

December

Don't breathe in faith
warmed letters—

I am losing my extremities to floe.

Please light my feet on fire.

Seven hundred and forty four hours
of arctic hearts
and sunken blues:
Smoke stained voices
crepitate from vinyl
amidst a cacophony of
slide guitar tears.

Callous fingers crack open,
sliced against steel strings,
blood crystallized in patterns
like snowflakes.

Palm-mute me,
drop the decibels of
Sunday memories.

I am drowning in the sound waves
of Coltrane's love.

Don't come for me unless you mean it.

Brett Larson