

Abby Travis, Freewheel

My own freewheel lies on the bottom of a pool
Spokes still spinning; it's a real vibration
I heal dancing with my foam reflection

My dead end deal lies on the dark floor of a cave
Arms are folded over my vapor pages
I kneel; bowing to my cryptic sages
I don't believe in love anymore

My white boy feel dies on an endless Saturday
Sticks are flying over constellation
I peel, waiting for arbitration