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Kenlie Rohrer

the stately dire need  
of the glassy, milkweed surface  
was breathing at me: heavy  
words, like that of a snowfall  
so thick and blank you couldn't hear  
your own ears, smudged with that tarnish  
of a hot and bothered new year's night,  
smoldered upon the quilt of bad ideas,  
turned to spinning evenings, and you  
only a drop of sick in an amber cup  
but it was tall, and spindly looking  
almost looked it was made of diamond  
of water rushing up from the ground  
and it caught you, a gushing fountain  
a raving gully, and brought you up with it  
ung from the open wings of misery,  
it was I who kept you, dashed to the dregs  
in a leathery red dress, etched skin-like  
as a rash upon your tanned skin.  
drunk in a chipped jade bathtub,