

spring 2020

i choose to believe
that i don't have the time to cut myself open
anymore
to slice down the hollow of my spine and
enlighten corners purposefully hidden-
don't have time to name what i feel anymore
because who can truly christen
the anticipation
of touch
only to find yourself back
in the empty eggshell hallway.

in our age of blue-light intimacy
loneliness is commonplace-
we pile our emotions on the windowsills
shrieking frustration to the winds
and wrapping
-tightening-
tangled wires around our
time softened hands;
we worry on toneless faces and three letter essays
and wait from tomorrow
with bated breath for today
to do nothing again forever.

and now we are forced to unlatch,
forced by the declaration that
there shall be no more opportunities
and the realization that we are finally turning blue
and plum
and swollen
from the holding of our shared breath
and the glance at the broken analog clock
that tells you nothing more than what you left behind;
nothing more than what you should
have done:
our mutual resistant sufferance.

but
in the conclusion
of all we collectively know

it takes this unlacing of my vertebrae
this swelling of my throat
to let myself accept that in this coda to familiarity
maybe it is just the trees and i
and the slumbering labrador tea beneath my feet.