

Sink, Sunk

by DJ Young

the moon's got it out for
the far-sighted
punkish usuper supping
on the upswing of
a downward slope

she's a righteous
mole digger,
burrowing into
her own viscera,
leaking deep into
a used mattress
once owned by a
mental patient
named Other Than

surrendered to sunlight
rendered inhospitable
by a fancy pharmaceutical
called Normal

her inmate folds
postcards of
unruly handwritten
impossibles
to the unspoken
object of an
undeclared
affliction

she wishes you.

she misses you.

