



some days I am too empty      for *descriptions*.  
myths span our      damp sky      with doubt.

we look at

each other—      negatives of      ourselves.  
crumbs tossed in      axioms of sorrow

and so

I watch your mouth      become

a crow-shaped  
black hole.

my gaze      pulled tight      around  
the edge      between      substance

and

nothingness.

between what stutters      into night  
what splinters into      morning.