

Poetry Slam Poem 2025. Cold from indecision.

Thought I'd just flip out like how people flip when they get to where they're going and there nothing there, except there was everything there at the intersection.

Mr. Frost I thought you said there'd be two roads, not two hundred.

Approaching the intersection in the thick snow knee foot high
where the blizzard envelopes the path you've unsewn
the snow eats where you came from and it's impossible to see where you are going
There was no such place nor was there any memory,
all there is is the body fighting the wind.

Approaching the intersection, The post, Going somewhere like how you came back to this intersection
after walking 32 yards in what you thought was the wrong direction. Or maybe it was right
Your shins wrapping you around your same old posts, alone like even the mold died in the cold the wood
a sapless skeleton hugging away your body when you touch your arm against it
Alone like lips opening and closing like broken gates crumbling your gait as you step away so as to tell
somebody where you're going – where am I going? Mustn't there be anybody who knows?

Going somewhere like how your supposed free will had any choice to look before it was predetermined to
look there, like the branches in your lungs didn't govern the air through predetermined pinholes deciding
each time which path to take, like it was your choice which thought appeared in your bare skull it was
your choice to wear this tshirt though it was societies supposed free will that made my free will
acceptable.

Free will like how your skin chose to crinkle in the cold, chose to rash up in red and blue and purple hues
instead of remaining strong.

Predetermined like somebody knows already what you're gonna choose

But then would it be my choice?

Going somewhere like how the somewhere wasn't already there.

Cold like your throat lubricated in slick sharp callouses from all the breathless wind that swallowed up
against useless tonsils and tongues because you weren't gonna anything anyway. Other people's wind
passing by your ears. Cold like knots in your eardrums, the pressure implodes searing cold flaking your
lips

Tendons frozen beneath skin,
sucking the water from the muscles
to pull your body closer to the sun
Long Tendons in the feet like mayflowers that compacted
Into sovereign bodies stuck in white cement –
The lifeless stems in your feet knotted into the earth
Unable to move.

Hands like nubs, cold mucus contracting

Coldness slipping between organs

Breaking good because bad things never break
And breaking well is ill-defined because it could never get better

Somewhere big and open where it would have enough room to lick all the walls before it could be comfortable and nuzzle up somewhere safe,

Going somewhere like I went to Dubai and New Orleans without moving.
Standing still as I walked through a lupine field before I crossed the border to take a photography class in Maine, Maine because streetcars in Croatia didn't fill my desires and I didn't have to move through any of it to know I was in a different place this entire time. Cold like I didn't know where to go so now I'm in this room. Cold like there's metal in my hands and on my hands and in my knees like a black silence curling up inside of me. Cold like a sign post with no names on it. Like stupid arrows pointing perpendicular to the curvature of my dream to make it seem I have to look the other way, which way was that anyway?

See your sunken eye it can't look anywhere anymore breaking so good from the cold, chars your fingertips in Frost bitten Mister Frost's words the road not taken

Like how it took all of you from you "long I stood" like how you couldn't stand any of it, trying to understand what a road even was or why you had to take one anyway when you could go places without even moving. Cold like your body froze in its own complexity

Build up of rivering quiver in an aqueduct somewhere below the diaphragm.

Scared like there's somebody coming up behind you.

Looking around everywhere like there are eyeballs in your ears and nape like naked eye mucus contracting but you can't call it blinking because you're too scared to miss it.

It. too scared to miss it, but you know you already had.

It was gone like you were just seconds late.

Why didn't you just say it earlier? Do it earlier?

Burning up somewhere warm when you touch your own sternum because you know there is something crawling inside you and not so small anymore like it used to be.

You couldn't tell where it hit inside because it could have been anywhere, in any capillary brooding behind any wrap of DNA in any chiseled hole in any bone.

But then it got so big it could have only been in one place, somewhere it could breathe your air.
Somewhere big and open where it would have enough room to lick all the walls before it could be
comfortable and nuzzle up somewhere safe,
only roaring up in chokes when you go to say something real before it all turns to red and the thing is
climbing the slits between the organs toward your head.
I know you meant to say something to somebody. Something that made them warm but you cold like a
furnace open in the wrong way losing all its heat and leaving everything in it raw.
Colder in the furnace than when it was in the freezer before you touched it with your stupid, grubby hand
and put it inside yourself.

Fingers like robotic icicles puncturing holes into everything you touch, making all the substance leak out,
the fluid spiraling at the edge of the hole turbulating up in bizarre directions you couldn't have predicted.
And you wish you could reach into your chest and puncture the thing inside you so that its skin was
wrapped in rips and leaking out so that it wouldn't take up so much room inside you.

But you can't reach inside, only on the outside, turning everything blue and cold while something inside
you is so hot you might pass out soon. Pass out for good this time because you can't do it anymore
because you waited too long. You didn't know you were even waiting till now and you're still waiting
even after the realization freezing up your body between tongues of flames of frost because all you did
was wait. All you did is wait. Eaten by the snow, All you did is wait.