

Post Exposure Night Sweats

4 a.m. is no day.

The otherness of it— even wind

Pauses against wet

Palms that held my victor tightly

Two weeks ago.

I am not dying, then. I did not meet him,

And now I can expire or inspire

All the same.

I wish that he had not won.

My cells, even now, split rapidly with him (nameless)

Stitched and coded and replicated into

My composition. It's science;

I have been humbled

Into formulae and chemical reactions.

Calendar pages will continue to turn

With or without me, but right now,

I am not in this year.

Know this, if anything: I may be owned but I am

Still mine. What remains is for me

To salvage and grow. I just wish that

My cultivation were not to be shared.

Girl at Window Seat Quickly Closes Window

They surge into the aisle, haphazardly
Filing into their quarters: sardines
In looks and smell.

One glides its way next to me, her
Fair scales absorb and
Reflect pale overhead lighting.

An escape sits next to us
Posing a final goodbye,
And Tantalus, I stare and yearn.

Swift flick of her tail,
I am left looking at her blank
Profile— headphone and closed eye.

Angry? No, fish lack in
Emotion. Maybe coping,
We take off anyway.

I would much rather get lost in the clouds, though.
At least I can hope for surprise there, and
My mind creates its own portal, eventually.
That's the thing with fish: they're comfortable.
I think she was running from that window,
Hiding from it.
She knew what was in this plane,
And feared what lay beyond it.
But with her expressionless, grey eyes
She didn't even know
That she had already taken the bait.