

Cymbals Eat Guitars "Secret Family"

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Up over the queasy glossed acre of scrub pine
Â'hind your house

Through the glass of the sliding door it passes now
without sound

Leave my clothes in a heap on the floor

Collapse into bed

The world's dead lid sagging green-black and
pregnant

Still it's a fatuous wish to be blank and brand-new
Noticing motion in this sick and sprawling splendor

Spilling guts

Motes were clouds in spokes of shivering sun

The life to come, the life to come

You snorted up an orgasm times twenty

Then one day you can't turn the shower on

Look down

All your birthmarks and scars are gone

Skin pink and virgin

A burn victim

What you sloughed off found cold in your bed and
mourned

Before ever trying weed

Before the blind opioid glow

He loved his secret family

And what a pain

Hiding dilation

Unnatural brightness

From the corner store clerk

Who never looked up

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