

Bleached Mutiny

by Jack Ales-Oruam

The first air out of the vent
rebelliously cold;
my goosebumps grow goosebumps.

The geese are smart
enough not to fly

And now I'm back
where the faux-wood stool
does not dare
be as unreceptive
as the unwarm tile floor.

At the age-old armchair by the window
my dreams sit,
their chins eating thoughtfully
from their palms.

The sky drops
white tessellations
frozen in complex rhyme
and reason.

