

warmth equation

the square root of nine is three the people on the tv kiss when they are supposed to
we kiss when we are supposed to and i am finding mud in my hair don't touch
me i am so embarrassed to have a body. i look at myself in the mirror until i
am just colors. i look at the sunset until it is just colors and not all of the
people i loved holding onto each other fading out. you are a color between
drowning and swallowing and a stranger on the internet telling me they want to kill
themselves i get tired from treading and when i sleep the square root of nine
could be twenty or it could be three hundred stoplights. there is math in
when you want me and when you don't. there are patterns in the ceiling
in my thoughts it is 2 pm 4 am 9 pm so you are shooting up it is
wednesday it is sunday so my dad doesn't come home from work. i am
sticking my fingers down your throat for you to tell me what kind of flower i
would be. you are a factory the worms work underground the planes
fly above imagining they are stars i sleep in your bed feel your metal my
metal has a mouth full of pennies i swallow them i wash my mouth
i scrub my body with my disillusionment and it is warm.

sometimes even in my dreams

sometimes someone will run out of their house to kiss me good night like they are my moon follow me even when it is 5 am even when i am vomiting they are spinning i am spinning i am a planet i am. i kiss into them very hard like i am trying to feel their soul through their mouth or spit my darkness into their stomach or like i am very cold and there is warmth hidden inside them i am not cold my hands are turning blue we pretend it is from missing the sky too much at night my mom says i am repeating my words my words are branches i am sticking them down my throat. i want to ask her if i can go swimming i want to hurt my voice trying to scream under water. sometimes the pine needles collecting on my dad's car pretend to be dust they are like marbles in a jar i will guess the right amount to win a prize. they dream about going into the grass or onto the tires or maybe just boys they have kissed for hours my mom throws out everything my mom makes three copies of the death certificate i ask her not to show the pine needles because it will make them cry in their one o'clock class and they have to do well this semester they really have to i name every drop of water on my skin after people i have known sometimes even in my dreams i am the darkness that defines a figure i love sometimes even in my dreams i am.

no, the moon

i see people that remind me of you, in the way they put coins into slots for parking — gentle in love wanting to rub the nape of my neck like warmth. like clockwork. in the rain, angry, shimmering against their will. sometimes they look so much like you, holding their plastic bags or biting their nails or deciding what to order, that i go back in my car like i am a malfunctioning street coming back to the same house over and over. the same house over. the same house. no, i am a bird trying to migrate. in the air i feel ashamed, i go home, i lose all of my friends, i forget how to speak for maybe two weeks. there are some words i can never relearn and i don't know why.

i watch a man at the gas station and there is a pinkness in his face, it looks like an heirloom you gave him. i want to rub it off to keep. i want to kiss him. no, i want a can of tea and a tank of gas. he keeps his keys in his car's ignition and looks at me like he wants to be stranded. i want to be stranded sometimes too. i lie on my back with my feet up towards god like i am roadkill. i lie still in the silence and pretend to be stranded in the blue of the sky. it is between my nails. it is all-consuming.

between

power lines heavy with snow, trying to kiss
the ground and i want to name the sound of wet tires moving around people in love
place to place,
i want to name everything: the colors of stoplights when no one is around,
the sound of a window opening to let some smoke out.

nature ruins itself

i take valium

i feel close to nothing.

i sit on your porch and listen to the heater go on and
shut off and in the silence

i could be anyone.

someone on your street still has their christmas lights hanging
and i imagine what they might feel like touching me,
or sitting in the light waking up driving to work and feeling cold seeing their breath
in their own car

and looking at the shapes they create,
they forget to take their lights down again today
but soon. it's hard to remember when you close your eyes and you are warmth
coming through the curtains.

when it is six a.m. you can love someone so much that you are a whole planet.
i hear you inside. there is a rhythm in everything.

you take 10 steps; the snow falls on top of each other and loses its identity.
you move a glass in your sink

and the snow pretends to be spots of light.

i am losing my own identity.

i am a moon crater, defined by my absence,
and i love you into abstraction.