

Yellow Second, Sugarcoated

talk in circles near incessant
and effervesce here in our presence
bubble up, bubble break
a burst of warm air rises and disappears
wasted words a black hole finds them
pull, pull me past event horizon
round and round, nothing found
the gravity of speaking small gets me down
talk about the weather, long as we're together
on and on and over again
current pulling under, do you ever wonder how
we made it this far?
sift the debris in search of purpose
shimmering beneath the surface
I concede, I consent
it's necessary, but I don't have to like it