

MY OTHER HALF MADE OF FLAME

Kit Ingram

i in the time it takes the ammonite to unbury itself / &
the blackbird to desiccate in the wind of the dryer vent / the
engine lighting my cells rattles out / restarts / chugs me into a
teenage sprint / I'm ten miles per hour through the streets / an
unstoppable cappuccino / frothing red / entropy is the base
code of my other identity / I could blur like pornography or
collide into a matchstick Tudor pub & set the whole place afire

ii he took to me like life / his eyes focused by adrenaline
on the blade in my grip / as if I'd slash him into a spray of red
petals / sweep him into the bin / love is boring / want to burn
me with wax? / no? / how about truth? / take a swig of the
Balvenie / dribble gleecraft onto my scars / these artefacts
from way back when I perfected casual defiance / fireworks /
skipping class / interrupting the inappropriate touching with
jagged gasps / as fault lines split to a lyric of collared doves

iii teasing my ligaments / unrolling my tongue in the
sibilance of a secret pact / our elements multiplying in
refracted fires that dazzle on the inner walls / fly across the
pillows like cigarette light? / you were a tingle then the
animating principle of my knuckles hitting the boy's orbital
bone / I was jonesing to eject into the pure decadence of *float* /
but we collided into a blue straggler / the twinkling chameleon
scooping me into another irreducible I

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