

*Water colors on a ruined landscape. Mike*

Earthen glaze spread out on the window with the sun's chromoluminism and I  
tasted my first grape with cramped eyes and found it hazy tasting

While you stole it from the paramount and lifted it from the tarmac and an inch  
of hushed white skin, the texture of air conditioning, tempted my elbow.

Unnatural sleep sped you away, I stared indistinctly and ignored the sidewalk  
chalk and iron, those colors of stillborn mornings that kept tucking me in,  
even

When I wasn't ready—I'm wide and upright

Just like the mountains and sky and night, you. Does it matter which ones. Your  
brushes paint things and nature changes-I never notice the difference.