

Elements of White

Flames die too. You know that.
In the way I fill myself one way.
I empty myself another.

It's nice to be a passenger for a change.
See the world waft under. Waft over.

I'll run my hand.
Through what my eyes can track.

I'll swipe the fairy tale picket fence.
Its truck stop backdrop pointed. Tipped.
In slants.

I'll brush the mile markers like leaden tassels.
They dangle from the billboard patches.
They are the flip side of lush.

I'll slick the center line sideways.
Less nimble than before.

Have you lasted long enough? You have.

When you see this terrain.
How it sluices (colorless) with me.