

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.