

Tracy Chapman holds a concert during dialysis by Kristia Vasiloff

I cross coasts to catch magenta. Tracy Chapman rouses a revolution in a Virginia jail for her lover. The right shade will help at least one Afghani girl, even though you taught me trickle-down-trauma. Move. Houses swimming. Wrinkled selenite wiped off with tissue. Deep voices keep me beached and bloated. I am protecting my last scraps of April. There's only so much I can say to Tracy. Sometimes, I love you is all that I can say.

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Where is my shrinking bag? How do I cry pink and sneeze white? Where is healthy when I'm a bathtub for my lover? How is the tissue I've lost? Where lives in this chair and now I'm here too? How lasts too long and I've yet to flee playtime? Where my saline slips will it smudge *give me one reason to stay here*? How many times will Afghanistan roll broken in my open mouth cut with tahdig? Where is my credit card? How can I save every life on the earth if I can only call for Alexa? Where is June in this arm's race?

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I don't know how many parathas with sugar I've eaten after you toyed with me. Witness the blue clay of Tennessee right a wrong. I am a chair now, so maybe the security guard was right. Seventy-seven beached whales showed up in Scotland a month before I almost died. Move. If I mix the Atlantic with muck green it would make a lovely wallpaper to write on. Sometimes, sometimes is enough. Trash brave enough to leave and die this way. Homes plastered to mountain crags. I can only spin my arms so fast.

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Fourteen pumps loses
years inside armed rabbit holes.
 Luck, find me next time.