TEN CENTS WORTH OF FOG

Over the facelessness of windshields
and shuttered windows
the thick air twists in
with all the folly of a shark
and the only thing awake
in the newly clouded neighborhood
is the bright branch of my spine.
I am not able to say what
the long ghostly houses want
with this opening and opening: my breath—
but daylight stirs
around the trunks of my smallest hairs
and these lungs flail apart
like twin piles of leaves burning.
The streets remain vague, unmendable
as the fogs settle in,
gritty as homesteaders, questioning
the good of any map
until the churning, brittle erasure
of each garage, every numbered door.