

12-P-15

The Heart

Namely it is my hands that are cold
But the rest of me isn't fairing too well either,
The night that brought your lips to me—
A butterfly through a shroud—
Has taken its toll on my appendages

The morning finds me scaling the walls
My feet wrapped around the windowpane,
My teeth dug into the drywall.
Some wish to fade into nature:
becoming the canopy of leaves,
walls of bark, armadas of insects
and fleets of birds
rising & falling in tempo
with the rhythm of the wind;

But I would prefer to
blend with the building—
Whichever I am in—
the pillars, my fingers,
the wallpaper my skin,
each empty hall a bone,
each closet my hidden lust,
A ghost in the concrete.

(And when you walked through
my hollowed halls, you would think
always: someone there)

Here: All I know about the human heart
It houses the soul,
All the while dragging about
This cadaver—
Like a man with two names.