

Derivations

Zach Yanowitz

How we're all just creatures of light and longing. How words like desiccate find new meanings. How concentric circles in chalk on the driveway read our fortunes and then melt in the rain. How March feels like September and September felt like shit. How voices ballooned with smoke ease echoes off the walls of shallow canyons. How spines beg for the gleaming release of vivisection. How a lock of damp hair pushed behind an ear with delicate fingers tightens your throat. How passing a pen over and around your third and fourth knuckles helps you find your breath again, lets you see that slow swirl wishof intersecting lines unravel, realign, dissolve. How you slept on the floor with sand in the cuts on your feet and awoke forgetting the names of the children you don't have. How a sky bloated with malice spread its arms and welcomed us, bleeding, into the swollen heart of the storm. How you sometimes dream of a café you've never been to where dusk ignites the treetops. How blue is ocean, red is wine, white the pale curve of her shoulder in the lambent haze of dawn.