**If Only I was a Bird, I Wouldn’t Have to Look Through Windows**

Annie Blake

if i were lighter than a woman

i could fly up through towers whose points become needles

this sun must warm the next clock some lock in my mouth

only idealists love because they sleep under the opaque skin of sun

mother told me only sinners let their heads slice the night cloth

the milk leaked early in my child cup

we live because we cup hope like fresh water sea water is not about forgiveness

that’s a human thing the mind stills us with salt fingers fixes our faces like glass

kettle water turns into steam burns the pulse of my wrist so i can pretend the scar

was the sun’s shot in the middle these thoughts spiral tighter than stairs

made from iron flowers draw rooms like backward wedges without the door

i walked in from

the sound of the sea is enough to drown me hunger feeds me images as medicated as cages and paschal candles that burn from the cores of my palms

the flame’s blues rise over the yellows

i see all of me in these cells

i sometimes remember the sky between the leaves unlocking with keys

a circle of sky i simply can’t keep standing i have to give you my knees

through stones unclip cartridges of my mind like ammunition i give you all

my money from my pockets my children are charcoal outlines of birds

all the people i once knew and need to forget there is a reason

there has been no one i have ever hoped to love

i smoke i dream in the sun’s mist

lit matches give off rain that turns into air like sticks

 a woman spits on the ground a man tightens his tie because all he can do is run

along high walls i focus on the beautiful reds feeding the whites of my soles

i feign fear when i back myself against a cliff edge the long sea it is easier

than watching how

the sun shows my face into someone i’ve never known