

YES

I wreck up on the shore of someone else.
Remember the width of the world? It has
folded inside and asked for permission.
It has too many split lips. Your jacket
is over my ears. My lighter flips me
the bird. I scrape out every skerrick
of my apartment from the insides of
my mouth. Then a guy slides his tongue in through
the remains. Remember the crisp clacking
of our pronouncements? I've run out of
lips to address. I am splintered, spotted,
and quite the fucking spectacle. I wreck
up on the shore of someone else. His eyes
are marbled and his feet are in my face.