

(No Title)
Tommy O'Rourke

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.