

I WANT TO SWING ON THAT  
SWING NEXT TO YOU

and tilt my head so far back  
that my hair touches the ground

I want to talk about the past  
I mean all the way back to the dinosaurs

and wonder why we grew  
more than one cell

and sit here  
in the starlight  
and wait for the meteorite

because it's coming and it's going  
to change everything

and I want to sit here in the darkness  
with my body as a window  
showing pictures of  
people walking here and there  
and living

like an explosion  
layers of fire  
a cannonball  
a dahlia

I want to pull you into this water  
and hold you under  
until you smile  
and see mermaids  
and male sea horses

giving birth  
squeeze you so hard it makes a bruise  
fragile pushing into fragile

then light a candle  
in a paper lantern  
watch it rise into the night  
and burn itself to pieces