

**Reeling the tree line out of my chest...**

This isn't what it means to trust someone.  
Or was this all for me – a hymn?  
I grew these bones. My natural fossil.  
Yellow light hanging in pasture air.  
Or hiding in the multitude of another.  
Asking very simply for the salt.  
Wondering why it's taking so long.  
A side grin when I shoot too far.  
Woods filled with moss and green.  
Woods piling into woods.  
My body no bigger than my bed.  
I know I'm a coward.  
Knowing has shown me how to do brave things cowardly.  
Birds flying as if I'm not watching.  
This isn't the study of deep ocean matter.  
Of lights in recessed mounds of sand.  
Just old mouse bones and some holes.  
Each with our own legendary monster.  
My monster with his golden eyes.  
Hungry for more gold.  
Dreaming of what he used to be.  
When the sun blistered his skin just by being awake.  
And that's accurate.  
An empty road.  
The visitors not even near.  
In fact, this isn't scary at all.  
I spit up all I drink.  
Why is breath not for all waters?  
There is softness in the ground.  
Every sidewalk a bunch of cement.  
A lake.  
Clear direction.  
I'm going Somewhere.  
I'm Taking Off.  
I'm gathering the courage to fall backward.  
Blindfolded.  
Into a stranger's arms.