

#179

Freedom fighters
waging campaigns of drizzled golden light
gliding out finger barrels.
We thrashed under the covers
& made sculptures of each other,
giving them the names we secretly wanted.

We mortared them into a colossal wall
to stand in judgment of artillery
endearingly slung between sides.
Foxhole forests quaked
when I'd call you names,
when you'd call me out,
when I'd call you into the shower.

Look
not everything ends in a single page.
Some things are created in God's image
& they endure
in whatever temples we make for them.