

# TWENTY-THREE AND A HALF HOURS AWAY

KYLE TURNER

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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.