

feeling is a band-aid

what sound would I make
kissing the front of a speeding
unmarked car do you think it
might be beautiful make no
mistake I am scared there are
certainties to be inherited and
kept behind the ear to chew
on later people are supposed to
die slowly and eventually like
sips at dinner taken by whoever
is in charge not a kid who found
the cookie jar with step stool and
opportunity I refuse to try and
be safe landing naked inside a
fire pit your condolences for
burnt skin will not help me
become someone I am ground
up birthday cake marrow hiding
in bone I'm not sure is mine I
am questions collected in dark
circles you cannot hear mosquitos
slowly sipping you gone with
cigarette tongues do not smack
them and end *their* search for
a few more minutes I turn off
the lights and nothing will ask
what do you miss ghosts do
not haunt what they do not
recognize leave me a message in
case I come back from wallowing
in my bullshit or leave a vice that
will leave them shaking down
their heads misery loves everything
I shouldn't feeling is a band-
aid pickled in blood I have thrown
the glass against the wall screamed
loud enough to burst I will dip my
head deep in clear and sip myself gone

