

Nicholas Alexander Hayes

Pages

Pages, crinkled and dogeared, are brittle as they turn.
A corner breaks like bone-dry greenware in my gentle fingers.
The flimsy spine cracks, letting pages spill once ordered words.

Splatter

Splatter, a galaxy in droplets, streaking across
the window leaving traces of itself. Movement and
artifact of primordial oceans and dinosaur piss.

Rerun

Setting a cup on the table, my hand brushes the remote.
On screen, a mother and daughter talk without laugh track.
Back when this first aired, I too had just kissed a boy. We hit our teeth.