing distance as they
rushed towards the ground
to find us

when i told you the arrival seemed more like
an imposition
i will never tell you that it was not worth it and i
will
never patch the tear completely
with needles that pierce the skin, again

so when you ascend to the earth
if the light has burnt you

my arms are open, torn apart,
appendages pulsing with a vibrant life
that grew below the surface
and found the day in a collision of
facts and maturation

me; then you
arose and faced and felt

better

Punctured

above the ground
i waited for you,
telling you about the stars as though i was one of
them
burning through my skin, tearing through your
fields

a luminous being
but you burned brighter than all my stories
i collapsed into your gravity
internal pressure building and releasing
when you punched me in the stomach

you had the higher ground
but you gave me the upper hand
before i realized i had lost my
hands long ago as my body burned and blazed,
melting and reforming
contorting and blistering,
its own sun

slightly different each time, continuing to
transfer energy to you and
conserve my own self pity
with a momentum that raged beneath my tongue
radiating out
dissipating into space until
my matters became holes poked into paper

torn,
not seared, and a dull
glistening fades
i waited for you above the ground,
you looked, but you didn't touch
and i became a part of them.

the backdrop to your sky
puncture wounds on paper that crumpled and
burned
and went blind
in the light of your own sun

Dentures

everything feels turned
around,

when you have a cold and you
feel your taste buds go
one by one, bitter falling
away into an explosion of
only sweet, residual sour

fading as clogged sinuses and a
raspy voice replace all sensation

until texture is the only way to understand taste