

**#294**

strung out on highway between  
    moments of saying wrong things  
        and clueless families laying on cruel.

dreaming of living from the car  
    packed with clothes that barely fit  
        grabbed in a rush from a childhood home  
            before figuring out what kind of tree  
                it was that had always grown outside.

chasing hummingbirds  
    made of honey bees fleeing  
        air and hands reaching for stories  
            of stolen siblings. the land is full  
                of verdant tombs baked into hillsides  
                    found on maps drawn by children  
                        trying to find folklore that fits.

past growling thickets  
    of shredded fabric  
        where the wind blows home  
            in rocking arms of undertow.