

Crack

The gaping hole in the night sky,
the wandering constellation,
the star bird with two feet and unflappable wings,
a rope and a sharp metallic pair of scissors,
the peek of the moon from behind the clouds,
the spinning of the fan as it slings dust from its arms,
the dust like flour from the hand of a baker,
that hand making dust moats instead of bread,
the window covered in sheets,
the sheets shielding pale skin from sunlight,
the drip of a licorice IV,
the smooth needle of illusion,
the river that endlessly feeds the ocean without rain,
the rain that refuses to soak the earth,
the earth that never calls your name,
your name that wishes it was called,
and held in the arms of some mother somewhere,
if only for a breath of time,
your name plastered onto the shell of you,
collaged like ripped newspaper soaked in glue,
the shell that only speaks the truth in pained gasps,
your shell to which you cling to,
your shell that looks like a version of you,
your shell that remains hollow.

Maybe

I will wait until it cracks.