

on demand

03.05.2022

i hate you like a country
until i'm all used up, hard and slow

again, your hand is heavier

when i make out with the clock its barbed
hands dig into my cheeks and tug

or pry, or pray for secrets but i never
kiss and tell

though you move daily you remain a tree
in Brooklyn, young motherless robin

you cannot have love

it was a choice to leave you in your
ritual place and it was my choice to make

body weaponized trembling and remembering
my guilt rises with the tide and croaks with the cane toad