

how to live btwn the lines

i walk this rod of a body
attracting lightning at every turn
& wonder how ceilings can put a cap
to what can be
beauty named
a fleeting thing not made for my hands

i lie a cut flower
in stems
in protest
on streets gushing with
a hydra of people
who all beg a peering into
with all that can be seen
at a minute arrival
of eyes exchanging a glance
into the heaving of inner worlds

my eyes smolder
the pelvis of my mouth
disowning the limbs of sound
brush fire at my throat

& in this life
the leaves never turn without
the shape of leaving
o to be
forcibly open
& closing
holding
each person
who ever walked
this tightrope body

my collarbone leaves space
for the tips of another's hands
such pining
evenly carved into the body
a moon holding its circle
while appearing bitten into
a sacred hollow

& isn't this what breathing is for

i stand planted on pavement
slanting towards light
this plywood chest warped
sweetly by sun a city
beating with peopled footsteps
the luxury of a consciousness
wearing through my skin

my spine a petrified wood

the axe comes
says my gender
does not
belong to me
this paper
body unfolding
origami this
unripe fruit devoured
of color

if this is the today that becomes everyday

then a tomorrow must be
a folded horizon
 losing its crease
 a bud opening
 unveiling skin
 a rippled ocean

earth below mined of its wick
& who am i to be treated
if land can be ruled by what it will outlive