

Linda King

alphabet dwellers

on the outskirts of elsewhere

words are shed like skin

sentence

fragments

like broken ladder rungs

language leaves

a suicide note

the tense is tenuous

no room for bargaining

in such narrow space

you make yourself look smaller

curve into the brackets

your one pale eye weeping

reading the broken lines

blurred edges

the bleed of verbs

prove a point

an element of truth

bluer than blue

catalogue of remembering

portrait paintings

all those alphabet dwellers

found on the sidewalk

near the vacant lot

everything black will fade

in the beautiful accident
of undoing your words
language doesn't know
what it is saying

it's all trinkets
and trick sentences

added and subtracted at will

your best intentions
unfold like landscape
softening false narratives

radical blackboard letters
random alphabet rules

so many other possibilities
when words bleed other words

board games
bored games

word games
war games

whisky obscured

what did you expect? what did you expect? what did you expect

WHAT DID YOU EXPECT?

ordinary sensible things
something other than necessity?
the scent of moss?

the sheen of philosophy
is where the troubles started

reality is only available
as an alternative

the unwavering of being
is the meaning we miss
every time