My history is a game of twister we played   
with the US wall map on the cold   
concrete floor of your childhood basement,   
attempting to pass time between tragedies

Attempting to convince ourselves that we   
are flexible.   
No one will understand this but us.

My left arm shaking on the border of the atlantic.   
  
My history, the game of twister we played with the  
wall map on the cold concrete floor of your childhood basement,   
struggling to keep our limbs from falling into the atlantic  
we   
are attempting to pass the time between tragedies.   
We are attempting to convince ourselves that we are flexible,   
able to stretch   
and

No one will understand this but us, and I am still uncertain as to whether or not my understanding holds any truth about it.   
I am still uncertain as to whether or not our understandings are conhesive or even similar, or if you have taken the time to attempt understanding it at all, I am still uncertain about what this even is,   
but I am sure that it exists.   
That it is real  
and that each wave of perpetual discomfort,   
it brings will be

November, 14th: for my grandfather

We make little sense.   
  
This is not a game for one person, you know, sitting on th

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explain how they play with form   
  
November the fourthee

I cannot trust you. This is the only tim

I didn’t sing amazing grace at your funeral.   
  
  
I have stolen the emporer’s ashes  
and you,   
who were too shocked to have stopped me,   
are still enjoying the soot covered touch of my fingers to your chin   
when I tell you that these   
are secrets  
we keep just between us.   
I did not mean to pull the threads of time woven into the blanket   
of your infancy,   
but I have already disassembled history   
the way one wishes they could   
disassemble their youth.   
This is a tongue that I have never attempted to speak.