What it takes to keep the mind going

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The Alamo Manhattan lit crane peeking over the Bishop Arts District, the drowsy day stretching limbs, loud pairs strolling tiny streets, the Wild Detectives’ backyard alive with flurry, poetry waiting to spill out from the lips of my friend, Lauren, who laughs stage fright off, whispers that writing = hookah smoking + bird watching, a mouthpiece will cradle smoke and verses alike, the March night sky burns a hole into my skin, a cold Mexican Coke sweating between my thighs; in my poems, my aching heart speaks best

in this borrowed tongue, yet my best hugs are always in Romanian, unspoken, untamed, unfinished, my children’s absence nested in skin crinkles, the way a body misremembers, shadows spilling and lagging, inside the metaphor, always a slice of fat light,

even the ghosts in my friend’s poems had once eaten happiness, this new city pumps foreign air with torpor, breath, collapse, I, amidst.