

speculatively year five by jp thorn

this could be the moment we calculate from: multitudes contain dust
bunnies & pine song, ideals forged from past lives molded into sourdough
starter simply to start over. no backspace, no ctrl+alt+delete embedded
into my body so when i need resetting it means submerge, consume & be
tasted right back, devoured until i find you again in the compost. we'll
reset the timer, rename the occasion, bless it with ink & yeast & gravel
before beginning again, again & again retaining softness over time; call
back to the moments you didn't think you'd make it but did & from those
accomplishments an additional sense-of-self born adjacent, anew
manuscript rests on your shelf to revisit the wading, desireless to rewrite.