

Untitled 6

I can hear but not

Locate the dripping in the walls.

February has found me.

The house is falling apart, or simply,

I am collapsing in its walls.

You choose the rooms to hold your heart.

The blood still circulates.

I try to use “today” as a verb:

“I am today with sadness.”

Or going out:

A streetlight switches on,

A second sun,

The same color as the sun

Closing the horizon.

And it was summer everywhere

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