

things that keep me up at night

the worst day of my life relived  
on a coffee shop couch in my hometown

tears that turn to bile slicking crinkled lips  
head over a toilet bowl

a left turn at a stop sign, a wheel spun with  
shaking hands, trembling fingertips

creaking bones beneath brown fur, years of  
paper-thin joy, slippery, soluble

fire dying with a whimper, an afterimage  
outlined by night sky

dark nights in my childhood bed, blankets  
becoming threadbare. rumors it's the last time  
the last