



Pipe Dream

Entry

point at 11:37 PM,
smelling like claustrophobia,
a wave goodbye
to sticky silence caught
in webs of taught rope,
a salutation to featherless flocks.

A departure

past

iron pores,

descension,

flesh flapping in imagined
breezes,

found water built of gasps
and sighs

gifts you wings
and flight in
pipes quite

u n
r e
s t
r a
i n
e d

r e
m e
m b
r a
n c
e s

like mudpots,

b u b b l i n g,
p o p p i n g,
s p e w i n g,

finding exodus into,

relief from, a self-imposed
prison painted
with rainbow oil slicks,

a march
of
excess

moving
towards
the temporary

ease of iron teeth,
the smoke of
underground

l i
b e
r a
t i
o n