

Heartbreak Aubade

A grilled sandwich
at 5 AM is a friend.

I charred it.
Ash in my chew.

But still
a friend.

I am aware of all
strange thoughts.

Like how my man
was not a man.

But a clown.
And never a friend.

The moon
was not skinny

the last time I looked up.
It was a hinged croissant

that turned my hunger
into a high.

My favorite thoughts
are ones with revised recalls;

paintbrush in tap, linseed oil,
green & blue ocean & peacock,

jasmine bush, moth breaking

gaze in a parking lot full of traffic lights–

all
of everything

that has something
to do

with you.
I miss

the mud smell
the rain left on our skin

when you walked me the opposite
direction of your own home.

And the way you turned and scoffed
at another clown's catcall.

The humidity had turned
my hair into a full nest

that never cradled
any eggs.

A body
without birdsong

left behind in an aftertaste
of burning;

coaled toast
on a salting tongue

at daybreak.

