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Smoke Signal

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Smoke Signal

Midnight: the constant anniversary of your nails in my forehead, my knees skinned in the mosh pit by the blade of another body, the hotel shower is occupied and the wet sheets can't stand my touch; I've been thinking about sonic confession, about the halved moon coming out lavender and you somewhere in Ohio, keying cars and losing voices. When I return to campus, daisies are growing from your bong in my window, a sight I deemed an omen when

you pulled the King of Wands and my hair, and the greens and browns burst then bloom; bruise became my first name the moment you spoke it.