Blue Glass
Giselle Arbulu Langevin

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.