

IMPERIAL SILK

have you noticed that the sun doesn't set anymore? not really. tired and
yellowing bone. spitter. saw. 妈妈, i dipped my fingers into your
sunken cheek & pulled a spindly path home. you would never find me
otherwise. there is a moth that keeps blinking it's way out of view. it followed me
into the tepid heat. i don't think it knows i asked for the hurricane. i see it and then
i don't. i'm scared i'll broom it up with all the other ghosts
in the hall. can you ask them to please leave my light alone? i know they
only want company. i don't mind being that for them. please, tell them to leave the wings
alone. i did try to kill it a few different times. its breaths come heavy, slow, bumbling.
what else can you have for something like that but pity? pity, pitter, patter, call me foolish
once more. how to snap a chicken's neck. how to pull the feathers out of still warm skin. 妈妈,
please teach me how to pin a ghost how to pin a moth in glass casing how to bleed the carcass how
to keep finding your home in the corner of my eyes. i am getting scared to blink.
can you hear the slow beat? i know that moth is keeping me company. i hear it
beat itself against the almost alight glass. this room is very empty. i look for you even in life.
please be who puts me to sleep. who glints in the dark. who looks even in rest.