

Shallow Water Blackout

Every Time I Die

Neuron flash in fifty watts pinpointing to the streetlight limb
o.
Told me it was chemistry why i behave like this.
Why i move in misdirected impulse and speak in scrambled clusters of white noise.
Traction is not a term of endearment.
Death is an experiment best conducted face down.
Vertigo may not include spinning, but it ought to.
I am languid in the puddle, face full of concrete cellophane.
Don't say a single word unless you speak with a drowning tongue
. .
I am not listening. i am not focusing.
My eyes have sunk and set and i am invincible.
I'm water proof.
Someone said that heaven is just coincidental collision of electrons.
this is not the time for touching me.
I am a conduit changing colors, frantic humming televisions,
Conducting city spasms, shorting voltage like a fuse.
the elevating vibrations of hysteria, amplified by the armor of the tarn.
Flashing lights paint veins across the sky.
And everyone along the roadside just wants to see a saint.
The serenity of sirens, the allure of the femme fatale.
Her defibrillator hands can't stop me now.
I feel quite all right.