

I am stuck in a horrid ludic loop
Weed induced sleep and coffee
Infused office blues
A haint blue haunted carousel
And the horses are all familiar demons
The first one is green
And it stands for unequivocal relationships
Before they had a chance to begin
Because You and I couldn't find bravery
It had been at home in bed
With a hangover
On the morning
You looked at me like that
I'm hoping to regain traction
I'm hoping to still burn
Through your atmosphere
And get to some real core
Sustenance and meaning by the pound

I am not sure ill ever know who I truly am
Because truth looks like skewered vegetable fodder
Red pepper roasted, red and blistering
Transformed from watery freshness to
Searing charred skin
Impaled with some reinforcing steel
To keep it from completely falling off
Yeah truth be like that
Unrecognizable and malleable
When we say things are everlasting
We lie to ourselves
Fluidity cannot be stopped
It is a force we all fear
Unpredictable and changing quickly
Even our bodies only appear so solid
When we are really
Buckets of emotion and biology sloshing about at all time
Push it down away and to the side
Oh but you know its still there
Knocking knuckles with fate
Punching teeth back into gums
A degradation from the previous
Golden age of smooth skating
Through evergreen forests
Grating against the surface
It only takes a couple words to
Expose deliciously detailed
Private worlds
Hi
My name is Opportunity
And I am
Too afraid to knock on your door

-Elise Giammanco