

l i e n

ask for more
now
if you dare ask

for every little bit
starve this cold &
veer off

birdsongs style
steering into the sky
so many sharps

pockmarked landscape
turning treacherous
death by icicles

gasp little yelps
tasting ash &
sublingual tablet

hold it in tiny mishaps
muffled & yet
still crying out

these moments
pressed between pages &
broken brickbybrick.