



When asked about your past  
you fill in the blanks w/ fictional  
cities, streets, tequila hinges  
& counterweights

but those eyes like damp pavement  
& the incidental music of your fingers  
are all that I can remember

I'd say if it wasn't for those bent  
trees you'd never know  
how thirst measures the gleam  
spinning in the fever dream of some random  
yet essential stranger

hypnotized by threads of smoke  
& leaning against the refrigerator  
as though the wreckage of the night sky might  
trip the scaled-down version we  
carry like a funeral torch  
down Kamikaze Blvd