

FATIGUE PERFORMANCE

Endlessly scrolling your way through an abridged version of war. Our children scattered throughout the remaining parts of the world, holding crude weapons, reading the fine print of the Air Pollution Control Act. Then it is nighttime in a mid-sized city. The sky inside us. Inside you. Rain coming down in shattered bottles. It feels like a machine carving into our arms. Dad's music forever spilling softly from the walls. You could say it was the party after the after party.

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The first snow
a vocal chord of light.

A dress of birds'
nests ablaze on an old lover
dashing barbaric across a field.

The soft nothing of possibility
in every once upon a time.

A voyage where you whisper
flashing light into my ear.

Say the ocean plays the part
of the rain until we meet again.