

custodian of the breath

I have been drawn into a dance of doom badly this poem this
jellied petroleum and i'm too old to be dyeing my hair black
handfuls of remnants in the sly drain like wounded cobwebs by an egg cup
an instagram reel dunked in coffee my eyes glazed like doughnuts sweet and
soft, dough that tidies my synapses so i can't concentrate in the fog, the
squall that lengthens my bones the classes i studied for.

Custodian of the breath whispering through veins and torn toenails put your
ear to the dust, i'm told, for it spells our future disintegration, and
muffled
silence we all say we know but i still ink my hair a tired
attempt at newness, with bad breath of air from a heartbreaker city, the quiet tyrant
i wait for my hair to dry and hope forever chemicals aren't soaking
into my skin.

My forehead's still stained while a video mythologizes microplastics in the news
and in my food, squeaking saliva my body has begun to smell like
balloons, what's alone is the breath it's dusk, the tarmac ink has dried the
patient dust is on its way to
yawn widely and disperse.