

# CLING

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*Poetry*

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never certain  
whether it's the  
melting icecaps  
or dancing molecules  
the churning  
of the butter  
the washing machine  
cleanse  
soap suds or snot  
unneeded  
salty rainwater tears  
on the edge of the brim  
a broken lava lamp  
goo seeping through a crack  
watercolor paints  
flirting  
with the edge of the liquid border  
hushed and swirling  
moving alive breathable

foam-cradled  
it shivers  
  
the miscarriage  
of diamonds  
  
the lifecycle  
among the immortal  
  
the dying immune  
  
clinging icicle fingers  
holding a tsunami  
warning  
  
hanging on,  
with the desire to be  
  
a crystal soul  
innocence receiving  
a death sentence  
  
becoming of us  
the end of an era  
  
predicted      unprepared

The end