
Dawn

Rose Herald
2024

Italo disco.
Everything's dead.
I am heartless.

Toxic air.
Good mood.
Fun fun.
Office job.

Someday will there be no clean socks?
Only two light bulbs per year. Dirty skin.
Dirty blankets. Dirty pillow. Staring in hot
and cold at the dim view. No time for
haircuts. Living on a canoe. Half burned,
half drowned. It's worse than this.

Drinking from the cemetery's well.
Chewing on a plastic water bottle.

The river's
running dry.

“There's a pipe with flowing water that drains into the brick gully. We don't know where it comes from but it's definitely not drinkable; there's nothing for miles and it can't be an aquifer. So we just speculate and grow thirsty and die. The grass doesn't mind.”

the dew on
his body hair
as he lay
moldering
on the lawn

Boiling white gelatinous bulbs in a
stainless steel saucepan.

Crying forest in rain,
somewhere thirty years ago.

A car to die in.

A memorized odor.

The fire won't cross the road.