

COMING TO CONSCIOUSNESS

Someone's collapsed
Between expression and substance
Relaxation and resistance
Enamel yellowing itself
Cast in lengthy shallows
Sun-bathed, freckled, simmered
The wounded lick skin with rough tongues
Swim lengths in candle folds
Shed sediment set for iridescent intimacy
Opening on order
Recesses reveal beneath a condensation of fragments
Dancing through liquid fingertips
All that is left is residue
Broken by a stranger
Rocked shut
cradled calm
Cracked on water's surface

Someone's collapsed
Drowned in salty showers
Sedated in soapy hiss
An exhale tightens, escapes, spits
Immersed in the eyes of strangers
Wounds develop in pupil's bloom
This public private boils bruises
Contained in calcium casks
Soothes skins on sight
Hung like hides
Numbered by biological breaking
The wounded sigh
Lay back
Lock lids
And come to consciousness