

Miami

There is snow coming out of the floor drenched in sky eating clouds because
of a window a blank page becomes full of shadowplay a white canvas
is never not empty my palms are bathed in twilight everything is beautiful there
are wild peacocks edible inedible fruits on trees flickering christmas lights
Santa in flight I am running with music blasting through my skull
wanting to become more or less of this Earth on this Earth I do
not want to die as of yet my head is strong in embracing heart my eyes have so
much gaze there is nothing wrong in over thinking all of this and more
the flowers I halted to finger were Jasmine not yet matured to have
smell yet I was lured to stop in the middle of a dark road to witness this
adolescent innocence to go down on my knees to lip their white flesh my
mouth permeating with pulse all this time I never realized there was a
dance to time the clock had three moving hands the sun rayed and waved
 the moon phased from nothing to something every twenty nine
and a half days I think I might be in love Is this why everything is so beautiful?
Jasmines are snow Earth is pulsating spring all the time