etemenanki (where the wild things are)   **01.28.2021**

if i lit a wick on the palm of my hand
if i stared at the mirror and smiled hard
if i looked directly at you
if i clenched my teeth and smiled hard
if i licked porcelain
if it burst orange, orange until it hurt
if i turned sorrier
do fingers char
fingers char

if i watched gattaca at slower speeds
then i could call empathy an old friend
if i wore a jacket
then i could taste sweat like poetry like poetry like sweat
if i smiled to expand time
then i could use these god-given hands
if i bit down
then i am biting down

i crash cars because you crashed yours
i study languages silently
i am ozymandias
i am gilgamesh clinging to cloth
i smile harder
if i smiled hard