

Some Days

I wake to scoop with my marble hands, the crisp air
on to my dream face pressed on to my dewy, fiery body
the sun's mountainous warmth cracking me open into earthy chunks
sighs summersault past my lips and I sing off-key in vowels
my eyes become a diamond ocean I wave my hands asking for mercy
music shimmies through my pores my skin pulsates to no rhythm
I'm Queen of the Night, my chest blooms my lungs become heavy
butterflies instigate so much chaotic good in my gut that it's unbearable at times
worries don't grow abundantly the night nurtures sickly shadows
there are no easy questions answers are tinged with complex flavors
I'm reckless with my desires, I run with them
the day billows with potential that is never ending
What a life! What a life!

I wouldn't change anything about those days.

