The HOWL
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crayon box

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i lived in monochrome for a little while. i drove through roads of static and mountains of distortion.
i'm tired of 1900s photo galleries and dancing in the dark.

in chicago i wandered, and coming into the crowds was like swimming into dawn.
sunrise brings sweeping scarlet and streaming violet in silk ripples,
an ocean like me; i am languid as i rush. the currents of my newfound vibrance flood alleyways; drowning the raven grime caking the curb. keeping the cherry soda cans and merlot azaleas and crumpled ivory receipts to crown my surfaces like seafoam. worshipping creamy marble and the tawny rust on bridges.
tidal epiphany is polychromatic; i languish in prismatic novelty. i will never stop turning glass against the sun.
kneeling like Narcissus by the drifting refraction,
i will not have to squint to see.