

*can time travel save me?*

clocks languidly stretch themselves  
    between my aurified fingertips  
melting timelines into the hands that have never known  
    anything but the spontaneity of god sweeping  
the world with seas just to see their people drown  
    sinking//spitting//kicking until their very last rib  
hardens into lacquer

    i never liked tangerines but i like how  
they make my roman stained hands smell like the market  
    and so i will juice them into my cuticles until i am crying  
i hope they drown the timelines until they are  
    sinking//spitting//kicking too

and i look to my mother as my nails begin vomiting  
    ticking seconds drenched in tangerine i  
feel my mouth distort as the juices climb through my jugular  
    she holds up her own hands painted in grapefruit and i  
know that she too tried to keep analogs from their tendencies  
    of latent flight by  
tethering them in citric harbors