

Rain Delay "Fulcrum"

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Beloved, the aftermath will be disastrous.
I am still holding on to your words, that changed its
meaning several times by now.
Ephemeral words of support I used as a fulcrum.
Today is no different.
Inhaling the same smells,
Alysa Ashley and vanilla sticks.
Remember those 23 degrees.

Seconds from disaster, I've noticed that crushing wave.
Then the fulcrum collapsed.
Moreover, the levee broke.
You, the distant, inflamed me, the suburban.
Our relations dissolved after that shockwave.
Still, we breathe dissonant.

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