

THE ANXIETY WEREWOLF

Pineapple heart, you're a  
jarful of bees.

A quiet stadium.

Ice is desperation—it  
used to be harvested.  
Now we  
make it.

Places to sit become fewer  
and far so I'm hiding  
in a bathroom across  
the city while you're  
actually shitting at home.

Guava tongue, you're a  
lungful of butter.

We make new rhythms on  
Pompeii instruments but  
the strings  
are breaking.

You write a note I read  
backwards, but spoken aloud it's  
upside down & transcribing  
makes it right again.

Starfruit womb, you're an  
eyeful of planets.