Dirge: For Pompeii

Language become combustible, lips gathering themselves together, the tongue’s up-flip toward its mouth’s ridged roof, each breath whirring itself out toward utterance’s smallest flame. A flame we carried inside us, spilling smoke down the stairwell as if we wanted someone—but only if she hurried—to follow us. Even street signs gave away their lettering to the fire we once had a word for, washing hands of our indirection once and for all. And who could blame them? Better to be a ghost among the living if the living can’t remember how to get back to ghost. There were places I went to when the stars turned on, places that put my body together as if they knew what I carried. I found ashes hidden within the creases of our skin, but we kept searching each other, like lovers, having forgotten what it means to burn.

Direct my your ,
my O