

**A Cross-Country Move
Brings with It Terror**

here, tongues splinter
and bones turn irrevocable

eyelids have become cages
tethered by the midnight
 we think we're entitled to

had we coalesced instead,
our veins dipped in filigree

perhaps the coyote
 would not have marked us

The Historians

Here is where the historians will get it wrong about us: They will say we never floated to the stars, that we were delusional when we wrote about eating the moon and dancing with the old gods. That there was no feasible way we could have drunk seawater and grown fins.

You cannot blame them; they are not poets
They won't grasp how, for us,

to yearn was

to be

Google Searches on a Tuesday

- trilobite in amber
- do we have finite number of thoughts?
- how to exist in a vacuum lol
- is it possible to vacuum the ceiling or does gravity negate the need to vacuum it altogether?
- how much dust is on our skin in a given moment
- what celebrities have died of pneumonia
- signs of stroke in dog
- why is 69ing so awkward, shouldn't it be awesome?
- everything hurts and i'm dying gif
- self-immolation but not suicide
- famous suicide notes
- jeff bezos net worth
- ceiling too tall to vacuum with hose but don't want to use stepladder tips
- is my landlord spying on me???
- how to spot hidden cameras
- blt hold the t, tomato replacement
- getting out of a spiral
- are my friends really my friends
- why does winter keep happening is it punishment for sins
- what would happen if i didn't cover my plants would they really die?
- neighbors don't cover plants but they're fine
- missouri politics
- meatless meatloaf recipe no eggs
- afraid to go to sleep every single night
- afraid to wake up and keep going
- is everyone on 'i didn't know i was pregnant' faking it
- where is kate gosselin now
- jon kate plus eight kids messed up now because of tv life?
- kate gosselin bird hair

How could I possibly title this?

I, too, think of the shrapnel, how I could find its sisters and brothers and fit them together like a mosaic mural. That's the beauty of explosions: the aftermath. Nothing will be complete again, but there is poetry in the quiet reverbs of violence. Soft, soft pain. Nothingness.

Saltwater

Yesterday the sea slept at my
feet. Today there is a barrel. Without

knowing why, I need to siphon the entire ocean into this vessel—
and I cannot use my hands. In the open wound of

my mouth, it tastes of rot and the greasy
slabs of deli meat after my

grandfather's viewing. How we grieve
for the whole world when whales wash ashore,

overheated and no longer
buoyant; how we

grieve for the collective
sky when stars fall, one by one by

one. Once, when I was eight, I thought I
was dying because I could not wake from a dream.

Even after the angel of sleep finally let me go, her clay hands
crumbling as they loosened, I still wasn't free. It was

the first time I can remember wondering
if I could order death like

an ice cream cone.
Suck it into

me
through gritted

teeth like the
stale

bathwater I
had always loved

to taste

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