

shellfish/urbanite

you fall asleep under the idea of a starry sky, the city
in a pile of plates in the kitchen sink, a stubbed out cigarette

you place your hands over your ears and say
it's the sea, the swishing of a highway
turns out to be an illusion too

you dream a shell for yourself in the hopes
that you can be a sea for someone, sometime
that someone comes to unleash the roaring engines
in your chest

you dream a shell for yourself but you wish for all the soft things —
the lasagna from home, river pebbles in the sun, a peach skin — you're not supposed to be
cold

you place your hands over your ears against the stomach of the world
the stomach goes up and down and you listen
to the swishing of day and night day and night
day and night that wash up in waves on the beach of your sleep

you could almost say you never existed