

Stone Skipping

Turning thirty

I look back

on my younger life

and take comfort in knowing

like the smoothest of pebbles

I have become well-rounded

how when I skim

the stone of my past

across the lake's uncharted

and quiet surface

it bounces further

makes larger splashes

And even when it stops

skipping and I can feel

my arms sinking in the air

my head going under

I still wave and yell

from my water-filled mouth

saying this is me

sinking to the deep

but this time

I'm not scared

Lost Landscapes

An entire season
condensed in an iris:
your eyes—bold
as conkers;
hues of russet, light olive;
mouth a horizontally-split strawberry;
& hair—the scent of meadowsweet,
thick like wheat stalk
yet soft as a red squirrel's tail—
recalls wide-ranging fields,
expansive forests, rolling hills.

I search them all—
find nothing,
dig up earth
with bare hands,
feel it fall through my fingers
like memories,
forgotten.

A Portrait of You as a Set of Teeth

Like incisors you are centre stage:
flashing with smiles,
smooth & lustrous,
a bewitching guise—

you are sharp & cutting.

Like canines you are the venom-injector,
dog teeth, blood-sucker.

You are a threat, a puncturing weapon:
holding your prey tight
before tearing it apart.

Like premolars you are transitional,
move your victims, first
pull them apart,
then crunch, crunch, crunch. You have two faces—
neither your own.

Like molars you are overbearing,
overcompensating for being pushed back.
You grind down hard on each innocent kill,
chew as much as you can—
prepare them for swallowing.

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