LETTER

I have walked here for centuries above each step settles another promise character after dead character the man that really sticks in my jaw is fat with anger and hyperbole

THERE IS NO FIRE HERE

the road finally has its tendrils of earth now that we are vaccinated with sticks of bubble gum hip-hop for God

the mountains would disinherit their fortune if it were not for their infiniteness they sigh at talk of fire there was only one, maybe two, they say the second was probably just a rumor

but believe us there is no fire here we should know we have been here a long time

GEORGE

the pine branch raises the flame the fire won't catch the wood each needled fan george adds conjures a sacramental high steadied for her chance to spill blood or prayer the heat, prejudiced for its life, is left to wait then dies she insists, dispensing wastefully the fuel for her home to console her own skin. it's about time for this place to furnish me, she thinks, stacking another extremity to burn where multiple suffer she did not want to wait in line and never paid for this tree that she rushed home to water and ornament.

OLD GHOST

come here, come shadow together, we blush like old ghosts

don't you remember we were caught once in a picture flesh and bone and all in some old pasture like brothers full fingered tiny boned animals truing no mouth or ear to swallow we were just

together, we

did not wait for the other to go first

the house up the street is for sale again we try and kiss like adults in the backyard sometimes the grass has grown taller than both of us even when I am on top they left an old sofa behind but we don't use it

the neighborhood is quiet now that all the dogs are gone

your mom is whistling because dinner is ready she's screaming your name now because you're taking too long by the time you get to class in the morning you will have your dress tucked into your jeans and have picked the scab on your cheek again so it will hopefully scar.