List

beats, when small, act like prickles
on the exposed neck.
disorient: toronto, or?
the hand waves up, meets eggy
wall, constatinople
drawn on a scroll.

*one*: when fallen, tape up again.

two: the grave excavates itself,
which was once yard,
which was farmhouse before then.
apt to walk lamblike here,
not laughing.
his hand is a knot
in her fingers.

when she dreams
it is mostly slick and maw,
sped up with frost.
the friction disappears
down her throat,
and her skin regains its blue symptoms.
they are cave crawlers,
digging for old oxygen
and the bite marks
of raw ice.

*three*: he’s packed a single hat. she remembers
gulping hot tea for the caffeine.
four: her mother lives in every summer
she’s seen. maybe not permanently,
but in glimpses at least.
her twin peaks, mirthless wink.
not a dress but the flare
of a black pantsuit,
her monochromatic closet
yawning like a grove of trees
hoarding their darkness
beneath california’s
sweat-filled eye.
maybe these summers
are all one summer, she thinks,
one fat or flattened
thing that lives in china and the states.
but grown, like so many other plants,
in ontario.