Every place I’ve been is ruled by a group known as freedom fighters; there would be blood like an overflowing sink my unwashed dishes.

The old chair, olive like the spot in your pocket and the jar in your cupboard, is made of too many fibers I only wish I could count.

I waited with you in a cell, a cell like those that scream white with static.
I miss the flavor of my panic, the lactic pursuit of one another, it is now always out of place. Artificial light is the only thing that keeps us up at night sometimes yellow and sometimes grey, no matter the source.

A postcard in a womb, stamped and addressed and without a message, the face is blank (almost), the photograph nothing to the recipient. My darling is a cup; full but cold, a book not finished but forgotten. Madness echoes

with the breathing of our solitude, and I wonder if sadness washes over starlings as they covet darkness.