

Lure

Dormant copper street art serves as an omen
as we sip on our leaves.
We steep out ink-blotted remorse,
believing wholeheartedly
in an herbal remedy,
seeking the cosmos in our red rooibos.

Translucent bubbles drift into the vacuous atmosphere,
but some of the star-crossed masses cling together,
spinning in circles
as if part of a Pagan ritual.
And we feel too close
to the earth and ravens cackle above us.
I think I have seen this all before—
warlocks in their elm grove stoops.

They chant Gregorian spells and
we have never felt so close to God,
so close to Earth, so close
to loving these pockmarks etched out
like citoles in our shoulders:
Birthmarks we will never understand,
but we must one day come to know.

The hemlines on our trousers tell our story,
letting down more fabric with each new frost,
the more we are the less we dare to expose
we are introverted entropy,
an inevitable astronomical wonder,
and I wonder how we got this close
to oxidation, to the exothermic undertakings.
We extend hands like worthy zealots,
allowing Indigo flames to die.

Il n'y a Pas Fumée Sans Feu

Inversion- cinereous, morose.
Coughing up fumes.
Youth is a prolonged rebellion
against longevity.

Peach nicotine.
Tracing lifelines out the window.
I never know what to do
with my hands.

I'm merely a statistic.
My obituary will one day
suffice as creative license.
Papier mâché.

Wear me like a mask

Luminance

Stale air carries the weight of a thousand
antiquated light fixtures.
They hang like martyrs, strewn along crude walls,
begging time for redemption.

They beckon to calcified pipes caught shedding
their coats of asbestos.
They converse, in a muffled morse code,
with the forgotten boiler room.

They wince with each small creak
in the vertebrae of the architecture.
They know only the confines of six planes
colliding at right angles.

They are nocturnal creatures,
picking up dust amongst shadows,
Their epitaphs are measured in watts:
tall tales of illumination.

They encourage our weary upper and lower
lashes to part ways.
This is why their demise is ours,
as we flip the switch, bidding goodnight.

Baptismally

Plotting out the conversation, spatially,
Water trickles down to form maps so your face is an atlas,
spinning the rosary in grains of basmati.
I know you like the innermost plasma
in the cells of a holy basalt.
You make stain glass windows abysmal.
I refer to your hands like my favorite psalm,
mending masts from our doubts and setting sail.
My love for you is merely baptismal.

Wander, Lust

I am cool.
I am calm.
I am collected stardust
beneath your weary head.
My limbs ache with the brevity of
a million black holes.
Gravity.

I am a supernova.
A vision in incarnadine,
lightyears away,
bringing dimension to the gravel
that paths the side of this road.
Our road.

What happens when highways
have wonderlust?
I wander as our hands
weave together, forming
quilted constellations in
the velveteen sky.