

Fourteen

I fade from my room and stomach
and stories withering into rumors of caring.

My gap and frizz and worth
consume my days blending handfuls
of my last glistening hour of salt air
before the vanishing.

When all that's left is water,
my embers, like undertones of humming,
like a hoax I hope will make me sane,
hide in eye-lining.

Somnambulant like whispers of air
but the books leave me restless,
watching my pieces on the floor
meld into distance.

Apocalypse

Each morning all of Earth's gravity
decides to melt into my bed
like that crater that passed by the sun
during the eclipse. I close my eyes

to remember that grove in New
Hampshire. Through a glistening path
of chats and canes and slugs, the grudge
fades with each drop of blood

like that archaic pebble, which once glowed
under dawn's first ray. Silent as the moon,
I feel like soup when Earth releases her grasp.
A bash plays in my heart, so fluent and effortless

like last night in the room filled
with candles. I miss the bliss of myths
from my childhood. Straight West, I follow
the mud like all the dogs I passed.

I Am Home

Comfort is in the distance.
Like those creatures crawling
through our eyebrows.
Like the empty words

exchanged through a screen
with no tone or emphasis or pauses.

I bury into the distance as my solace washes
over me like warm liquid on my horribly
circulated fingers. I sink so far
into the first gulp, diving past
the shore, into the undertow.

My relief is unrequited, like stones
on my toes, as the surface drifts away,
pumping guilt into my atria.

Forged Signatures

I scurry
between the shadows
under the tracks
plummeting into a facade
of giggles and sarcasm.

My apathy is fueled
by guilt and regrets.
A pendulum of consequences
linger on my mind.

The initial fear leads to
a lie I can never dispute,
so white, following me,
diminishing in size

as it sinks further
into my mind.
Like a quasar for
dopamine and serotonin,

but no matter how fast the
neurons fire, I will not

recall the day it formed.

Prayer to 03779

Piermont, New Hampshire
Who cradles Vermont like a lamb's last breath
Where the lilacs mature like amethysts and bruises
When White Mountains bloom like an ever-burning fire.

I give thanks to you for pushing me to discover
Those who make my chest bubble like a geyser
Who make time age like the forbidden fruit growing in the Garden of Eden
Who make my lungs collapse into helpless snaps and claps.

I give thanks to you for showing me a glimpse into the past,
Where the world went silent like the Noachain Flood
Where that moment embellished like a honeymoon
Where I dream of back and forth on a trek.

I give thanks to you for teaching me
To release the buzzing and voices,
like the hail and locust scattered through Egypt,
now merely flukes on a portrait
When I wander into the future like the forty years spent searching for a home.