

TWENTY-THREE AND A HALF HOURS AWAY

KYLE TURNER

i'm keeping my distance
because, it's the only way
i can cope with the images carved
into the flesh of these memories.
i treat each day
like, loss was an art form
and these scars tell stories –
still, i have no idea
where to place this anger
– like, why don't you
fucking care about the consequences
of knowing?
truth is in the heartache
of children unseen – not heard.
the gears at the bottom
have bigger teeth and coral
is the color of the night.
grow my little, silent soldiers –
grow and grow and grow and grow
and spit fire in the faces
of them.



VISUAL ARTS