

Aposematism

It's the light sound of buttons undone,
wild horses breaking free as your shoulders
arch and collapse like misfired bottle rockets.
Drunk on the porch lights and picket fences,
this falling talks forever as your
clavicle bends what time is left for waiting.
The flawed arrangements of the heart.
Failing even in words,
the simple silence of earrings
on the nightstand.