

**disconnect**

there's been plenty of houses.

green, grey, white, blue. too many to count. hanging up snow-covered houses on pine trees. candles that smell like pine trees. wet faces and wet shirt collars. setting small snow globes over the fireplace. setting one house on fire. very loud sirens. who knew there were different sounding sirens? little green, grey, white, blue houses. smashing snow globes against tan walls. the glass was very close. remembering watching the snow fall. glass shattering. falling. didn't even feel like i was falling. staring from the second story. assuming no one was watching, looking, paying attention.

catching a glimpse of normality.

cool blue water and the neighbors sister relaxing, poolside. making calm look so easy. nothing's smoothed over and as good as it looks. paintings flaw. expensive paintings lined every room when they could afford it. painting the view from the only window. forever eyes could be company to the view. the one imagined, not the one unfolding on the other side of the glass.

turning inside out for acceptance, acknowledgment. breaking dinner dishes against the front door. the large stained glass center became a large hole. why the front door? a rope pulls one way, and a chain pulls the other. there's no concern or question besides how to remain in one piece.

a day came when everything she knew got shoved in a couple garbage bags and thrown over a set of stone steps. nose pressed up against the glass, thinking about how the last thing remembered was going to be the heavy black plastic smell that stuck everywhere. the heavy weighted feeling that swam inside of everybody. there was a point when bones didn't exist. even in faces, outside sitting in the back of a leather seated car, inhaling selfishness, resentment, worry, loneliness, abandonment. letting your face and mouth melt into whatever is around you. inhaling anger. arguing opinion after opinion hoping that if someone were to be listening, they'd tell you that you've been heard. understood. inhaling terrible bass. surrounded by terrible people. nothing's smoothed over besides fresh ice.

looking down at the reflection of what's above you. looking down at what's above. fresh ice and fresh blades. distractions don't work. brand new, cold steel. slicing down generations of nothing impressive. cutting through years of misguidance. severing connections and relationships that were never made. bloody knees dripping. there were never any band-aids. no one noticed the girl fall through the ice. the voice asking for help stopped making noise. help stopped being offered. nothing meaningful is just going to slip into your hands. there's no content. the same stories dug up from twenty years ago. her father was a drunk. her mother didn't love her. ongoing claims of being dealt a raw deal. life ruined her. a bassinet on its side. a bottle molding. endless, meaningless money. positivity came in like tv static.

buy a couple cars, crash a couple cars. buy a few houses, sell a few houses. have children and hope they figure it out themselves. there's been plenty of houses but not one home.

**brain**

It wasn't supposed to happen.  
The sky somehow fades together, blending all those colors with ease.  
Think about all the things you'll never do.

It could've gone three ways.

How do you flip a three sided coin?

How could you make pigment become another, stretch the canvas past your eyes, past the concept of vision?

She told me she loved me as big as the sky.  
Clouds don't mean anything they say.  
Give me something to say.

Gardening is a pensive hobby.  
Flowers are beautiful but we can't all be that shallow.  
Some of us have to.  
Any of us have to.

Where is everyone?

They're hungry for hunger.

How could they think it wouldn't get bigger?

They hoped it would stay small, small enough to swallow.  
They know you're hungry so they'll feed you.

Teenage boys gambling stolen cigarettes for a couple fireworks.  
Learning how to hold their alcohol.  
Learning how to forget.

Just assume they don't need your help.

There are so many things to think about.  
Firecrackers igniting on cement.  
A grey skullcap for the ground we walk on.  
The place we call home.

Did anyone hear a car alarm go off?

There's nothing valuable inside besides spilled truths.  
It's broken and no one's ever fixed something like this.  
Better just not say anything.

Tell me everything about everything.

Hot stage lights.  
Nervous laughter coming from a sweaty actor  
under stage lights.

It wasn't supposed to happen but it did.  
The sky is almost one color now.  
There's no point in looking back.  
We'll never know how the way things could've been.

Flip three coins.  
Invest in expensive paint.  
She was lying.  
Clouds whisper secrets if you're patient enough to listen.  
There's nothing to be said.  
I killed one plant and gave up.

Where is beauty? Who is the true designer?  
They'll be back, they promised.  
It's too big now. They'll never be able to choke it down.

Teenage girls aren't any better than teenage boys.  
They need dirty things to make them feel clean.  
Forget it,  
they don't need your help.

The thing about the human brain is, you can think about everything all at once.  
Everything you don't want, everything you do.  
Firecrackers igniting on cement.  
A grey skullcap for a brain, walked on.

**silent thanks**

A pale torso stretches through the keyboard. Wondering, forgetting, swayed in then out.

The pale set of arms were attached to an equally untouched set of shoulders. But the neck and blurry face remained unknown. I've never seen that face, but it was also my own.

The ribs protruded from the pale body, clinging to the edges of skin. Two, four, too many to count, all grabbing, wanting.

From the left, a hand emerged. Not the hand of the pale torso, but a foreign hand. One that was strong, glowing with the promise of protection.

The torso's ribs remained; motionless, instead of chiming along to the supposed draft. There's not wind inside, right.

Hand and torso connected, greeting unafraid. Illuminated fingers were spread, taking in the flesh. They felt the murmur of an engine, alive.

The torso, flushed with the radiating warmth the hand repelled, sighed. The torso wasn't concerned what the hand was connected to.

A hand, the same hand, then began playing.

A sonnet put the two of them to sleep.

The sound of gentle fingertips pressing piano keys.

The feeling of completeness, closure, of knowing everything and nothing at all.