

It pounds against your chest,
cuts circles inside your desert,

runner at rest, horse at start gate,
dog sniffing rabbit.

SOME KIND OF WILD

TRISH FALIN

Some kind of rush streams through blood,
a flash flood to sweep everything I am--

old photos, empty bottles and car parts--
down river like some kind of delicious disaster.

I drink, chug air, a wind hauling body parts,
stop breathing, skin barely contains.

In skin, on skin, canvas of next masterpiece
I want to paint over until perfection

or a more beautiful imperfection appears.

I have to run, my eyes hear what you say.

Your eyes smell of miles of grass covering.

My skin will not be quiet, forgive me, I talk too much.

