

i intend to leave wholly unfinished, a pure hallucination in which I dreamt up my time.

*in communicative code, i grieve into a resolution, hoping it will grow into something else,
premised on a foregone immediacy.*

my days, spent in frenzy, do not articulate themselves.

*an interpretation of what i remember, disrupted and extended all at once, soluble in oil and
ethanol. it wipes itself from the ceilings and collapses into damp ash, reliant on a nascent
sky that opens, running counter to the trail of smoke that i return to a heaven.*

*in this temporality, my stories are cognitively immobilised, circling back on itself, casting
aside its hairs. this existence, more akin to a spectre, reduces its context to nothing, caught
under the slick of the same sky.*

*i believe eventually i will lose the textures of this space in a sobering practice, waiting for my
own reawakening, sitting in a pool of my own sweat, ancillary to the whimsies of a made-up
discipline. at once, this convolutes into the present.*

*can i still channel that same daft yearning? pierced through with wild abandon, recklessly,
darting sharply into blank space. these objects, sifted through into a pile of wet sand,
kneaded into a lump, shaped into the hollows, forced into its own curves.*

*how do you part? in time, with a hand pressed softly to the wall, caving to its acoustics,
dreaming out of its future. it loops and i end up back at my beginnings, no bearings left to
spare, emptied into an urn.*

before the sky ends, it seems i am rushing, palpitating into a mistake.

*the time holds me: its palm opens, but it does not beckon. the stones clatter onto the
concrete, tracing across its figures. an aching forearm falls for the ceiling, which in turn
aches for its creaky floors, surging towards its open grey sky. i still want to yearn.*

*will you come back to me? with a tear running down the cracks of your brick wall? sticky to
the cold, soaked in difficulty, protesting its metrics. i will not cling – feeling like mud, sitting
atop a stomachache, slip pouring down my ribs.*

my chest will continue to dream.

*sleep until the morning. snuffed out in the dawn, left with the devastation, without a trace. are
all my cards on the table? laced with agony, the light waning from them, rehashed over and
over again.*

*a semblance of guilt in my breastbone, tended to by the honeybees, frozen in the wool.
pared down to my barest self, searching for the evergreens. i refuse, this time, to leave
askew.*

... sleep in the morning. form the same habits and never break them again, tell me, if you like to be alone? will you be karmic for me and peel the stickers halfway?

woke up slowly, knowing back home is endangered, crooning into the distance. some days, the sigh seeps through the pores- a hermit crab, folded into child's pose.

the workings of the wet cement mumble. in this world, the village idiot will ring for the constellations to be sentient, and piece together its flesh, stilled by the tides, swaying in the breeze. i will scrape together these bits to form a pillar, built into my spine.

beneath the mattress, the joy is visceral and temporary. nothing is concrete anymore – not even the cobblestone trail, up the bridge, hiding behind a dying moon. my cowardice bides for a lapse in judgement so that perhaps one day, it gestures towards a resolution. i will somehow expire here, beyond a coded finality, and speak to you from the past.

show me how you persist. in throes of footprints, in the smoke in my eyes, in the clouds, denying its impending bloom. erupt all at once, so that i may forgive. i gain on the blurriness, watching the dust flood, and the underbelly twist.

am i watching you on the white walls? or on the straw mats, hung on the scaffolding? in theory, becoming professional in codependency, enveloped in the glare of possibility. half the age of my mother, sinking into the calendar, reading on the uphill.

in the heat, everything stops.

my callow hands work towards a limpid conclusion, swimming backstroke, salt on my shoulder, carved into the trim, jammed into the groove. vacantly, another fraud, trudging along a path of smoke.

recovered in the morning, braiding split ends into bile, belly-up, lowest on the top floor, sun broiling the rooftop. turn slowly, innocuously, away from me, so that before i realise it, there will be a gaping hole in the air.

in here, there is no heaven, so i agree to meet you in space, contracted, a functioning cataract. almost arcadian, there is no disguise to throw me into bliss - teetering on the train platform with swamp eyes and a smile. watch jealously, as it falls apart, vaulted over the iron gate.

the irony is in that convex mirror, swerving. at the end of the lane, the cadence will transform. what is it there that pulses your skull, like so? screech away from the nuance. i will push a knife through this moment, slashing in the orange glow, almost gleeful, mostly desperate.

dimensionally, the doors steam open.