

# SPRITZ



If my mind-image, then, is greater than the highest raised grave-stone with higher raised grasses,  
(Death can be fresh and new)

Then I am set straight. Or am I? Or am I a constant threat to my own realm of sanity, set like a globe in front of, around me?  
(Truth can be wet and then set like cement)

Consistency kicks me to the curb, and in my gratitude I am kicked from comfort's curb, and from comfort's curb I am left with asphalt burns still sizzling my pallid skin.  
(Burning skin is reminiscent of war's death toll)

Heel to toe, back to forth, each knee bend characterized by the flaccid cells left in front of me.  
(Trauma comes from the highest contrasting outcome to what was asked for)

(Melody comes from me traipsing my hanging hide, a trophy of my realization and  
realization of my realization)

(And that I liked it, for death really can smell sweet as honey,  
vanilla-scented spritz)

*by Kinsley Gerks*