

**And in here**

May 2017

I see it all, painful and clear.

In the man collapsing on the grass.  
He was, and he was human,  
Then and there.

I see it in the photos I don't take.  
I wish I could show you how the flowers smelled then.  
Not good, not by a long shot.  
They smell the way bones fit in sockets.  
The way I fit with you.

I see it in the simple things.  
In midnight snacks.  
In mornings.

I see the easy,  
How it's damn near impossible.

The things I see are rare.  
Everything is rare.

The words I don't write.  
The lives I don't share.  
The space between us and this,  
The smog we fill it with.

I see everything,  
clear as candle light against the sun.

Painful like reflections in the river.  
Clear like a knife through the skin.

Teach me to suture and bridge,  
Teach me to dance.  
Give me an eraser  
And a blank piece of paper.

Give me a heart made of rocket ships.  
Take me where the stars come from.

That's them, those stars, way in there.  
They live under my skin.  
That's us, up there, and in here.