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A girl came here & crashed

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A GIRL CAME HERE & CRASHED

She was her own gasoline fire,
her own meth lab.
When she swung hard, too soon & deep.

Her own jet pack, oxygen
depletion
on the wrong side of the galaxy.

*Did you know the earliest maps
were not of earth but of heaven?*

When she palmed her own fortune,
her lucky day was 100.

She was her own algebraic x,
the number she never solved for,
her own Rocky Horror Picture night.

*The Mississippi River flowed backwards
for two days after an 1820 earthquake.*

When she walked, she knocked
her bones together in song,
a shutter speed.

*In a good story, everything is pushed
into existence by something else.*

Isn't this what we label debris?