

Chest brimming with broken bones
Exhausted by spent love
Carted past in present recollections
Like acid dust on wounds yielded
From memorized moments
Of which you are comprised
Gutted by a glut of enamoured pledges
Coddled on tongue tips
Lodged under transparent skin
A library of faded love letters
Stored in your glass house
Where yesterday's cut red roses are
Watered and bathed in refracted sunlight

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