I married into the fly trap
I sunk into suburban sand
Victimized by restlessness
Blacking out in the lion's mouth.
I laughed at the cigarette stain;
inhaling black on the blinds

And cried at the digital bulb blasts on the frames of my memory I am transparent.

Denied, segregate from the obvious.

Drunk and despairing--sick.

"I loved a girl I'll never speak to again. I spoke to a girl I never stopped loving".