

wings rotting on the roots

flakes of shadows in the window of a cafe
like rust & realms
the same taste of your fingers on my face
the other side of stories to grow now
or to furl out
i was once

why did you ask, heart
& where am i
plucking all the shadows
you yours you are
birds just hanging of
about
what did you call this
a coiled breath

why did you ask, heart
& i am not becoming
i'd erased the shallow end
a peal of spleen
sleeping in a bell jar
our first words
in that hall of mirrors
why did you ask, skies