I renovate,  
I renew,  
I remake  

myself  
every day  

FEBRUARY 22
The news cycle as ambient horror
Not silence per se
but a tunnel that swallows all speaking voices
A terraced landscape, undifferentiated in its continual continuity except for telephone towers pricking up from gray heights
A mislabeled jar of fear,
proudly displaying other emotional feats
Unspooling the zygote
Union of dread and bliss in between slurps of breath
That studying crow, hungry

and bequeathing gifts to the feeder
An announcement from Death’s preselection committee

that I am a finalist,

but there will be delays in

declaring the day’s winning candidates
Is newness bestness?

Adding “neo-” to almost any word makes it pejorative
The forced intimacy of a beheading
Presence may be overlooked

but every absence has an explanation