The Waiting

I'm tired
but also exhausted, as well as sleepy,
not to mention my neck has crick-
hooked onto the skyline
in a sour ache that holds
my jawline stiff, at attention.

I know it will not change what comes.

I'm so weary of the worry —
perhaps it's better to be taken by surprise,
when I let myself rest. Waters swell
with nervous warmth. Pole to pole,
storms grow more cavalier in their cruelty.
I feel like a shitting duck.

Knowing that the end is coming in every shape —
it prickles the air. There is static
in my lungs and I'm afraid I'll
die before I've gotten to live.

Paper bills mulch and mold and useless coins wink in the sunlight
like pebbles in a creek, the earth collects what its been owed
from raw palms, throats dry as forests burnt to soot and bones
begging for a bit more time.

I know it wastes what my being borrows from the earth that bears me.

It holds me
in an interminable brace
against, for, as if there is anything I can do
when the seafloor yawns and swallows this city whole.

A Meal in 3 Courses

i.

She slouches in a chair
scooted flush against the table
picky as ever.

Accepting only offerings of the self.
Nourished only by the humble self.
Still hungry for the self.

it's massive,
the weight of existence, too
heavy a meal. She asks, *"How?"*

ii.

How could I possibly fit an entire star in my mouth?
Shall I unhinge my jaw like some celestial python?

My mother worked as a fire breather
when she lived across the sea. I'd like to think

I have no saliva, only kerosene in these cheeks.
How on earth or astral plane could I eat an entire star?

Risk blowing my teeth clean out of my head,
straight into the wooden table like teeny tombstones.

A star.
How?

iii.

As if I could just

hold it

with both palms

bright thrumming somehow not burning

straight through to the bone.

Lolling over melanated lines:

head heart life fate

sun.

Cradling my pulse gently

collapsing smaller and small enough

to rest

in one hand

alone

the loveliest

little lemon drop

I think a lot about how we got here

how once you see the thing you can't unsee it

how eventually, the thing becomes all you can see

how the thing is still the thing even if it's being called a new thing

how there are so many things to see

how no thing is new

how the body remembers every thing

how there are many bodies remembering many things

how the body isn't just a body

how the body is a cell

how a cell holds space

how space expands

how expansion is the breath of being

how entropy shapes a blanket left on the couch

how the night sky has always been a blanket, corners dripping in the sea

how the sea is a body of many

how the many bodies move the sea