VI KHI NAO

LIQUID MUCUS

My nose has been away
& is afraid to come home

To my face

My face has been berating
The bridge

Build a better one.
That allows a birch log

Of a finger
To cross it

During a flood

The cold came &

It has been raining.

The sentries

Come in the form of liquid
Mucus &
Barricade the pair
Of lungs—

Floating gutters