

So the day would not come when we had to carry the war everywhere we went like a second

skin, scratched through the night, to a bursting. Chorus that can't breathe our, having failed. To shed what lives just askew, a blinding. If I were talons that could cut through to— belly blistered against bright glass sands. Try to braid the slithering nest that would signify new life, to lose what isn't given. Tethers, writhe in my hands. Skins missing bodies, crossed & crossed over, a huddled mass pleading half-lies with itself. And there you are, within my. Still, breathing.