

Love but a dry space

Skin fragments the hour or maybe the puzzle is this time, angry and coin shaped, a value and a noise. They drip into craters transparent and thick their necks becoming longer and longer until it isn't dancing. In the softer pauses they think about the ways the trees bleed dust, grieve

tides exhale for everyone but the memory, flashing movement angry at its feet, they remember it is springtime. They recall arid toes, the love a thing so worthless so pungent in its fear they recall that they weren't always flow- he knows the way of the trees and will not stay here not today, not when time is worth more than it takes, not when they are no longer lovers but rather themselves.

And finally when the trees recall an air. This is love in winter and the way the bark melts avid and cold and skin sheen a body and all the parts a body couldn't possibly know. And the earth too.

blueskin robot

They'll say in the year 2080; Beware of the blueskin robot with her shoestrings lace beetroot folded over needles, lax daisy weed lemon-yellow, faces sour to the interior, they will not scream honks while oldies ring paradoxical and raw

She'll address you in grunts if you push, her rust veiny and charred, children will probe it unfamiliar with silence

Deep-set tires like prolonged gasps and we'll laugh at their resilience, how it does not demand but ardently refuses to undress after all of these years faded smoggy headlights an illusion to something they know

Wake/Grieve**Wake**

Today we are still folding
Strands of hair twisting into nightmares
Beneath your nape
Breaking if they do, flattening if they don't
Tomorrow we will be dead and
Still a threat as hungry as you
For the answer that we aren't
I fold my teeth at all the corners
Tuck in knowing that again and tomorrow are the same
A new way to lie faceup and erroneous

Grieve

The words swing numb in my throat
Threaten to subside
Know this is the same as
Crying
If only one weren't so greedy

Validation

Because he is not the gun
and bullet is still twisting under sunlight
Shrinking and flapping its wings
Because the bullet is less hole
Than the cavern that a body builds
And because we're not sure where breathing
ends
where does the wound

Because he always cracks
into purple night
jam colored lips caked in salt
And how angry
And if shocked
he is still pointed
Not quite bullet but
shell
and if not the shell
did he ever really die
which is to say
when does it become "killing"

"Night shift"

There is no light here
only raw tire skin crawling
into a new day.