

“sinkash”

The third time  
in two days that I've dropped  
the ashes into the sink  
just to realize  
when the water is released  
they are pressed  
hard against the curves  
of the bowl  
and lie awake  
for how many ever  
moments  
and the delight  
in hope I had  
lies dormant upon my  
sleeve and covered with  
snot and small black stains  
mascara-pressed terms  
that ash lies now  
and closer to me  
than when it was dropped  
and the water removed  
it fakes pauses  
seems too thick  
but a pride in touch  
glows brown and disastrous  
oh some paranoia goes  
well within a day  
but grasped the soft white  
fabric pressed with fine perfumes  
needed millions for us  
and wiped up clean  
that ash now  
lies so awake but with eyes  
shut in fright exists  
no more.