

A grain of sand gets picked up and
put into a cardboard box. The box
goes into rooms until the sand falls
out. The box keeps going. The room
the sand fell into is turning. It is a
dead pixel in our distorted render.
His fog is burned on my screen, and
I will beg to never see me and you in
its reflection. The greener grass is
waiting. It eats deceit
out of a popcorn bucket,
and contains every waking
moment of our ever
wavering lives.

Don't
tell me
what
time
it is,
tell
me when
things
are
okay.

I
will
find a hope
that figures past
my withered wings.
I cannot be
without— The right keys
found my stone ten days after
I decided to let them be seen. They
fell past the line and heard the fan
spin. It scared them. They left within
an hour. You left after only an hour.