

## **An Ill Head, Dreaming II**

Help in the form of birds.

Feathers to remember what escape means,  
and beaks to carve it.

She could not see herself better,  
not well enough to wield smiles,  
but she could feel the echo  
of a day when the salt wave  
in her chest would not rise to drown.

## **For the Neighbors, Who Know How to Bully**

Anger is a giant month  
pressed against my face.

Its tulle wings light at first,  
promising, always promising.

But my breath is trapped  
and bangs against the soft walls.

The stickiness of spider webs  
crawls down my throat,  
coming to coat my gummy insides  
until I am one organ.

A Pangaea of hate.

## **View From Above**

In the morning,

she is a piece of sky.

Bright and straight

she blinks down onto

the groaning streets.

She walks,

plastic bag in hand,

to fulfill tasks

she's wrapped around herself like wind.

Things to scatter her thoughts

along with her hair.

She breathes in the morning's tartness

and makes herself into who she

needs to be.