

Foundations

Zach Yanowitz

Played your new song on MTV but no one watched.
Knew all the words but weren't sure why you'd written
them. Forgot how to swim, which vitamin bananas
were rich in, how seeing her slowly blink and chew her
lip could rip out your guts like so much raw confetti.
Released an album about a mountain you'd seen once
on a postcard in a Colorado truck stop. Got decent
reviews but disappointed critics with your lack of
ambition. Bought weed behind the jewelry store.
Handfuls of dust, of roach powder. Boric acid and
sleeping like shit. Tore out your own throat to plug the
speakers right into the beehive of your heart. Choked
to death on blood and benediction. Honey ran through
your teeth.