

Pockets

One

loose pieces of my skull shake
rattlesnake tail
keeps rhythm of your dance
shutters splay into a humid night

time hangs its
self in creases of your dress
pulls at moonlight made from mirrors

do you deserve to know how
slow
the streetlights ate me
outside your aura

could you talk so much
of darkness but hide it
between your turns

One

When you smile, your eyes squint
into gold rush, your cheeks
float through me like sleeping buoys.

Press me into
sheets, hidden pockets, make us
lost and late for everything.

We will get drunk, deep
in the folds of autumn, never come out.

Why give anything to a moon
waiting to replace this lavender sun?