

City

city of lines
and tracks you
took me in your
level way

in autumn i
witnessed your
heavenly
supplication

in summer you
baked yourself in me
brown of my skin
sweat of my lip

we lived in places
high as mountains
could only see
in certain light

then you took
off your mask
to reveal a pocked
black eye face

i leaned against glass
fell into
the dead
star desert.