

In a tunnel, I hear my footsteps fall apart

& barrel past the sun, those bats in wild flight,
past the sphere of light & fanfare save
for the remnants of my heartbeat that glitter
& echo around this place like confetti &
hummingbirds who drum sky & like
how feral feet
smack at the inside of a vein. It is otherwise quiet
here. I am alone at this parade
where the tin scraps of my heartbeat hammer
north and south and east and west at the tunnel
walls trying to decide — to find the light? or to fly
past the sun to rest on the lips of oblivion
& its hungry, secret societies?

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Bio:

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