OUT OF OFFICE

REPLY

TYLER WAGNER

POETRY CONTEST RUNNER UP

Some days I feel more like a sketch of a body than a body. A cart with one wheel locked. Some days I want to wring the old prayers out of my mouth. Others I am mechanical as an assassin. I feel like Fidel, cool enough to seduce my own assassin. I treat migraines like lovers. I name them
and spend
whole days
inside my head
flamenco dancing.
Some days I
bemoan everything
that holds me;
the ceiling lowers
to eye-level,
a radiating egg
white, and I’m
the lonely
yolk, a jiggling
nucleus in
swaying space.
Some days
I forget to speak
& circle myself
in search of a tail
to chase.