

Popped

Or

A cat so black it had only eyes

A patch of high grass at the edge of our confidence

on the floor of the brain the hippocampus reclines an odalisque with raised arms
clothes not bothering (fragrances) spicy amber Somehow inhale it now bergamot
our night catapults way up & under her vision a mirror

metropolis eyes sleeping in a dish the only ones not looking at the camera

and this all about how she meant to stay a maquette without being done or having not been
done eliciting how many and just as much by the next subtraction

did looks got in her way? holding the breaths that
flat reveals lined in rubber without closure the Balm wasn't seamless

she had scrambled her directions and now she was rambling

in an aura of replicas she circled herself

like private moonlight on a beach just passing through