

Poseur

I confess what I did in the tombs and the displays, and how I filtered
the reports through an hourglass.

I admit to turning out the green light in the grapes.

I own up to emptying the squid of its ink.

All because I conceived of a rope with a noose at the end of it.

And I imagined an alchemical tide smothering the shore in gold.

I am not even the corpse at the end of this idea.

I tried to refill the night, but my eyes were open.

The two ends of the equator unraveled as I tried to cross.

The peeled apple took its skin back before I could eat.

Stars swept up their rays and the Milky Way poured itself over the
rim of the planet rather than be named on my maps.

I awoke and was dead, so I decided to take my own life, and ended
up alive after my self-inflicted demise.