Me and It, 2

Gill Ritchie
This new house has burns in the carpet which I didn’t put there. Angry spirits roam through the radiator lining the wall opposite me. I am armed with two Native American blankets and a totally unearned sense that I know what I am doing when I speak loudly and firmly to the ghost which sent a jolt into my lower back at 1:30 in the morning. Rude, to say the least.

my guilt complex is riding the radiator like so much risotto and vodka eggnog, in my—

why do I—why do I feel like the radiator is my fault?

in other words, mirror neuron synesthesia is no fucking joke

when the universe is your best friend

thank G-d I’m not an atheist because that could literally kill me—

I think, sleep is on the other side of the moon tonight

Doing work on my soul as in digging into niches layered with grime, tucked into the corners where white walls meet. I have thoughts in my body which leer at me just beneath the surface. Sometimes they pull with curled fingers.

Moonlit snags of cigarette catch my lungs before they expand out of my back, toward you—unconscious holder of my volatile current. I sway, in and out, dizzied drunken observer. The dark black pit in this ever present mirror—in the center of my eye becomes larger until it consumes—everything, sending twitches like ripples across the bed

into my guilt complex.

I am wrong when I forget how silly it is. In this, I have not made mistakes, but do not mark me innocent.

Belly full of silence, of the sweat of hammering myself into someone I’d like to be. There is no sweeter success than stepping back and allowing.

The world breathes out. Peace in a tree with the branches sticking—I’m a little drunk, with burnt hands. I love a man I don’t know, he does drugs and feels like safety.

Bony uncompromising silence in his pacemaker. I laugh with my body against his, in a few hours.

We are made in the image of G-d. What better place to learn?

leaning into my neck, the breath of golden optimism
the way the sun leans into the night sky, emerging
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