

fuel

Fridays laugh along
I think it gets the joke
But there on my chest
The letter burns
And I know why it laughs.

But the letter pushes back
Through the skin
Through the river
Through the fuel
It sears past the life
In search of life.

It thunders forward
Past the past
And only slows when it sees the strands
Curled on the ground.

Feet infected and swollen
It follows the trail
To the center
To the start
To the thread of the letter.