Synesthesia in the Morning

Water runs between my toes, hot liquid over my lips, and I want to stay here forever just thinking about old newspapers. I want to read stories and watch the ink bleed across the page when I spill coffee over the letters and finally burn the words because I don’t like what they say. Did sunsets always—no they couldn’t have? Pink, orange, but today I forgot how to paint my nails because I got lost in looking at fat elephants in the clouds, the best part of my day, but I want to be Camus, smooth as those canopies of snow covering the roofs of several homes and I don’t want it to be cold but are we alone here? I thought I heard someone speaking but trepidation is lukewarm and I want you to tell me no, no, no. I think about newspapers when I turn the light off wandering into a world lighter than our own because half the time my mittens don’t fit and I need new ones. Sometimes I think in colors instead of words or numbers like I am a prodigy of the sky, casting balloons filled with ink over and over or is that the printer of those pages I challenge to read over hot cereal and cold coffee? I want to crawl between several layers of blank paper, and hear the clanking of an old type writer stamping sour ink onto my skin. Catastrophe hits
like a thunderbolt to the darkened sky and I see
electric yellow mixed with darkened auburn, even
a few strokes of pink from time to time and still
wonder how this will wake up the world. I’m already
stirring because of liquid heat that burns
my tongue, turning my sleepy mind from black and
white to sapphire blue, blood orange, crystal red,
thirteen shadows of violet. I imagine I am floating
on a boat in the middle of the sea, swirling winds
spiraling towards my breath to take it away
and leave me heaving over the side, or sun blazing,
tanning pale white skin or if its me, burning. I’m a
lobster now, inflamed red. Don’t repeat it but
I tripped and fell, abolishing rule of law and chaos on my
way down. Thirty-two stitches aren’t that many,
been talking for 48 hours straight, and I don’t
remember what a hot shower feels like in -3 degree
weather. Sign out, sign in, forget the heat, you’re home.
Evolution

Beneath the salty sand of one hundred miles
Red September calendars fall with rain
Blue dust swirling, grains against cheeks
I hear dancing and see semi-circles, shiny harvest moons
A repetitive silence feels like infinity
Twelve hundred sixty seven, distance from you

The ocean is sixteen shades of blue-green, mirrors you
I can’t remember if I counted in midnight days or grey miles
We exist, quiet bodies raging against moments of infinity
Pouring out tears, anger, heartbreak, 4 months of torrential rain
I stare at counterfeit words and electric moons
Glistening across a universe not made for hollow cheeks

Burning holes, recovering patches, lava illuminates my cheeks
One hundred twenty five days of not speaking to you
A whole moment, revolving around tepid colored moons
Walking across grassy fields for hours that look like miles
Greener than that blouse, covered in misty rain
You listen for my confusion over infinity

Night is a box filled with chances, with infinity
Rosy red, black and blue, nothing on neon cheeks
I get confused by the source, tap waterfalls or rain
Silver plated gold is enough to buy, but not enough for you
Separation is nothing when you just count miles
It is free on Monday mornings, light as riptide moons

We used to sit and watch waning and waxing strawberry moons
Our tattoos lose color over the expanse of infinity
For seconds, minutes, hours, days, months, years, only miles
Everlasting ruby red, they did burn hot and cold on my cheeks
Lay down your breath full of knives, I’m with you
I wouldn’t mind getting lost in a soiling of earthen rain

Twelve hundred sixty seven voices echo in the rain
No more night, no more flower moons
I found a glitch, mistakes of future you
Start together, end it alone, we won’t ever reach infinity
Always hot, always red, always on my cheeks
Cutting up violet silk, outlining heartbreak in miles

Shiny words encased in miles, shrouded by rain
A reflection on cheeks of dirty, dirty moons
One day infinity will lead me to you
Peppercorn Moons

At thirteen, I want to know how Mother Earth invented the moon by getting lost in the middle of Pahrump, Nevada. A sea of illuminated car signs were small replicas of the circle that Father Milky Way painted on his black canvas even though I knew we were all reflections. I taste nothing as I count all thirteen stars: pinpoints of an earlier time when I liked the smell of overgrown grass in my nose. Achy eyes, sore hands, shaking from driving highway one three late at night, flying from ghost towns through spider webs, hollowed cheeks, hues of violent green, mad pink like a sunrise that opens up at two-thirty in the morning, or the moon that hits the summit of Elephant’s Tail at exactly four o’clock in the afternoon; a tidal wave of oceanic tumble weeds and heavy sheets, blankets of black in a lemon-ginger soup. Crescents are cold in the galaxy, because heat doesn’t exist and home is further away than you think.

When I was small, I didn’t understand the sun that became a flashlight in the evening, racked my brain for answers because I wanted to know how the expanse of black dirt overhead gave rise to my favorite thing in the universe: a salt-and-pepper moon that liked to play hide and seek. California daydream, they say it’s a drought so my shower is cold
thirteen seconds later and turns off before the lemon-ginger soap can run off my cracked, dry skin

(Can you feel me shaking?). Vibrations move
from frozen teeth to nervous knees, caught up in
moving my fault lines like thunder storms and earthquakes.
In the middle of nowhere, does it seem like a
question watching the sunset highlight a rainbow of
colors that I didn’t know existed? It blends before I have
time to think and transitions to flat, dull shades of black.
I watch the semi-circle climbing from the depths of a lower
humanity, rising high: sunset and moonrise in thirteen
minutes and I stare gaping. Each night I wonder why the
moon chooses to illuminate a thankless sky
and lose sleep uncovering the science of a
circle that I don’t understand.