

A CLOCKWORK INDIGO

KYLE TURNER

under emerald eyes
i, try harder
each day – like, basalt
reaching out from icy
fissures – like, the mind
is an island
and these savage thoughts
have purpose.

there's a complex web
of jungle trails
spun orbiting the moon
exhaling youth
in the name of sacrifice
– like, gold wings
chanting unspoken verses
once scribed in quicksand.

i count backwards
in the memory of lies –i
connect constellations
like lizard tails and slug
slimed abstractions of a reality
now forgotten.
if the crumbling
sidewalks could talk –
would the image of god[s]
remain the same.