

Jairus, Sidewalk Dances

Andrea does her dance on sidewalks building fires
and tying us to lights and rhythms fighting to ignore the shapes she throws
fighting our way through our critics, we memorised this taste
taking breaths through tiny lungs

in these nights we steal liquids from bottles
that bleed all over this white sheet
we spend too much time in sleep's arms

drown in Maria all of us students
and self-fulfilling stories of us falling apart