

Heather Ceja

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The moon,
not the only white around.

From inside a battered wallet
your greedy hands surprise,
baggies can be that small?

I thought my eyes would...
POP
right out and land in
the sea of garbage
my feet are drowning in.

I am trying and
I am failing at
becoming part of the ripped seats.

I want to jump, fling, throw!
myself from this car,
from you.

But, being rid of you?
I fail at that too.

With disturbing confidence
you inhale deeply,
quickly
an odd look in your eyes.

A house key is shoved in
my face,
full of
negative consequences.

Do you think about your family?
I should do that more,
and then I deeply inhale.