Holding On Tight With One Hand

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***Abstract*—not now sweetie, mommy is clenching her jaw and trying her very best to be present**

***Index Terms*—freeze, thaw**

I.

Somewhere east of here the typhoon eye spins. The next morning I hear the wind like screaming prayers sing through windowless room - the tree in the courtyard has been uprooted and the 4th story leaves watch with playful regret.

Stale cum in the city-designated trashbag from 7/11, shiny silver badge on self care plastic. Limp dick ash warning on the box of chocolate cigs from hi-life. I pick out crumbs from the honeycomb towel on my desk and listen to 99.7 FM while the air conditioner shakes and taunts.

Fuda says this is excess adolescence - at night I talk about this with Lamby and try to imagine my ancestors' faces.

Spit stamps on postcards and letters. There's one bench in the park where the lamp is made for sunset pencil musings. A bundle of paper love in my left hand. Fresh Red mailbox wound is tender heart scab.

He showed me a picture of shattered door boarded up; wind ripped through glass and metal on the 9th floor balcony where he spits wads of cigarette mucus - I worry about losing my fucking mind. I'm crying on my bed in my slutty blue underwear listening to chastity belt.

Growing up I might have woken up to the smell of cut grass and the sound of the lawnmower. Deep green heart stains don't rub off. I hold this beating thing in cupped hands between scrawny knees on the concrete pad of the *abandoned something* near the top of the driveway.

These things take time these things take time - I remind myself in hotcold faucet silence and track stand meditations. When i astral project my figure has long maple curls and half-peach breasts and every breath is sea foam. They are gentle and curious and the wild boar of time rests its head easily on their lap, sleeping and breathing deeply.

i imagine your breath on my neck. my heart drops from my chest and plunges through the core of the earth. it emerges wet with ocean magma and crust. never had i known longing before this. there was a large flat stone by the creek where i grew up. after some time, it cracked right down the middle, split apart by the gradual thawing and freezing and thawing and freezing of water. and now i understand.

My heart is red apple beneath waterlogged green awning ***eat me***, I scream in fits and bursts. The man at the fruit market moves fruit indiscriminately, busy hands on apples and guavas and blueberries and mangoes.