

logan 5

the whippets dispenser is kind of pretty
it is blue chrome, tonight the eclipse is penumbral
the least interesting one, subtle, the room fills
with that awful smell of nitrous
i'll save you the trip, i text chris, the moon sees
its shadow and we have a hundred thousand
more days of winter

i can never remember what "copasetic" means
my fingers keep splitting at the crease
my car battery is dead and so is all the arugula
from yesterday, rotten smell and gross wet leaves
do plants feel pain do humans feel anything
chris said my handwriting is "positively alaskan"
different chris, i am re-conceptualizing all this
as just taking the long way home

in the movie the police are all called "sandmen"
the cuts on my hands are deep dark crevices
i vow to never again take these fingers for granted
but of course when winter ends immediately i will forget
the crystal in your hand is flashing red from retrogram
when i die what happens to all of my saved tabs
sorry if you can read my handwriting
i mean *CAN'T