

blood light maybe

my blood is spicy and metallic
flows like circuitry, or city's arteries
clangs in the coroner's bottle, but
responds to traffic signal stimulus
like urban defibrillator symmetry
electric burns on the breast of the bus
(that carries you away from me)

seeming sullen passengers weary
from the outcast howl of the city
always closing windows shut, or
dutifully housing insecurities
before birds of possibilities fly free
plugging holes, to stop the flow of maybe

in this approximate, fictional town
under someone's scripted, sanguine sky
another world where with you, I reside
perched on branching realities
surely one has a tree that's shading me
recovering from slamming your window
(after setting my flight path far too low)

wind-glided on wishful thinking
crested in the wake of expectation
dream's light I tried to fold and furrow
but stared too long, it just dissolved
particles, the parts of us, reduced to atoms
on the eve of this, a brave new world
(wait and watch, they tell me)

if I focus my gaze on you
will you change, a hewn tree?
because heart can't compute
the probability of maybe
and wishing wave's dualities
just puts all faith in physics
where previously
all hope was in chemistry

(and blood.)