

i am animate without ever having been told  
to be exactly anything, alive with my vocal  
chords at the end of the world. these chords  
form the basis of my small wants, and I use  
them, without permission, to stop time:

early morning mother, i hold you,  
but do not really need you;

supertime voicings to divide the  
earth;

mention me even briefly and ill  
come whirling;

the whole of me, otherworldly, composed  
of  
electricity;

fast-tracking this and that true importance;

othertime eyelids fluttering down like youve  
always been  
quiet;

compose a day for me and i will still  
do what i want;

compose a song, too, and know that i will  
sing over it;

shaking backwards and forwards

over your small

light;

conspiring to end you even as i love  
you and tell you so vividly;

no moment left but an hour between moon-  
fall and

calamity;

hardly an hour when you count walking  
around

without voices;

sound-dampening banana lain coin-like  
over warm toast;

every snack  
desired, then no longer called for, then  
dissolvable

in thin water;

screaming about clouds and their animal-  
shapes and their resemblances to

everyone;

hearts swollen from the sadness and the  
convenience

of it, living without  
music;

i bend to the high notes, then to the low

notes, before deleting myself from the  
atmosphere;

whatever volume

remains filtering

through my small

voice