

i. us. syncopated
heartbeat(s) in still chests. i grasp
her palm, and find home.

ii. Manhattan jungle,
maze of men with too-open mouths -
panic bloats these ribs.

iii. another one of us
laid flat on cold streets, erased.
i ask when i'm next.

iv. in the throes of short
attention. sitting still, i
am buzzing, buzzing.

v. right now. i write. Make
deep things. things of feeling. Pulse
thrum-thrum-thrums. (happy, yes.)

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