

The box, my torso,
Feels shut up like a
Window coated in
Layers of paint, the
Grooves between your
Fingers, carved newness.

There are quid pro quos,
There are ships to be burned,
Walked away from fearing
Nothing but tree frog poison
And destiny whose mind she
Slowly weaves into a Ferris Wheel.
There are places to be imagined,
Spaces to be kept, languages to
Create as fools await their summons,
Knowing not what will become of
Tenses and cases, and whether
Subjunctive should enter with its
Irrrealis waste and promise.

There is the horizon to be crossed,
The cliffs edges to be walked off,
The sunrise to see as circular,
The earth our spaceship lifting
Always upward, and gravity's inverse myth.
There are flowers to be petaled,
Noses to smell them, and physical
Traits to observe. Angles to consider,
Love made in raw public fits,
Feeds to tell seeds of stories that
Others can reveal in their bedrooms,

It sticks. The box, fixed as with
Paint, it clings in vain to what
Might have been, struggling
Politely to settle everything, weld
The finer parts down with pie-shaped
Rivots until only the house remains,
Painfully asking why they must go.
Windows only know the stories that
Pass before them, yet the body
Intuits lifetimes, awaiting the
Chance to be freed, to mark
It's Eid with a meal fit for kings,
And shared recklessly with all
Who chance to believe.