

## **Taste**

Singing bleached smooth words

between tight teeth.

I heat your ears with the softness of my anger.

I walk on a fickle string,

and lay down on solid air.

I am no longer those small tasteless sips;

I am inedible,

and heard.

## **Distance**

Out of an impasse

into a yet unburdened bed.

Shivering in the stare where I am stuck.

I don't live here within,

but somewhere else.

The oblivion of sheets,

the perpetual loop of an inner crisis—

I became here;

Escaping the humid noise of being

to become.

## Twenty Late Nights

There always seems to be  
a wondering.

A role inside yourself  
un-indulged.

A light life left unreleased,  
out of reach,  
just off the corner of your eye—

But you turn, and it was never really  
there.

And the coffee is weak.

And the milk is sour.

And the sweet hours of the day  
are gone.

The sun sets on your mind,  
ideas curdled in your head,  
and now,  
nothing else is fresh.

## **Compulsive**

The voices in this room  
are collected by the walls.

Never letting go,  
there are grudges in these walls,  
soft fleshy grudges.

And the folds between them  
fold more,  
trapping little words  
with every sip of air.

Honestly,  
there is no more space  
between these walls for  
any more air.

I am here alone  
and never alone,  
in the flesh.

If I yell out  
the sound cascades against this place  
and finds its way  
without me.