Autumn prayer

My skin feels like a leather hide stretched over the bumper of my car Catching bugs in my hair and teeth,
Feeling the still air slam against me at 80 miles per hour;
In hindsight, this drive might just be a 30 minute crash.

My hips tremble, and twitch
I picture the round, boney joint rotating in its socket, its place in my pelvis
So softly and smoothly, like a baby's
fresh, slimy bald head
cupped in a ravaged mothers loving palm.

The shakes, the constant motion
Swings down my legs from joint to joint along
The tendons and ligaments between the gaps,
between my bones

Like electricity on a telephone wire, Like naked men and women on metal poles

So desperately I try to focus on the image of them because I can not stand to face the horror I'm watching: black worms crawling in from every single one of 360 degrees—the perimeter of my vision Is shrinking as I accelerate.

So I shove my palms against the steering wheel, and Point my toes against the gas pedal, and — I'm a shivering ballerina going 90 on the i10 going south Whose lips are tinted pretty, muddy red with blood that also french tips their two front teeth, Whose cheeks are rouged with tension, And friction, Whose face is a graveyard littered with scabs, Who's curtains are definitely closing Who sees the closing but— I know I am but— please...

Acceptance of the pulsating, black worms, Their constriction around my light,

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."