

Andrew Hamilton

Romance

I rattled her wheelchair on
concrete tiles that sprawled
into red nebulae, pushing
her up the twisted ramp
to Saturn's ice rings,
heaven's heat piercing holes
through the eternal curtain.
I pulled her up asteroid chains,
and when gravity's whip
looped around our waists,
I broke that law—
seared its celestial bind
with comet sparks
from a flint fuse,
launched us soaring
over space slopes,
fired out of a slingshot,
galaxies waning from
stardust to star-specks
'til it was so black we forgot
we could walk on legs.

Endoskeleton

Skin is a flaking coral reef.

 Quilt threads that fray beneath
 rays scribbling down from
sky's yellow box of pastels—
 periodic table a color wheel
 water-painting the world,
where our self-portraits are
 excavated like ship wreckage,
 Titanics collided into uncharted
icebergs, divorces, losses—
 encrustations of marine life
 colonizing under our rusted hulls,
where follicles grow
 like uncut grass beneath
 a surface, a layer, a sun.

Particle

Like a weather balloon with eyes,
I stare at the clone of myself—

paint blot dropped from a wet brush,
wave sliding from shore to ocean—

I'm a red pixel blurred in a streetlight,
white flake swirling in a snow globe.

Ego sealed in an envelope and tossed
in the universe's undeliverable bin,

sifting through dead letters every sunrise—
shredding paper molecules to thin air,

reaching without arms for content
piling to scrapped metal in junkyards,

unnoticed as an evaporated raindrop—
static atom bouncing into dark matter.

A microscopic blood cell pumped
into organs of the earth, air, stars.

Muzzling the Self

The conscious is driftwood,
floating on the ocean in our skulls,
above echolocation that ricochets
underwater and drowns at the surface.
Lit cigarettes smothered in ash trays.
Metal rod plunged through the brain.
Marriage divorced shortly after vows,
phoning only when drunk and broke
and alone on sidewalks of blinking cities.
Intoxication clutching a stranger's hand
who guides to a familiar complex—
starved Great Danes barking in shadows,
snarling yellow teeth and scraping claws
behind our locked cranial doors.

Reloading

A bullet in my brain spirals clockwise,
tunneling through grey matter like
paperback pages flipped to a blur.
I forget to pause and read,
to write line notes that recall
the heat of the metal's torque
splashing in the basin of my skull.
Where each ripple's a neuron
ringing bells in my church,
filled with rows of empty pews
where I don't hear air vents breathe,
smell hot sidewalks soaked in rain,
push grocery carts with jammed wheels,
or even remember a simple conversation
from a hundred breakfasts I shared with her.