

STILL 24

we posit motives as sheer yelps
of the espresso machine saturate the scene that is
to say we pace ourselves, attain pulse through unease, ill
breath [read: an ashtray] we eat croissant and do
in fact, tirade, undress our heart
in approximate order:

this freak storm
antsy pluck
stanch risqué
the names of sisters

in simile make speech mosaic lip
a number of hours within

which the self evolves

as brunch
Italian boots
an oyster card
porcelain clatter
zenith scope

how anticipation, as attitude, grants slim signifieds
the turgid canal, its mess of walked bank-sides and, once prior
Yoko Ono's cough piece on repeat — for lack of conversation