

## ice break-up

walking in circles around circles  
looped like spaghetti without sauce  
pesto or your pale alfredo  
sit on a frozen icy bench  
in snow beside the open river  
watching pans on ice drift  
in the unusual january break-up

of course i picked up the clothes  
didn't want you to peel them  
and drop them anywhere  
don't want your mouth on me  
and am not a couple with you  
curl against the cold walls

hate this impoverished lie  
paranoid eyes see bugs everywhere  
no longer can i write  
how can i love without . . . ?

until there's no room  
inside my dyslexic battle  
to write to read to speak  
my mind always elsewhere beyond  
who are my personal references  
local and without brain tumors  
who would speak up for me

gaunt and malnourished  
haunted by horrors and spirits  
drinking hot cocoa with maple sugar  
sweetener for powdered fermented cotyledons  
another night slipping into morning  
so tired of this sleepless life

*Joe Blades*