

Remediated

And so begins the slow march towards invention
Telling time by another girl's complexion
I am easy in that I crave only attention
Watch me shrivel at the advent of affection.

With the cold dead of winter comes the cold white of flyers,
Tacked to the splintering poles, unadmired,
Unread they may be, their words do not tire:
 “You, yes, *you*,
 Can be saved from the fire!”

Are you sick, doubled over, by your own conjuncture?
Skin stretched thin, do your collarbones puncture
That gelatin membrane turning to leather?
Did the dream of the jukebox to which your heart tethers
Ionize wordlessly?
Spare me the worst of it.
We are the same
We burn for a burst of it.

In the well of desire
You'll face the true meaning
Of the secret long-held
By the world's most demeaning:
 “You, in your heyday, your manic-pilled prime:
 You get to touch God!
 But only one time.”