

reflection

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there is a lonely penny in
the pocket of my leather coat
when the earth trembles I walk out
of my shoes continue barefoot

sometimes I walk home alone
to convince myself I can make it
thirteen blocks without heading
into oncoming traffic
solitary electric bulbs in the
apartments above acting as stars
guiding me home

there was function once
embedded in these tattered soles
when the earth trembles I walk out
of my shoes continue barefoot

why does it feel as though I've
carved out my lungs and
served them to you on a platter
like a switch has been flicked,

a brick has been thrown,
every time that wry smile crosses
your scalpel lips

if you opened my mouth
you'd see my heart on my tongue
when the earth trembles I walk out
of my shoes continue barefoot

they call it the anniversary
effect a year later but
what about the day after
it's the middle of the week and
his birthday was Wednesday
no candles to blow out
no candles to blow

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