

Can you, here?

the drive the hours the distance
the wail of the wounded
women eager to work on themselves
and share their translation of the imperfect

VOICE

being heard in MERE WORDS
time a chameleon, thoughts a billion, deboning a chicken head-dread-sink →

DIM THAT STUPID LIGHT!!!

3-point turn in oncoming traffic
wanting to step out of—
how it began—

STOP! HOLD UP! Can you here?

← raw and empty. forbidding rage to dictate anything
more than the pressure of
point on page
(You can only hold your breath for so long)

~~My Your Our~~ freedom of speech
comes forth
capturing anyone who hears it

smashing the fact it even matters
the void the anticipation the exchange
I-compose myself and the story I seek

if this is how it ends,
take that for ALL is WORTH.