

Glossy as orca skin,
Oregon's sky stained beach
Mirrors eyes that once
Shredded me to pieces
By my beater car.

It smells like moving on:
Sea salt on coarse rock,
Rotting fish, weed smoke.
(you never were a stoner)
Hozier is in season here,
So much like the desert

Where you face-forward
Arranged my bones again,
Marrow raw as tidepools,
Full of squirming half-things
Allergic to touch.

Portland's scorched sidewalks
Trance me to surrender
New man, new fat chance
(you believed every promise)
To prove my escape art.
From sand, the clamshell

Glints slack jawed at sun,
Oregon's deceit-sweet
Memories too new to
Treasure like a pearl
Or secret kiss.