

## burial

you were packing up all your circuit boards & sheet music  
& the army survival guide you used to do coke off of  
i was wrapping my dried yucca pods in tissue paper  
& scratching my mosquito bites until they bled

a decade passes so quick & so slow  
an existence splayed like a roadmap of the u.s.  
the empty spaces between ruidoso & metairie  
scattered like mothballs among church spires  
& the world's largest anything  
i was so afraid of hitting a deer on that midnight drive  
through the panhandle with you asleep on my right

i had my first mojito underage at a cuban place in austin  
but we never made it to estonia like we planned  
fastest growing economy circa 2007  
& cathedrals adorned with human bones  
the best of both worlds (you used to know me so well)

it's odd the bits that stick: the green countertops in your parents' house  
the dry heat that summer i ran my bike into the side of a porsche  
parked on 5th & logan crying and smoking all at once  
i haven't been able to eat radishes in years

last week at dusk i hiked an abandoned trail  
through the ashes of roosevelt forest  
& slept outside under ribbons of whitish september sky  
endings are always hot and alone  
& i wish to end that way: covered in branches and leaves  
the way that elephants bury their dead

## harmonica

a boy you once kissed  
died four years ago  
& the obituary didn't say why  
you are older now than he ever will be

spring grows thin  
stretched to a thread  
no color to it  
you read about memory in scientific journals  
how tenuous it is  
a breathless expanse of red mesas & sadness

i remember his bedroom  
there used to be an ocean here

absolution  
like a glass marble sitting in a bird's nest  
lodged in my throat  
i am saturated with the cold pointed light of dead stars

it is our right after all  
the destruction of gray matter  
a blurred moon  
& a hope the sun never rises  
it is in our right

i cannot fault him for that

## **sodium**

driving across the great salt lake  
through morning haze  
it strikes you that nobody is special  
& how liberating that is

the mounds of salt  
cocaine-white & piled high  
as an apartment building  
shards of an ancient ocean  
tucked into single-serve packets  
of plastic silverware  
hidden in soft drinks  
& ingested with french fries  
so innocuously

a cop by the side of the road  
just standing  
never seen the clouds so low  
or the desert so green  
& this is nothing special either