

Record Keeping

paper pinned down by a tack
hanging like my legs swinging off the edge
hidden walk to a bus stop-
silver tray

ceiling full of minuscule holes

blue dress

instruments to erase
the unmistakable

veiled stories

conspiracies burning

pulsing in each space

my limbs fall onto a burning field

skin blisters

layers of me melt away

still I continue this record

an apocalyptic vault became my home
hidden among seeds of every plant in the world,

instruments to create
the unmistakable

I watch a pink hydrangea
admire her willingness to alert the others
her soil is acidic
everyone knows

she has been poisoned

she shows it off so proud
she knows it's not her doing
she knows her soil worth

yet I am so afraid

spit out the truth
like sunflower seeds
spit it out

But my words move backwards
choke me on the way down
ring in my ear
swim circles inside my head like this is playtime
slowly they slip onto the paper

I'm forced to take on my secrets
elements of my existence.
proof of weathered la storms

I have no answers

no resolution.

my expression ends mid-walk

frozen

on a bus heading nowhere