

Blue Glass

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People pronounce slender love
Their liquid tongues
A bomb full of blue glass

Lies!

Why burn their secret dirt?
Their smell will consume the evening.
While an immense sound
Slowly builds in the dark

The morning staggers.
Darkness slices Pacific Avenue thin
Bruises the wild minute
Cover my ears with both hands

Their

Liquid

Tongues

Turn

Blue

Glass.