



Big hands of caustic nights
rubbed on the biofilm

The world changed its color

Our man went south

Porous whispered nothings
peels

to the lemon of my early labor

Dreams blurred by rearview mirror

The Scent of Love

A serpent of purpose crept up my neck

and pressed on the sacs of hormonal love

Feasting on juicy

pace and space

my corrupt code grew new fangs

and eulogized my teenage whims

No, I don't have a name yet