

The sky blues the brick
in the road. I roll on
rubber, by bike, over the bumps
to your home. The clock strikes late
and Cinderella's in her pumpkin.
My backpack's always so heavy. All
valuables slipped away from
prying others.

If your light's not on,
I'll still trudge up
your back stairs, down
your hall, to your door. #4.
I'll bang on the wall
adjoining your bed until you
wake up and unlock, let me in.

I just left the show, those people
in it, they are hyena-machines:
rejoice! at hearing their own
laughing gears. Moving at such a loud
grate. The sound they make means
so much, it tells them they're alive.

They open and shut and
glitter and make smog for each
other only. Each other only because
no one else functions at their level.
No one is so cool or as popping
fresh, they tell each other and everyone (breath)
who listens.

I'm thankful – I lost my translation
manual for these beasts of
perversion. I had it before. Since,
I've learned my silence, and the humanity
there blurs their sprocketspeech
into white noise. Emptyer
than new years resolution.

Up skyward is my older sister, near
fully impregnable. Her swell will
pull us all and cast us out and
switch the whole tone by being full.
We are partners. Moon and I.
Smile at each other and reassure against
the fullness of isolation.

I cross the pair of rail
tracks and these last few yards
are the bumpiest. Once over,
I stand on the pedals, pumping
my legs, churning all my body, the weight
on my back, cutting through the resistance
of uneven road and sharp
night breeze.

I get to your driveway and the lights are still on.

In your kitchen I hang
as far as I can out
the window, so close to the towering
pine outside, I can
nearly shake hands with
it. Through the pine clusters I look
for my big sister's shine and feel
like my six year old self.
Again—my hair is down to my hips,
my glasses are big owl-frames, big
enough to encompass the whole
blue of my eyes.

I'm flexible and wanting to
climb on everything, to
know every object around
me by touch. I smile up
at Moon and she looks fit
to wed, aglow in her white
skin, burgeoning toward
us her naked craters.