

climbing to a diffident dream



pınara, turkey

my mind is made of beauty
—with only you in it.

nothing but love fills my heart.
not even blood.

but my hands go crazy,
writing:
they can't touch you.

my mouth is pointless
without your kiss.

and my feet
despise the ground they step on:
you're not walking with me.

and my lungs?
one is called wrath,
the other vengeance.
they curse my foolish breath,
with every cigarette.

needless to say, i jerk off
—with no genitals.
you stole my animal.

my eyes are frantic in a dream.
they see you in everything.