

Shai Hulud, Sauve Qui Peut

Poured myself out.
I am the empty cup
My hope has died away
When hope dies away when he says I'm running.
How can I keep stability on such shaky ground?
With prayers that a smile will flag me down?

I tire of longing.
Is it too much to ask to want to be held by anyone with any arms?

Another morn alone.
Waiting by the phone.
This one's for the world: I love you.

Am I trapped inside?

Life could get no colder.
I'm living out a dying cell.
Come over.
Become part of my singular pronoun.