

# Vanessa Holyoak

“03/18/19”

The sun is painful and ecstatic.  
I am a cold fish in this new sun.  
My skin hurts and I feel an old feeling.  
*Why are you the  
mammal to the feeling*

*I have about taste?\**

You woke up with your head in the sheets.  
Stuck in a dream thick as a swamp.  
I want to taste something crystalline.  
I want it to sit perfectly on my tongue and leave me dreaming of chameleons.  
Each cave holds a different kind of darkness.  
I sit and wait for the last one to reappear.  
Reappear, reappear but the heat is making my memory taut.  
All night I walk around the neighborhood looking into houses.  
People keep their homes lit up on the inside.  
Across the mountain tops they all sit together and the air holds a secret.  
Today the air also holds a secret.  
That is what has replaced the darkness.  
Even the breeze has something to tell me but I can't remember the language.  
Why are you the  
invertebrate to the ache  
I have about air?



\* From "Road of Trials" by Joseph Ceravolo