

HE (2)

Ryan Sanford Smith

He found his little notorious
ocean/empire, adrenaline pooled between lungs
and half-burnt photographs lining his mouth.

Oh blindness, sails, gunmetaled
overarching desire to take a crowbar
to the canvas and painter and every tall building.

He was a tall hotel, all blue dumpsters
being emptied and rooms with complimentary people
shotgunning people and wide novels and frosty mugs of
formaldehyde.