

A Day Before Another

As sand dunes to wind,
earth shifts. Forever
ends without spring
kneeling down to summer.
The last mouth gape to sky
is filled with petals.

glue, togetherd, body dune.

All I think about is being
and not just possessing.
I mean

The clock reads 12:22 AM.
Less than 24 hours left
before another zip code change.
The walls have begun to melt.
One day, the sky will let the sun
borrow its blue.

I think of beauty. And decide it's them.

I sit by the East River texting instead of enjoying
the sun. Squinting at the screen, my head down,
my shoulders in mount, my back a hilltop, mud

I ask Reddit with my photograph
in glory edit:
“is this beauty/is beauty it?”

In Bay Ridge, at this Mexican restaurant, a Pakistani
American couple sits next to me. The girl wears
a blue romper. The guy wears a black leather
jacket.

Incapable of singular mindset
the color drains from my skin to untitled hue.
I mean

My romanticism WhatsApps my mother my photograph.
She says: "Showing skin only makes one
disgusting."

One word lasts
several water drowns.
This bleed has a slow end.
Spring night winds freezes the body
to home but not to an arrest.
How long more till allowance

till placed beauty
till herd
till enough anchor

till these revolving doors of my room dismantle?

The spring eats away
at my clay.
I mean

this erosion has only a day to go.
On the windowsill, my goodbye flowers

are still fresh.