

Everywhere That Doesn't Exist

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she is the glowing skin that illuminates with country sun
the high note of every little girl lullaby
déjà vu and past lives
language rolling off thick wet tongues
sleep and dreams and the world between them
deep sea diving in memory

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she is an unpleasant headache
a vacation
a steak cooked with pepper
the scent of other girls' mothers

she comes apart in his hands
she is what you say when you get it
disappears with crisp wind
is a hue
a color
a plastic bead
literature on bathroom walls
doodles of ships and birds
and other things that may carry you away...

she is woven yarn
and hand-dipped wax
a meal in a rotten freezer
a deep warm sleep
your vivid dreams
your expectations
your voice

your words
(you)

*she is what he said and she said and what they all said as they closed their
eyes and ears and opened their breath as hearts smaller than
thumbles pumped and burst buttery blood and DNA*

she is a burst of a bridge of a word of a collection on display
trapped inside lucid illusions
inside play worlds
inside masking tape stuck to basement floors

the ghost of a friend gone bored

she is the movement of things not in motion
the time when everyone is beautiful

autumn and lost season changes
the energy of four a.m.

she is an unfinished memory