

Hi

many great promises have been made

*no fakeblood, no feathers
by that I mean no blood and no fathers,
by that I mean no more daddy issues
no exorcism
nothing will be put in or taken out of my mouth
nothing will be put in or taken out of my anus
nothing will be put in or taken out of my nostril or armpit
no monolog about teenage boys or mums loneliness or your hot mess
no falling in love, no falling out of love or out of the window, any window*

simply, the gesture of a tired hand,

*the sun mirroring the rustic handle of the staircase as the sizzling leaves stir-fry my thoughts.
you're stepping front and back by my door, hesitantly jumping over imaginary lines on the
floor, as your shadow swims on my window shelf
the wind is being real needy today, it's wobbling my favourite three, messing with it's hair
I kiss your forehead, slightly, lightly,
fragile and stubborn like a leaf, you could vaporize at any given touch*

*I'll wait here, tenderly, while you wiggle on the line
I'll ask the angels to run their fingers through your thinning hair
as your chemically infused thoughts are too vague to be grasped. In slow motion they spin
like a fat hamster in it's wheel,*

*so where am I to place all of these desires when you don't want them in your tiny bedroom. I
hide some in the pockets of your hoodies and in between you ribs and*

*I set off I dance with the devil I string myself to branches I bounce cloud castles and dive
ponds and roll into the grass by the roadside. I slow dance to PJ and I slow danced for you
and I slowed down to seek some truth. we don't have time for lies. there is only time for
fingers in mouths and spirals from the sphincter. Waves of progesterone are keeping me safe,
they're hijacking my trips making me return to bunkbeds where I can forever dream of folding
into your armpit.
fold me once fold me twice fold me trice and place me on your ear shelf I'll hold on to the
rings I won't fall even as you bike through the red lights. I promis.
I promis.*

*Making promises in apocalyptic times is giving a lifeline for daydreamers.
Promising tender revolutions.
I start now.*