

Split The Lines Evenly

Marshall and Ben
each breathe the atmosphere in
through a twenty-straw and scrape moon rocks
across the faces of ancestors. I stare
at the closed door and think of sugar
pushing your teeth out of your gums
and intravenous saline, swimming through bloodstreams
for generations, re-entering each body anew.
The thug with the gun sold Pete a cut
of cardboard and tried to sell me my father's mistakes;
they both roamed streets tightly sealed
as my veins. But like the razor
between Ben's fingers, I see openings
where there are none, and countless doors
are thrown agape. I am blood running down
the membrane of pale skin and I have found an exodus
because innocence is thinking these jeans clean
even after hikes and house parties. The moon is bleeding
like oil through the clouds tonight and I have felt
the curve of the earth in my spine.