Distilled crystals
in the fine print.

A boy with transparent skin
speaking
in ellipses as
black snow falls
from his outstretched fingers.

He asks:

Do the stars feel
themselves burning?

The roar of lava spewing through new rifts of breaking glaciers.

moving time moving

His tongue becoming
rusted to the roof
of his warm mouth.

Sitting in
a bathtub of blue
paint, he hums
at random, and
plugs every pore with planets:
everyday worlds
made solely to betray the silent agenda.