

dortha westerbeck

Skeletons + Sugar Frosted Flakes

Prism-eyed
waiting to defract
glances sought
+ found far too late

Piecemeal hangman
sure of vowels

They're all paying homage to each other
A world at your feet

You, love, are poised with a peeling back cover
held between lines,
so many pressings of pens

Looking for a home
a door to stir my coffee beige
connected to the world
chased by pigeons
Eager to smear
+ drop
All upon your head

If I call you with
shutting eyes
ashamed to see what's done
will you slip through
the screen
carried long-breezed
towards me?