An Ill Head, Dreaming II

Help in the form of birds.
Feathers to remember what escape means,
and beaks to carve it.
She could not see herself better,
not well enough to wield smiles,
but she could feel the echo
of a day when the salt wave
in her chest would not rise to drown.

For the Neighbors, Who Know How to Bully

Anger is a giant month
pressed against my face.
Its tulle wings light at first,
promising, always promising.
But my breath is trapped
and bangs against the soft walls.
The stickiness of spider webs
crawls down my throat,
coming to coat my gummy insides
until I am one organ.
A Pangaea of hate.

View From Above

In the morning,
she is a piece of sky.
Bright and straight
she blinks down onto
the groaning streets.
She walks,
plastic bag in hand,
to fulfill tasks
she’s wrapped around herself like wind.
Things to scatter her thoughts
along with her hair.
She breathes in the morning’s tartness
and makes herself into who she
needs to be.