

The Core

I walk parallel to the burnt red bricks
with silver hanging on my neck
the soles of my feet singed by the
concrete under the hot sun
my watch projecting fragments of reflection onto
the buildings I pass by, the stairs I climb
and the green railing that I grab
that takes me to the top of -
that mountain that I see and breathe
where I can walk straight and if I couldn't I'd-
float above the runny nose of Mom-
If she catches a bad cold the sky turns black and
when she shivers the mountainside falls in
and the salty blue seeps into the bricks I walked parallel from,
the concrete turns cold and
I can't see the sun anymore-
my watch broke, so I try to find the time
from the stretch marks on Mom
it says it's 4.2 billion o'clock but Mom says it's 4.8,
I don't understand
but it's ok because
I'm sinking and it starts to get warmer, warmer, hot-

it's dark down here

I lie flat against them

I don't have fingers to touch or a tongue to taste I am just

It and they are me and I am them

no, I'm not lonely I'm-

It's dark down here, I can't find my watch

but Mom says it's time so they and I climb those stairs

with the green railing until I -

I hear the sun,

and them,

and us,

have you ever heard something so beautiful that you could just,

Burst?