

My life as I know it, my right to breath,
Fills the empty anthill in my chest
With heavy aluminum dread oh,
god... oh

God.
So I park.

And as I'm still, I realize
This white flag will fly whether the hand who waves it is warm or not.
Pooling tears blur the black worms,
As finally
with the muscles in my jaw—
I can watch them now in the rear view mirror,
Jutting out and hardened,
like metamorphic limestone in fast motion,
Fast as the motion of the trees...and the peach colored mountains...—
“Hello. I see you. I've seen you all this time.”

My shoulders and back relax through the spasms,
I tilt my head, reach forward
And whisper
“Hello.”
I smile
“It's not up to me anymore, is it?”
I shut my eyes,
They're still there.
“Hello”
with the saliva glands in the corners of my mouth
filling and gargling my greeting,

As bitter melt sweeps across the bottom of my tongue and disintegrates again,
I cup my hands around an orange bottle,

“god,
If there's one thing you ever do for me,
Let it be this.”

